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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

They come, they linger with us, and they go—
The lovely years!
Into our hearts we feel their beauty grow;
Through them the meaning of our life we know,
Its joys, its fears.

Out of the years bloom the eternities.
From earth-clogged root
Life climbs through leaf and bud, by slow degrees
Till some far cycle heavenly blossom sees,
And perfect fruit.

And nothing dies that ever was alive,
All that endears
And sanctifies the human must survive,
Of God they are, and in His smile they thrive;
The immortal years!

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ON THE ROAD.

THE KLONDIKERS' FRIEND.

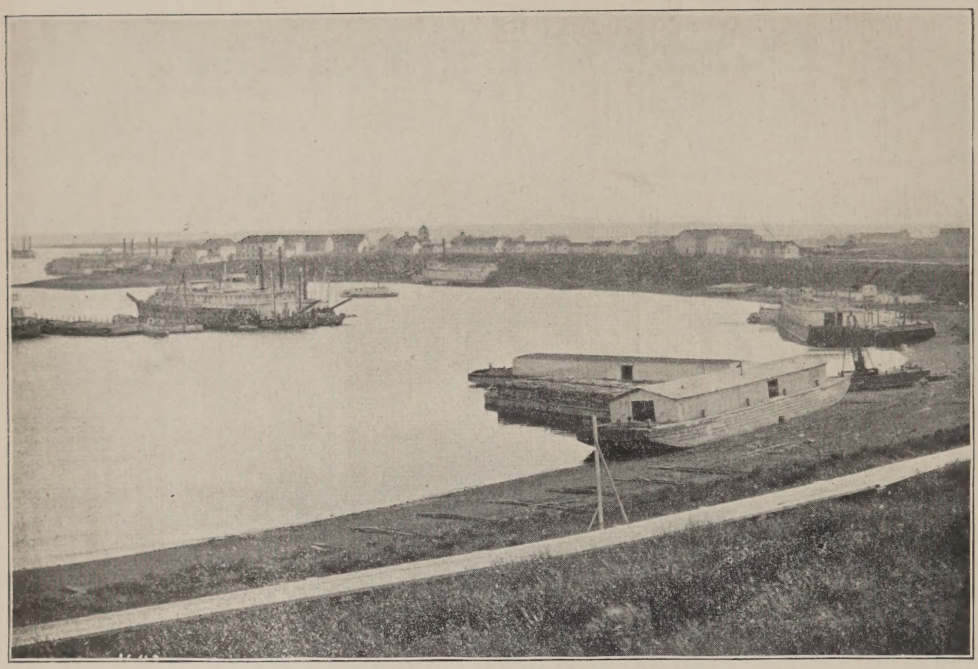
REV. WILLIAM H. JUDGE, S. J.

II

"It was on Christmas, 1898, that dear Father Judge last preached, at midnight Mass, in the land of the midnight sun," writes Mr. C. H. Higgins of Steelton, (Pa.), whose reminiscences of the Jesuit missionary to Alaska form the second instalment of the series of letters narrating Father Judge's experiences in the gold region. Mr. Higgins had an intimate knowledge of the "Klondikers' Friend," and in the following pages gives many glimpses at scenes of hardship and peril through which the American missionary passed.

"It was my great privilege to have a personal acquaintance with Father Judge from June, 1898, until his death in January, 1899," says Mr. Higgins. "In fact I acted as his agent and collector from September, 1899, until his death, and afterwards under the Sisters of St. Ann who conducted St. Mary's Hospital in Dawson, until July, 1899.

"He many times spoke to me of his



ST. MICHAEL, ALASKA.

early trials in having to leave school on account of his health, but subsequent events showed that God wanted him to build his first church in the great gold-fields of the Klondike.

"On page 16 of 'An American Missionary' we find him saying his farewells. He told me, when it was suggested that he might return to the United States to improve his health, that when he bade his relatives and friends good-bye he felt it was the last time he would see them on earth, and then with a laugh he said: 'Our time here is so short that it will be better to meet in heaven where no more separations can come.'

"He used to speak of the great pleasure he experienced on arriving at St. Michael, Alaska, and meeting his fellow missionaries, and of their disappointment when they found that no more priests or sisters had come to assist them in their ever-increasing work among the Indians. This was when the wealth of the Klondike was unknown and not expected; their work was to bring the Gospel to a new people who still observed the superstitious practices of the Indians.

"Our missionary went to work at once, and prepared to start up the river. His accounts of visits to different sections always deal with his experience at the different Indian settlements visited; the hardships of his trips are never spoken of. Let us recall a few of these. During the long winter, the season of darkness, little traveling is done. Consequently our dear Father had to make his own trails, and this through sections where the brown or cinnamon bear, — a very blood-thirsty animal, — the black bear, the wildcat or lynx, and troops of wolves abound. He was always in danger of meeting with these, and had no weapon but his crucifix, which was always exposed. On these journeys, many of which were to points where no missionary had been before, it was always possible to get on a wrong trail and to lose one's self. We read of his escape from death by freezing in January, 1896. He told me he was almost certain that was

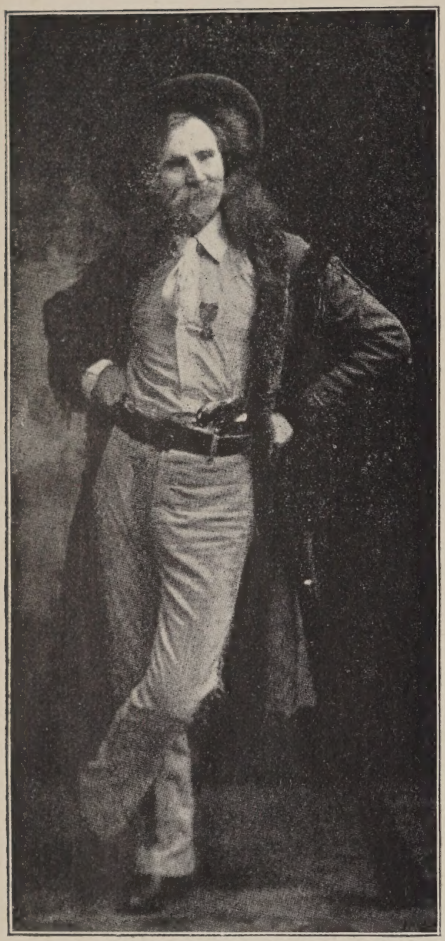
to be his last labor on earth; but God had not yet revealed the virgin gold of the Klondike and had need of him there.

"The temperature in winter was changeable, running from zero to 60° below, and while the ordinary clothing of the country enabled one to be comfortable at 25° below, each degree below that was quickly felt, and the warm air from the nostrils would form icicles on the traveler's beard. As Father Judge always shaved clean it resulted in ice forming on his face.

"Then, at each permanent location it was necessary to cut trees and build cabins, chinking the cracks with a moss which is there found in large quantities, and is very thick, as much as eight or twelve inches. The roof is made by placing a centre log, with limbs of trees reaching down to the sides, and all covered with clay and moss. All this is easily told, but the work is accomplished only by hard, earnest and intelligent effort. These were a few of his trials, but withal he was always happy and cheerful. Only one regret did I ever hear him express about his mission among his dear Indians, that was that the coming of the civilized white man had a harmful influence on the Indians, and thus caused great pain to the missionaries.

"It was when Father Judge was expecting to fix his permanent quarters at Forty Mile Post that George Carmack made the discovery of gold on Bonanza Creek, about fifteen miles south of the Klondike River. Carmack thought this was American territory, and hastened to Circle City to record his claim. Thus the news spread, and led other miners from the American side to follow. Soon all of this creek was staked, and many who had stampeded two hundred miles decided that if Bonanza had no room for them they would not return without taking up a claim somewhere. In this way the famed Eldorado was discovered, — even richer than Bonanza. Father Judge could have had a claim there if he would only have taken it, but, as he said to me, he had taken the Jesuit vow of poverty and could not own even a nickel. He felt, even in regard to his clothing, that only by order of his superior could he renew it.

ESKIMO AND HIS KYAK.



CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

"Foreseeing that he would be much needed, Father Judge left his beloved Indians, and followed the rush of stampeders to Dawson, with remedies for soul and body. He erected a large tent and at once began the care of the sick, sending men up the river to cut trees for the erection of a hospital. Owing to the swift current of the Yukon, they were unable to land one of the rafts, and it went floating down the river. Many other trials faced our hero each day, but nothing could discourage him, who believed that God willed it. This was his consolation in all things.

"All remember the effect of the news of Carmack's discovery. The whole world looked towards Dawson. Thousands set out for the Klondike, and about 50,000, or something like half the number that started to go there, persevered. The party with whom I traveled left Buffalo, N. Y., on February 8th, 1898, and arrived at Tacoma, Washington, February 13th. We bought our outfits, and while thus engaged we were startled by news of the blowing up of the U. S. steamer, Maine. This caused great excitement, and many returned to go to the war. We sailed from Tacoma on February 23rd, arriving at Dyea, February 28th, and there saw the regiment of soldiers sent by the U. S. Government to try to relieve the people supposed to be starving at Dawson. The soldiers never went in. I do not know why. We were advised by many not to go, but, having bought outfits at considerable expense, about half the party took courage to defy Chilcoot's heights and see the gold-fields over which the entire world was aroused. We stayed at Sheep Camp the night of March 3rd, 1898, and on arriving at the top of Chilcoot Pass we found a fierce snowstorm in progress. The storm continued for two days. We slept in a tent on the summit of the Pass during the nights of the 4th and 5th of March, started for Lake Lindeman on the morning of the 6th, and pulled our goods on sleighs to a point about twenty-five miles farther north, where we camped. We cut down trees from which we whipsawed boards and made our boats, to be ready to sail for Dawson when the ice of lakes and rivers thawed. This opening of navigation occurred on May 24th, 1898. We had many exciting experiences on account of sand-bars, and particularly at White Horse Rapids. Several, whose boats struck the rocks, were drowned. Many trying circumstances were met with: but we were taking these chances in order to obtain gold;

besides, we had the trials of others always present to encourage us in bearing our own. How different was the case of our dear Father Judge, who was nearly always alone!

"Let us hurry on to Dawson in order that we may see the real hero of the Klondike. We arrived in Dawson on June 13th, at 4 P. M. that is about 8 P. M. eastern time. It was somewhat difficult to land, owing to the swift current of the Yukon, supplemented here by the Klondike River. We found along the river front a lot of houses and cabins used as saloons, theatres, dance-halls, restaurants, etc., and the river bank was strewn with blankets and robes used as bedding. Many slept on the bank of the river until they could arrange to locate on the hills back of Dawson, or on the creeks.

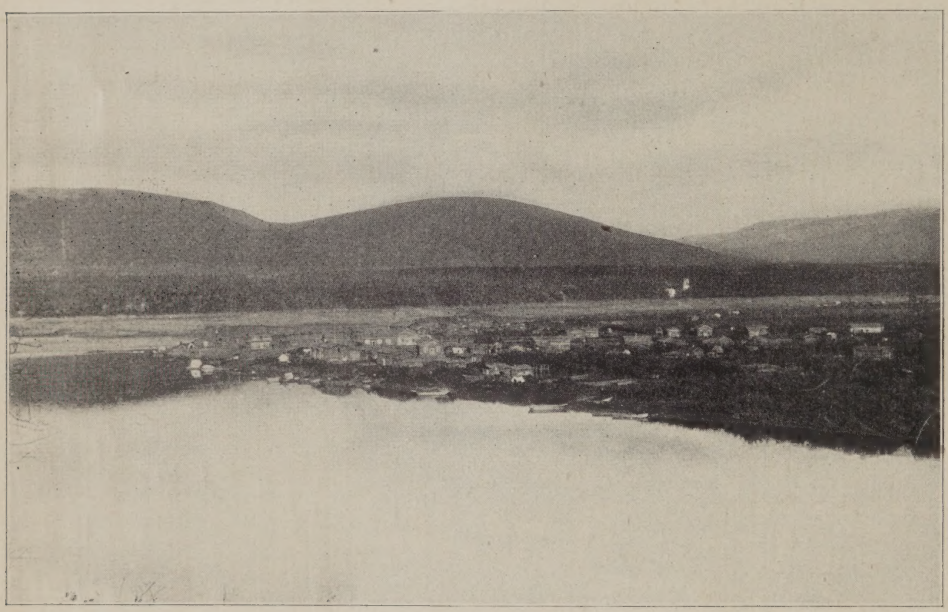
"About 9.30 P. M., having cleaned up as well as possible, I set out for St. Mary's Hospital, which I had no difficulty in finding. Approaching from the rear, I saw seated on a bed in the hallway, and saying his rosary, a man whose hair was thin and grey, and whose face was lined with care, but out of whose eyes there seemed to issue a wonderful light. He was in deep meditation, and I had time to observe even his clothes and boots. The former were dark and seedy, but clean, the latter were, to my surprise, heavy boots with good sized nails, to prevent them from wearing out quickly. After a few minutes he noticed me standing outside, and cheerfully asked me in. He inquired my business, and informed me that he would say Mass in a cabin (used as a morgue) at 6 A. M. This was nine days after his church was burned down. He was pleased to hear from his brother Jesuit, Rev. Raphael O'Con-

INTERIOR ST. MARY'S CHURCH, DAWSON.

nell, from whom I had a letter of introduction, and he made many inquiries about the States, and affairs.

"Not having heard Mass for four months I was hungry for it. Though our trials and dangers caused us to lead good lives on the trail, we needed something more, we needed the ambassador of Christ, who had power to say to us "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee." I was reminded of what the Following of Christ says in regard to the Mass, that if it were celebrated but at one place on earth how anxious we would all be to be present at it.

"Next morning, wanting to be in good time for confession before Mass, I left the boat at 5 A. M., — not having slept any, as the sun merely hid behind the mountains for a couple of hours — and reached the temporary chapel ten minutes later. I waited for two hours, and still no priest! I wondered, but my surprise was explained when I asked a man what time it was and he answered: "Five fifteen." Then the difference of time between San Francisco and Dawson, about two hours, occurred to me. I had started three hours too early. It gave me time for reflection. At this time many were about, mostly Protestants, and a priest, whom I afterwards found to be Father Lefebvre, had come out of the hospital, and was reading his office, standing on a boulder. This Father Lefebvre had come to Dawson as if by a miracle a week after Father Judge's church was burned, thus enabling him to have Mass. All the vestments and sacred vessels had been burned with the church. After a short time the bell, saved from the fire and fastened on a pole, rang out the Angelus. The good Father said it, and at "The Word was made flesh" he reverently genuflected with hat in hand and head bowed. The impression on the non-Catholic was great, but to the Catholic, the Angelus bell so far from civilization, and the confession of faith by the priest were sublime.



FORTY MILE POST.

Many shed tears of joy because while far from home and friends they were closer to God's home, and while trials had been constant in their journey, they had arrived in the harbor of the soul's peace.

"In a moment appeared Father Judge with cassock, but no biretta, it too having been burned. He did not look like the man I had met the night before; some great difference was plain. Seeing him, later on, directing his work of building the new church, and attending to the many duties of his priestly office and about the hospital, I discovered that the change was caused by his cassock. His whole appearance changed as soon as this was put on. That morning he came stepping from stone to stone, his face illumined, and his movements eager, as though some most pleasant event were to come. And surely it was so — he was about to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. While I was watching him the Oblate Father went to the cabin used as a morgue, and removed from it something I did not see, and then arranged things for Mass on the side shelf, on which bodies were prepared for burial. Father Judge heard our confessions and his instructions were very consoling to the penitents. He vested for Mass and soon began it. Every action was intensely devotional, every syllable plainly spoken. His fervor was that of a young priest saying his first Mass, and it was always so, even to the end of his life. During Mass I chanced to look through the chinks or cracks between the logs of the cabin wall and saw that the objects removed from the morgue were two dead bodies, the blanket covering them having slipped off enough for us to see. You can well imagine it was an impressive Mass, and a sincere Communion. I do not think the sublime character of the Mass was ever better impressed upon any of us in the grand cathedrals of the States. I attended Mass daily, and on Sunday, June 19th, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, our good Father at High Mass preached on 'Jesus' love.' He always said he was no preacher and he could bear no mention of his good sermons, but it is true that while he always stood erect with hands folded, and made no gestures, every word that fell from his lips sank into his hearers' hearts. Father Judge had a pair of old spectacles fastened at the bridge with string, and though the lenses were strong, even in reading the missal he was obliged to use a magnifying glass. The reading of his office during the period of no sun in winter time, with poor candles for light, no doubt caused this weakness of his eyes.

"After passing a week on the creeks and finding everything staked I returned to town, and asked Father Judge's advice about selling out and going home. He answered that since I had a good outfit I should stay, but could he have reached us before our trials and hardships in getting to Dawson he would have advised staying away, on account of the small percentage that succeed. I then settled down to stay for a year. On Sunday, June 26th, Father presented in his sermon the thought of the great reward of heaven, and cheered us much, saying that our trials and hardships in getting to the gold-fields were nothing when compared to the reward awaiting those who fought the good fight and closed their lives in peace with God.

"Late on June 26th, the steamer Bella left for St. Michael. As she left the dock a cornetist on board played 'Home, Sweet Home.' Another cornetist, on the hill back of St. Mary's Hospital, took up the air and accompanied him, until no farther sound was heard from the boat. Many men who had friends on board, and who had decided to remain and face the terrors of a Klondike winter, were deeply moved on hearing this beautiful and well-loved piece under such trying circumstances.

"On June 29th, 1898, Father Gendreau, O. M. I. arrived to take charge of the parish, as all of the North West Territory, a part of the Dominion of Canada, has been assigned to the Oblates of Mary, as Alaska is assigned to the Jesuits. When it was learned that the change would be made the many friends of Father Judge were sad. What good friends he had one can imagine when one of them alone, Mr. Alexander McDonald, was paying for the new church then being erected. Though built only of logs it is said to have cost $25,000. Some urged Father Judge not to submit to the change, but he quietly pursued his work until the church was completed, and finally gave up the charge of the parish to the Oblates of Mary, thus showing again that his work was always for God's glory. Still we all felt that it was a great sacrifice on his part, for he loved his people. On July 1st, the first Friday of the month, a number received Holy Communion, as Father Judge always kept up among his people fervent devotion to the Sacred Heart. Many men walked fifty miles to make their 'First Friday.'

"Three Sisters of St. Ann, who had started for Dawson the previous September, arrived on the steamer Alice, on July 5th. They had been delayed by the ice forming and locking them out for eight months. Father Judge had been expecting them, and when he saw them on the deck, seemed as much pleased as a boy on a holiday. He and some others went down to receive them, and it was a pleasure to the Catholics to see with what respect every one, regardless of creed, received the good sisters. At last the poor Father, after managing the hospital for fourteen months, was to have some relief; and all rejoiced.

"Later on three other sisters and Brother Cunningham, S. J. came, and then Father Judge had time to attend to the financial affairs of the hospital; before this the patients were so many, and demands on his time day and night so constant that he had no idea that his great charity had led to so much debt. He had to enlarge the hospital, as is said in 'The Missionary,' in order to provide room for the sick, who were received regardless of creed, color, or country. It was a byword in Dawson that the only ticket of admission one required with Father Judge was to be sick. It was after the hospital was enlarged that Mr. Emil Erhardt of New York City, who sang in the choir, was made clerk by Father Judge, and at about the same time I was made collector and agent.

"Mr. Erhardt went at the accounts, which soon showed that the institution was $70,000 in debt. This astonished Father, but as usual he got to work, to provide for the liquidation of the debt. It was plain that something was to be done in regard to free patients, and this I believe was his greatest cross, viz: "that he could not receive all who needed care, regardless of money." It was at this juncture that it was suggested that the Government should do something for poor patients, more particularly since Father had cared for the needy, without question, from the beginning. A year later some English doctors who came in got the Government to not only build the Good Samaritan Hospital, but to maintain it.

"Father Judge, finally decided this must be done, and after some difficulty he succeeded in having a limited number provided for by the Government, but barely enough was paid to provide for those so taken, and no profit was to be looked for. He also issued for sale, to persons well at the time of purchase, tickets good for all attention in sickness during the year succeeding. These he sold for fifty dollars each and a good number were disposed of. He also looked up the accounts of persons who had

been treated and were able to pay, and a fair collection was made. Mr. Erhardt enlisted some of the musical and theatrical talent of the town for a couple of concerts and a grand minstrel entertainment to be given about Christmas. It was also arranged that two of the sisters would accompany a lady over the creeks the next spring at 'wash-up,' to solicit. Father Judge agreed to this, but he died before spring came. We felt that he was opening the hearts of the givers by his prayers in his heavenly home, as we tugged on at that task in May, 1899. I shall anticipate somewhat in order to tell the reader how this part of the plan of relief was carried out.

"The lady was unable to keep her appointment with the sisters, and they urged me to guide them. I told them the dangers of traveling nearly five hundred miles along rough creeks and over rugged mountains, and I realized — but did not wish to alarm them — that there was danger from bears and other animals. More than all else I feared our not being able to find proper places to shelter them over night and at meal-time. They over-ruled all this, saying, as their last and most forcible argument, 'You know we promised Father Judge.' This settled it, and on being informed that they were ready to go at once I arranged to start next morning. Mr. Bartlett had side-saddles and horses which he kindly gave me for the use of the sisters as far as Last Chance road-house on Hunker Creek, about sixteen miles from Dawson, where our twenty-eight days of travel were to begin. The other sisters, with Mr. Erhardt and a few other gentlemen, walked over to Klondike City on the south bank of the Klondike River with us. Our horses were ready. With some fear I took the bridle of the leading horse and started, the bridle of the second horse being fastened to the tail of the first. It was then that Father Judge in heaven obtained for me courage to go on without fear around dangerous precipices and over swollen streams, with my charge. We arrived at Last Chance in the early evening, and found there a most respectable lady who could not do enough to entertain her brave, self-sacrificing visitors. You see Father Judge had gone ahead, and it was remarkable, to me miraculous, that this was the case throughout our entire trip.

"As my intention was to speak only of Father Judge we shall give merely a few details of our trip. It was the greatest honor that any man ever had, to lead these angels of mercy on such a hazardous expedition. We obtained about $10,000, and this from men of all creeds and no creed, who, like Captain Jack Crawford, were always ready to pay honor to the good sisters; and it was inspiring to see how willingly they opened their gold-sacks and in many cases gave all they contained.

"Now a word about the sisters. On account of the deep snow on the mountains, the mud-holes along the creeks, and the wading of small streams, they wore gum boots, their habits being pinned up to the top of the boots, and carried staffs to assist them in walking. They plodded along courageously, suffering I am sure from fatigue, but never complaining. Blisters formed on their feet, and the boots of one wore through, thus giving her cold, wet feet. Again Father Judge led me to where, unexpectedly, boots were to be had, and the only price asked by the lady who gave them was 'Ask the little sisters to pray for me.' The boots were worth two ounces of gold, or $32,00.

"After collecting on Hunker Creek and its tributaries, we crossed over the mountains to Dominion Creek and Indian River, solicited there and on other creeks, and finally started across the divide to Bonanza Creek. After reaching the summit of the divide we had coffee

at what was known as Flag House, a point which served as a guide to the travelers going in all directions. When we left Flag House the sun was shining, but a blinding snow storm came up, and soon all the trails were covered, and no points could be seen to guide us, in fact ten feet was as far as you could see. But Father Judge led us on, for we kept going and when, after three hours, the storm ceased we came out at the very point we wished to strike. We afterwards learned that several lost their way that day, one man falling over a precipice and being killed.

"We arrived at the cabin of Mrs. Galvin, the good lady whom Father Judge spoke of at Forty Mile, and whose husband paid for much of Dawson's first Catholic church, which was burned. She took good care of the sisters, and after a day's rest we started over Bonanza, Eldorado, and the other tributary creeks. At last we arrived at Dawson about midnight, having been gone twenty-eight days, and having covered 475 miles. The sisters went at once to the chapel and, no doubt, they thanked God for their return.

"In the morning they were the first in chapel. Imagine the surprise of the other religious at finding them there, no previous announcement having been made. After a few days rest they resumed their work in the hospital as though nothing unusual had been done, but I do not hesitate to declare them true heroines. The trip they took would be looked on by any man as dangerous and hard. What was it for them? But they were working for God, and it was only a small cross cheerfully borne. As for myself I considered it the greatest honor that could have fallen to me.

(To be Continued.)

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

BY MARY ELLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Love, take this pretty floweret,
Emboss'd with gem on gem;
A timely blossom, it doth seem,
My star of Bethlehem.

It grew in love's own garden fair,
May all its golden light
Flood life's last hour, bring as of old,
To thee, a Holy Night.

EARLY CHRISTIAN SINGERS.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

From its earliest days the Catholic Church has found the service of song a cheering and wholesome method of worshiping God. Its entire ritual is rich with music and poetry. Its private devotions are sweet with hymns of love and praise and the devotional hours observed by the Church sing into the hearts of her children the tremendous story of God's creation of the world, His birth as man, His redemption of the race, His triumph over death and sin and His glorious ascension into heaven.

The darkness of night is the symbol of evil, the glory of the morning represents the light of God. We find this symbolism in the Psalms of David; it is followed in that body of hymns known as Ambrosian; and from the earliest ages of the Church to the present time the Christian poet is found lifting his eyes to the sun or the moon, the stars of night, or the glory of the dawn, when he sings of God or His blessed Mother, of the angels or the saints.

We find also the gate of the morning and the star of the sea as the sweet symbols of the Virgin, and we can feel, as we read these tender effusions, the soft air of the dawn moistened and sweetened by the waves of the ocean as it came to the poet in his early morning devotions. We also find the freshness of Nature in these early and mediæval hymns. They invite us with the dewy sweetness of flowers and green fields, and the colors, glory and sunlight of God's wonderful creation.

These songs were not confined to the churches, but became a part of the life of the people. Through the Middle Ages most of the folk-songs were of a religious character. Indeed it may be claimed that the private use of hymns preceded the public use of them in the churches. St. Jerome tells us that in his day those who went into the fields might hear the ploughman at his halleluias, the mower at his hymns, and the vine-dresser singing the Psalms of David. So the hymns that we find in the church service appeal to human nature. They have a simple and direct music in them that touches the heart. They call out all that is good, awaking and encouraging uprightness and holiness, and cry down all sinful or vicious thoughts and acts.

The midnight awakens a note of fear and a cry for help, as the reddening dawn arouses the ringing voice of gladness. One can make no greater mistake than to imagine that the old Latin hymns are mouldy or arid. Much of the poetry is of a high order. Little of it is so low as that found in most of the hymns used in the services of the various English-speaking religious denominations. As early as the fourth and fifth centuries some of the noblest Christian hymns appear. And down through the Middle Ages we find no lack of glory in the poetic productions.

Indeed the poetry of St. Thomas Acquinas seems to be the result of a plenary inspiration; as he is able to illustrate some of the most abstruse doctrines of the Church in a manner which cannot be characterized as less than highly poetic. The sublime tones of the *Dies Irae,* with its wonderfully artistic construction, and the tender strains of the *Stabat Mater* are in themselves a proof that there is high grade poetry to be found in the old church songs.

It has often seemed to me a great pity that this wonderful body of religious verse, hymns, canticles, and sequences, used in the various devotional exercises

of the Church, has not been fittingly dressed up into English poetry. It would be a valuable addition to our body of religious Literature.

The translator should, however, remember the scriptural text: "The letter indeed killeth, but the spirit giveth life." I suppose that any translation, to be just to the author, should convey his feeling. In order to do this the translator must first possess that feeling, until it becomes a part of his own being. He should then utter the thoughts as if they were his own thoughts, in such language as he finds best adapted for the conveyance of them. By this means the translation will often be found more nearly literal than can result from a slavish adherence to the words, while again it may be found that both the words and figures must be changed in order fitly to express the sentiment of the poet. Then too it may be necessary often to consider the age in which the work was produced. The language used in one period may be very different from that used in another period to give the same idea. To convey feeling this change of language is more likely to be necessary than simply to transfer a statement of facts from one language to another. Goethe believed that a poem can never be so well translated into verse as it can into prose. In reply to this it might be said that scarcely any of the great German's verse could be turned into English prose and be worth the effort. The feeling is what makes him great, and the feeling is what we do not get in prose.

This feeling then is what makes a poetical translation a success. This is what makes "Jerusalem the Golden," Dr. Neale's translation of a passage from the "Celestial Country" of St. Bernard of Cluny, sweeter, better and greater than almost any of the original hymns in our language. While this beautiful translation is entirely different from the original both in rhyme and rhythm, flowing as it does like a quiet stream, while the original, in its leonine lines, runs like a rushing river, yet it brings into the English all the poetry which the Latin contains.

It may be stated farther that the intense sincerity of the Christian poetry of the early ages is what makes it specially valuable. It is the spiritual breathing of holiness. The men who produced these hymns gave utterance to them because they could not help it. It was through these songs of joy or sorrow, of elation or depression, of the love of good and hatred of evil, that the holy men, many of whom the Church honors among her saints, were able to find a fitting outlet for their overflowing and passionate enthusiasm.

The grief of penance is so expressed that a tear seems to fall with every word. Well does St. Gregory the Great, poet and pope, in both equally great, use the words *Audi preces cum fletibus.* Tearful prayers indeed are the prayers of penitence as they echo through these holy songs. At such a time St. Hilary calls upon all nature to mourn with him in his misery. East, west, south, north, the sky, and the earth, the sea, the fountains, the rivers, the hills, and the roses blended with the lilies, are all called upon to weep. And he proceeds: "Mourn with me, ye glowing stars; roar out with me, O ye beasts of the forest, and say, how wretched thou art who groanest under the load of sin."

There is sometimes a terrible vividness in the imagination of these poets. They are wholly in earnest. Their faith is so sincere and so powerful that it is almost equal to actual vision. In the same poem from which I have been quoting, the saint, after calling on all nature to help him in his grief, cries out in a visible agony, "Who can snatch me

from the hand of flame-belching Cocytus, except the sole begotten Son of God the Father, who according to justice redeemed the world with his precious blood? Redeemer of the world, save me!"

So in the season of rejoicing when the Church is adorned in white, and the flowers of the Resurrection season are sweet upon her altars, the songs that sound through her vaulted roofs are then indeed songs of "blessed gladness." So a later poet singing of the Resurrection, speaks of the glory of the heavens and the sweetness of the season, when the air distils drops of balm under the golden light; and he cries out, as if in his joy, he remembered the lines of St. Hilary, and calls upon all parts of the earth, the seas, the boundless ocean, the fountains of water, the flowing rivers and the mountain peaks to clap their hands in joy over the triumph of their Almighty Maker.

Again it would be hard to find in literature an equivalent for the feeling of reverent tenderness which lights up the body of verse treating of the Virgin and the birth of the Saviour.

In like manner the welcome to the returning sinner, the glorying with the martyrs whose faith has been put to the supreme test, the reverence to the Apostles and the great teachers, the simple sincerity with which the mysteries of faith are stated, and permeating all and illuminating all with a divine radiance, the implicit reliance upon the merciful forgiveness of an all-just, all-wise and all-powerful God, these things and such as these give epic strength and unity to this body of Latin hymns, and establish their everlasting force in literature.

Among the earliest of the Latin poets is St. Hilary. He has been called the father of western hymnology. He was born at Poitiers in France, of a heathen family, early in the fourth century. After becoming a husband and a father he was converted to Christianity, entered a state of continency, and was ordained as priest. In the year 353 he became Bishop of Poitiers, after having made several attempts to escape the promotion. He opposed and fought the growing Arianism of his day, with such telling force, that the emperor, Julian the Apostate, who was already becoming tainted with the heresy, banished the bishop into Phrygia.

While in the east he observed the effect of hymns and music in the churches, and devoted much of his time to producing sacred poetry. During his banishment of four years word came to him that his daughter Apra was about to be married. He wrote her a letter which is still extant, recommending to her in the strongest terms a life of virginity, and entreating her not to deprive herself of so great a good. It may be stated in passing that Apra followed his advice and died happily at his feet after his return. Hilary sent in the letter two hymns, composed by himself, one for the evening and one for the morning. The evening hymn is lost, unless, indeed, as is thought by some, it be the poem commencing *Ad Coeli Clara non Sum dignus,* from which I have already quoted. The morning hymn, *Lucis Largitor Splendide,* is as follows:—

"O glorious giver of the light,
By whose eternal ray serene,
After the lingering hours of night
The glory of the morn is seen;

True bringer of the light art thou;
Not like the common sun of day,
That o'er the world is rising now,
And shining with a narrow ray;

Nay, brighter than the solar beam,
Thyself the sun and perfect light,
Within the breast thy tender gleam
Illumes with glory pure and bright.

Creator of the world, be near,
Thou radiance of the Father's face!
Oh, shield us from all shapes of fear,
And guide us by thy saving grace.

Inspire us with thy loving breath,
Dwell in our hearts both night and day,
Lest by the tempter lured to death
Our erring souls be made his prey.

Be all our actions free from stain,
Let purity our souls refine,
That shunning evil thoughts and vain,
We live within thy law divine.

Let not our minds be overcome
By false desire or deed of shame;
And be our hearts a shrine and home
Wherein shall burn thy holy flame.

Our hope, O Saviour, is in thee,
In thee we trust, we seek thy light,
Oh, let thy love a glory be
To guide us through the gloom of night."

When we consider that his banishment was caused by his powerful work against the Arian heresy, which already honeycombed the Christianity of the world, we can well understand the reason for the emphasis upon the doctrine of the Trinity in the following hymn, the *Deus Pater Ingenite.*

Thou unbegotten God the Sire,
And thou the sole-begotten Son,
Who, with the Spirit's holy fire,
Art everlasting, three in one;

To thee no mortal calls in vain,
Nor doth the lover of the light
Lift up unheard a prayerful strain,
Nor blindly seek thy holy light.

Nay, Father, they that sigh for thee,
And they that bring their humble prayer,
Or yield the heart, on bended knee,
Still meet the sweetness of thy care.

Reminded by the rising sun,
Our grateful hearts to thee we bring,
With thanks and praise and orison,
In hymns and canticles we sing.

Lord, let the day be one of light,
And build our labors unto thee;
Thou who hast brought us out of night,
Keep us in strong sincerity.

One more sample to show how his voice was capable of joining in the jubilee of Whitsuntide, as well as in the tearful lamentations of the Lenten season. The hymn, *Beata Nobis Gaudia* still sung at Lauds on Penticost Sunday, is his:—

The rolling years in joy complete,
The jubilee of glory wrought,
What time the heavenly Paraclete
His gifts to the apostles brought.

Glowing with living light he came,
And bore the form of tongues of fire,
That so the world they might inflame
With words of truth and pure desire.

They rose, and in the power divine,
The tongue of every nation spake;
Filled with God's love as with new wine,
They bade the earth from sin awake.

The mystic rites are all complete,
The Paschaltide is overpast;
From sin and shame remission sweet
The new law brings our souls at last.

Dear God of mercy and of power,
Bowed down to thee in prayer and love
We come; send down the heavenly dower,
The Spirit's largess from above.

As thou hast filled our lives with light,
And oped our bosoms to thy grace,
Oh, grant us pardon in thy might,
And fit us for thy dwelling place.

All praise to God the Father be,
The same to Christ, the risen Son,
And Holy Paraclete to thee,
Forever reigning three in one.

The Doxology, of course, is not by St. Hilary, but as it forms a part of the hymn, and is arranged for the season, I have given it a rendering for the sake of completion.

Mone, in his great work on Latin hymns, doubts the propriety of attributing this beautiful hymn to Hilary. He thinks it is too much in the style of St. Ambrose, who did not begin to write hymns until after the death of St. Hilary, which occurred in 368, six years before the date when Ambrose, by his apparently miraculous elevation to the episcopacy felt himself obliged to forsake the world and human literature, in which he had hitherto been a shining light.

It is not too much to say that of all Christian poets St. Ambrose is the greatest. About one hundred hymns attributed to him have come down to our time. He says himself that the Arians reproached him with leading the people

into error by singing hymns; and he admits that by hymns he taught them to testify their faith in the Trinity. Under the Arian persecution he comforted his people by music and song. He encouraged them to sing the hymns and anthems which he composed. He brought from the east and established at Milan the custom of antiphonal singing, arranging two choirs for the purpose, and singing the psalms alternately verse by verse. The custom spread rapidly. It was really the introduction of the plain chant into Europe. It became known as the Ambrosian Chant. A still more extensive reform took place in the ecclesiastical music of Europe two centuries later, under St. Gregory the Great, when he introduced what has since been known as the Gregorian Chant, of which I will speak later. The plain-chant as Ambrose taught it is still practiced in the diocese of Milan.

Ambrose sang in his dignified chant the hymns which he wrote, to the joy of his people. "Then," says St. Augustine, "it was first appointed that after the manner of the eastern church hymns and psalms should be sung, lest the people should grow weary and faint through sorrow." He describes himself as moved to tears by the sweetness of these "hymns and canticles." "The voices flowed into my ears; the truth distilled into my heart; I overflowed with devout affections, and was happy."

The hymns of Ambrose have the qualities most valuable for congregational use. They are short and complete in themselves, easy and at the same time elevated in expression and rhythm. They have exercised a powerful influence upon the religious poetry of all succeeding generations. They are so composed that the sense ends at the fourth line. In this way they are suitable for the singing of alternate choirs, each chanting a stanza in turn until the hymn is finished. So did Ambrose chant his songs, and as St. Augustine says, his custom "was soon followed by almost all congregations in other parts of the world." The first example of his work which I will give is the hymn *Somno Refectis Artubus* for Monday at Matins:—

"With limbs refreshed by slumber's balm,
We spurn the needless couch and rise;
We come to thee with song and psalm,
O Father, Lord of earth and skies.

To thee the waking tongue shall sing,
The soul with fire shall seek thy love;
And thus, O Holy One, shall spring
Our every act from light above.

Behold, the shadows fly the dawn,
Night yields unto the star of day;
So may the shades of vice be gone,
And every stain be washed away.

Hear us, O Lord, while day is young,
Banish, we pray, all guilt and crime,
And let thy love by every tongue
Be sung unto the end of time.

Father of Mercy, unto thee
And to the sole and equal son,
And Paraclete, all glory be,
Forever reigning, three in one."

The following morning hymn, *Consors Paterni Luminis* in the ferial office for Tuesday at Matins is a good specimen of the Ambrosian hymnology.

Oh, radiance of the Father,
Thyself our light and day,
We rise each night to praise thee,
Assist us, Lord, we pray.

Drive from our souls all darkness,
All thoughts and dreams of ill;
Oh, be our guide, our master,
And be thy law our will.

Thy faith make strong within us,
Thou knowest how weak we be;
Lord, hear in loving kindness
The psalms we sing to thee.

All glory to the Father
And sole-begotten son,
And thee, O Holy Spirit,
While endless ages run.

The following specimen of Ambrose's poetry may be given to show the warmth to which he rises at times. It has all

the fervency for which St. Bernard of Clairvaux is noted. I give the form as adopted in the Roman Breviary for Ascension Day, of the famous hymn *Jesu Nostra Redemptio.* It there begins with the line *Salutis Humanae Sator:*—

Jesus, our love, our Saviour,
The joy of every heart,
Thou broughtest light into our night,
The light itself thou art.

What wealth of love o'ercame thee
That thou shouldst will to die,
Upon the tree of Calvary
To save mankind thereby!

The night of sin is broken,
The power of hell o'erthrown,
The heavenly door made wide once more
By thee, O Holy One.

'Twas heavenly love impelled thee
To thus redeem our race,
And bless our sight with the sweet light
That shineth from thy face.

Thou to the stars ascended
Hast banished fear, O Lord;
Be thine all praise through endless days,
Be thou our sweet reward.

The following hymn, *Aeterna Coeli Gloria,* for Friday, at Lauds, appears to me to be strikingly poetic:—

Hail, heaven's eternal glory, thee we sing,
Who unto man the blessed hope didst bring,
Sole offspring of the Virgin pure and chaste,
And of Creation's dreaded Lord and King.

Give us thy right hand, Lord, that we may rise,
Make clean our hearts and purify our eyes,
And like to blazing torches, let our praise
And gratitude ascend against the skies.

Now rises o'er the sea the star of morn,
Above the waves the earliest rays are borne
As messengers of the returning sun;
So let thy holy light our way adorn.

All lingering shadows from our souls expel,
With dreams and motions that in darkness dwell,
Our bosoms purge of all that bringeth stain,
And bathe our spirits in thy crystal well.

Within our souls let saving faith find place,
Let hope draw radiance from thy tender face,
And in our hearts in brotherhood expand
The love of God and neighbor; grant this grace.

To thee, Eternal Sire, all glory be,
And sole, and Co-eternal Son, to thee,
The same to Thee, O Holy Paraclete,
Almighty, everlasting one in three.

The figures are simple and natural, and the words are addressed in such a spirit of confidence and humility that it would be difficult to find in all hymnology a more perfect piece of religious art. Note also the stress which is placed upon the theological virtues. I have purposely set these thoughts in the stanza made famous by FitzGerald in the *Rubayiat of Omar Khayyam,* as it seemed to me especially appropriate for the conveyance of the thought.

I cannot leave St. Ambrose without giving the delightful hymn of which St. Augustine speaks so touchingly, in his *Confessions,* describing the remembrance of the verses while he was alone in his bed on the morning after the burial of his mother, St. Monica. It is the hymn entitled *Deus Creator Omnium.*

O Shaper of tremendous might,
Whose will the spheres in place doth keep,
Robing the day in radiant light,
The silent night in balmy sleep;

Now all the toils of day are o'er,
The weary limbs from labor free,
Our minds, aroused, shall heavenward soar,
And leave all anxious cares with thee.

The day is done, and with the night
Let thanks and prayers and hymns begin,
We cry to thee, O God of Light,
Keep thou our souls from stain of sin.

Out of our hearts we sing to thee,
Our blended voices sound thy name,
O holy Love, our lover be,
Our souls adore thee and proclaim.

When shadows round the earth shall flow,
And heavy night shut out the day,
Lord, let our faith no darkness know,
But, shining, light us on our way.

Let not the mind in slothful ease
Permit ought evil to remain;
Let faith drive forth all phantasies,
And every dream impure or vain.

Dispel all vices from the mind,
And be the soul's pure dreams of thee,
That thus the tempter shall not find
Power to awake impurity.

Eternal Father, sole-born Son,
And Holy Spirit hear our prayer,
Thou potent Godhead, three in one,
Support and keep us in thy care.

When St. Ambrose in his old age baptized St. Augustine, the *Te Deum* was sung for the first time. It is said that they sang it in responses from a common inspiration. It is still attributed to both in the Breviary, and whether produced as tradition says, or not, it is unquestionably a work of inspiration.

Another noted hymn writer of the early age of the Church is Prudentius, who has been called "the glory of the ancient Christian poets." He was born in Spain in the year 348. He became a noted pleader, and held high judicial places until his fifty-seventh year, when he determined to dedicate what remained of his life to the earnest service of God. "No verses in Horace or any other poet," says the Rev. Alban Butler, "seem superior to the stanzas which compose the hymns on the Holy Innocents in the office of the Church, which are taken from Prudentius on the Epiphany." Indeed in the whole range of religious poetry there is nothing more happily sweet and tender than these lines, *Salvete Flores Martyrum*:—which I attempt to render as follows:

Hail tender wreath of flowers, whose day
Of beauty, crossed by tyrant spite,
Was offered as a budding spray
Of roses to the Lord of Light.

Yours was the foremost glory given
To Martyrdom; O shining throng,
Ye play amid the halls of heaven
With palm and crown in holy song.

All praise and power and glory meet
To Christ, whom spotless Virgin bore,
And to the sire and Paraclete
Be equal meed forevermore.

The hymn *Lux Ecce Surgit Aurea* for Thursday, at Lauds, is taken from his morning hymn:—

Behold the golden light appears,
The blinding shadows pass away,
That filled our souls with shuddering fears,
And led our feeble feet astray.

Fair weather cometh with the morn;
Its radiance purifies the soul,
It drives away deceit and scorn
And clears the heart of gloom and dole.

Lord, in thy day no stain shall be,
Each tongue be true and just each hand,
Our eyes no evil thing shall see,
Nor deed of guilt on earth be planned.

Thy gaze, O God, is on our way,
Thou walk'st a guardian by our side;
Thou seest our every act each day
From earliest dawn to eventide.

To God the Father glory be,
With equal love the Son adore,
And Holy Paraclete to thee
Be praise and power forevermore.

The verses for Wednesday, at Lauds, are also by Prudentius, *Nox et Tenebrae et Nubila;* they are taken from the same hymn and represent the poet at his best.

The clouds, the shadows and the night
Long held in gloom both earth and sky;
Light enters, and the heavens grow bright,
Christ comes, and lo, the shadows fly.

The blinding fog is pierced amain
By shining arrows of the sun;
Earth's golden rays return again,
The glory of the morn is won.

The light is thine, O Christ! we see
Thy glory in the open day;
With tears and songs we come to Thee,
Lift up and lead our souls, we pray.

All stains of evil wash away,
In the pure radiance of thy light;
Thou art our heavenly lamp, our stay;
Shine in thy sweetness, clear and bright.

To God the Father glory be,
And equal glory to the Son,
And, Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Forever reigning, three in one.

Another delightful hymn by this poet is that employed in the Breviary for Tuesday, at Lauds, *Ales Diei Nuntius.*

The bird that heralds in the day
Sings out the knell of passing night,
And Christ, whose love is still our stay,
Recalls our souls to life and light.

He speaketh, "Leave your beds in haste,
No more in sloth and ease abide,
Be sober, righteous, just and chaste;
And watch, for I am at your side."

We call thee, Lord, in psalm and song,
With prayers and tears we come to thee;
Lord, let our hearts be pure and strong,
From sin and evil make us free.

Dispel the cloud of idle sleep,
And break the bands that hold the night,
Our souls from stain of evil keep,
And grant us, Lord, thy holy light.

To God the Father glory be
The same to Christ the sole-born Son,
And Holy Ghost eternally
One God, one praise, as ages run.

One of the most eminent men of his day, noted as an orator, poet and divine, was Sedulius, an Irishman, who for love of learning left his native country and traveled into France, Italy and Asia, and at length came to be held in high esteem at Rome, for his great accomplishments. He is inferior to Prudentius as a poet, but wrote a number of hymns, some of which possess much merit. The verses *A Solis Ortus Cardine,* and *Crudelis Herodes Deum,* in the Breviary for Christmas and the Epiphany, were written by him and originally formed one poem. The Christmas hymn follows:—

From when the sun awakes the morn
Unto his utmost westering,
We sing the Christ, the Virgin-born,
The prince of all the heavens we sing.

Behold, the God of Ages comes,
And taketh flesh of servile clay,
Man's maker man's poor form assumes
To wash the stains of flesh away.

A Virgin's womb becomes the shrine
That holds the Lord of heaven and earth;
Through spotless womb by grace divine
The Virgin brings the Saviour's birth.

Her modest breast is made his home,
The temple of her God is she;
Enshrined in Mary's stainless womb,
He comes, the world from doom to free.

He comes upon this happy morn
Foretold by angels' heralding,
Known by the Baptist yet unborn,
Adoring in the womb his King.

On lowly bed of hay he lies,
His palace but a stable poor;
Behold, the God that rules the skies
Doth all our wants and woes endure.

The angel choirs rejoice on high,
In radiant throngs their voices ring;
The shepherds see the blazing sky,
And bow before the Infant King.

All praise and power and glory be
To Jesus whom the Virgin bore,
Father, be equal meed to Thee
And to the Spirit evermore.

The hymn for Epiphany is as follows:

Why fear the coming of the King
O, cruel Herod? Christ, the Son
Asks nought of earth, but comes to bring
To all who seek a heavenly throne.

The Magi follow through the night,
The mystic star that goes before;
By light they seek the Lord of Light,
The King and God whom they adore.

Oh, purer than the morning ray,
Celestial Lamb! thou comest to bear
Our sins, and wash all guilt away,
That we thy heavenly love may share.

O fount of love! O power divine!
We bow before thy holy might;
Thy word makes water pour as wine,
Thy love brings day into our night.

Jesus, to thee be glory meet,
Who fill'st all lands with light and love;
And to the Sire and Paraclete,
Let earth resound and heaven above.

About the time of Sedulius a new ornament began to be adopted in poetry,—the ornament of rhyme, or rather as it first appeared it might be called a terminal assonance, uncertain at first, and apparently unconscious, but destined to become one of the most delightful features of the later Latin hymns. In his time, too, the use of accent instead of quantity in poetic measurements began to appear.

Two of the noblest hymns in the Church service owe their origin to the cloistered Queen of France, St. Radegund. In the year 566 she established her monastery at Poitiers. She had already enriched the Church with the relics of a great number of saints; but was

anxious to still better adorn it. So she sent to the Emperor Justin of Constantinople for a fragment of the true Cross. He readily granted her request and sent her a piece of the sacred wood, adorned with gold and precious stones. The relic was carried into Poitiers and deposited in the church of the monastery, by the Archbishop of Tours, in the most solemn manner, with a great procession, wax tapers, incense, and the singing of psalms.

It was in this procession that the solemn and sublime accents of the *Pange Lingua* and the *Vexilla Regis* echoed for the first time in the ears of the faithful. It was certainly a sublime occasion, but the sublimity of the hymns was such that the whole Christian Church has rung with their tones ever since.

These hymns were written at the request of the Queen, by her Secretary, Venantius Fortunatus, an Italian poet, who was born about the year 530, and was noted as a grammarian and a rhetorician, although his life is said to have been one of literary idleness previous to his visit to Gaul. He was invited to Poitiers by St. Radegund, who made him her secretary. He was ordained priest of the Church of Poitiers the year before the arrival of the relic, and in 599, twelve years after the death of the sainted queen, became bishop of the diocese, where two centuries before the great Hilary had hurled his thunders in prose and verse against the Arian heresy.

The *Pange Lingua,* the first line of which St. Thomas Aquinas borrowed for his great sacramental hymn, is sung entire at the Adoration of the Cross on Good Friday. It is divided in the Breviary into two hymns for Passion Sunday, the second beginning with the sixth stanza *Lustra Sex qui jam Peregit.* The *Vexilla Regis* is sung in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on Good Friday. It is also the Breviary hymn for Holy Saturday. The following is a translation of the *Vexilla Regis:*—

Behold the standard of the king,
The wondrous cross is borne on high,
Whereon the Saviour willed to die,
That out of death new life should spring.

O, wounded by the spear, a flood
Flows from his side in love sublime;
To wash our souls from stain and crime,
He sheds the water and the blood.

Now is fulfilled the prophesy
Which David in his holy strain
Sang to the nations. God doth reign;
Behold, he conquers by the tree.

O beauteous tree! O wondrous wood!
Dight with the purple of our King,
Deemed worthy all our hope to bring,
And touch the sacred limbs of God.

O blessed balance, where was weighed
The price of ages; here was brought
The sacred body that hath bought
Our life, and our salvation paid.

Hail cross, our only hope! in this,
The passion tide give added grace;
Let tears of penance bathe each face;
Oh, cleanse our hearts and bring us bliss.

Salvation's fountain, three in one,
Let every spirit praise thy name,
Grant that we may the victory claim
And evermore thy will be done.

The following is a rendering of his hymn on the Virgin, used at Matins on the festivals of the Virgin throughout the year, *Quem, Terra, Pontus, Sidera.*

The God whom earth and skies proclaim
And all the hosts of heaven adore,
The ruler of the threefold frame,
The humble womb of Mary bore.

That self-same power whom heaven and earth
Have served since dawn of time began,
From mortal womb hath wondrous birth,
To bear away the sins of man.

O mother bright! thy blessed soul
He shaped all pure and undefiled;
He holds the world in his control,
Yet in thy arms he lies, a child.

Bride of the Spirit, blessed one!
Thy name shall sound in psalm and song,
Emanuel comes, the Virgin's son,
For whom the world has waited long.

All praise and power and glory meet
To Christ whom spotless Virgin bore,
And to the Sire and Paraclete
Be equal meed forevermore.

St. Gregory, the first pope of that name, and surnamed the Great, was born in Rome of an illustrious family, about 550. He was from childhood devoted to learning and religion. He is noted for the interest he took in Christianizing England. The Blessed Bede tells the story of his seeing some young English slaves in the market place, and becoming interested in the fair-haired and handsome young strangers, inquired as to their nationality. When he was told "Angli," he replied, "Non Angli, sed Angeli," (not Englishmen but angels,) and resolved at once to do what he could to bring the light of Christianity to their countrymen.

Gregory ranks next to Ambrose in the number of hymns contributed to the service of the Church. Perhaps not less than ten of the hymns in the Psalter alone are his. He reformed the ritual of the church and improved the ecclestiastical music so wonderfully that it still remains where he left it, a thing of perfection. He established at Rome the celebrated school of religious music to which Gaul, England, Germany and all Christian nations came in turn, trying with more or less success to assimilate their voices to the purity of Italian modulation.

There is a pleasant legend connected with Gregory which was a favorite in the Middle Ages, and is worth relating. The pope had long meditated upon the fascination exercised by profane music; and he began ardently to desire to consecrate, like David, the use of music to the service of God. As he dreamt of this subject one night he had a vision. The Church seemed to appear to him in the form of a muse, magnificently adorned; and as she wrote her songs she gathered all her children under the folds of her mantle. Upon this mantle was written the whole art of music, with all the forms of its tone, notes, and neumes and various measures and symphonies. The pope prayed to God to give him the power of recollecting all he saw; and after he woke a dove appeared and dictated to him the musical system with which he enriched the Church.

Several of Gregory's hymns are written in Sapphics, a meter which seems peculiarly adapted to be sung according to the manner of his school. Some of the hymns in commemoration of the martyrs, virgins, and confessors, are written in this meter, as are those for Matins, *Nocte Surgentes,* and for Lauds, *Ecce Jam Noctis,* in the Psalter. As this measure has never been used with any success in the English tongue I will not attempt it here. The following is a rendering of the *Ecce Jam Noctis*:—

Lo, now the shadows of the night
Are passing by; the changing light
  Purples the skies of morn, and we
  Our suppliant voices lift to thee
In prayer and song, O God of might.

Let all thy mercies, Lord, increase
Upon our erring hearts; surcease
  Of sorrow bring; and make us free
  From sin and shame and misery
And grant us everlasting peace.

Unto the Father glory raise
With love and joy in hymns of praise;
  So to the sole-begotten Son
  And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Resounding to the end of days.

The *Audi Benigne,* a hymn for the Lenten season, may be rendered as follows:—

Benign Creator of the spheres,
Hear thou the prayers, behold the tears,
That in this holy season we
With Lenten fastings pour to thee.

Searcher of hearts we seek thy throne,
Man's feeble will to thee is known,
We bow in grief and pardon crave,
From error, Lord, thy suppliants save.

Much have we sinned in deed and word,
We bare our hearts before thee, Lord;
Thy tender clemency we seek,
Oh, heal our wounded souls and weak.

Grant that we may the body cleanse
Of sinful stain, through abstinence,
May lift our fasting hearts to thee,
From all defiling evils free.

O tender Godhead, three in one,
Be ours the will all crime to shun,
To know and keep thy laws divine,
And be the fruits of fasting thine.

Of the six beautiful hymns on the works of the days, founded on the first chapter of Genesis, four were probably written by Gregory. The manner in which the subject is handled in these hymns is admirable. There is a loftiness approaching sublimity in many places. Take the second hymn, which is undoubtedly the work of Gregory, as an example. His text is as follows:—"And God said, Let there be a firmament made amidst the waters; and let it divide the waters from the waters." Of course it may be said that sublimity cannot reach higher than the text, but to put this in song for religious purposes and still preserve the sublimity, and present originality, requires skill; and the result of such skill is real poetic art. This, I think, the poet has done. The hymn, *Immense Coeli Conditor,* is as follows:—

Almighty Maker of the skies,
Thy power the mingled waters clave
And bade the clouds on high to rise,
And fixed with bounds the ocean wave.

So shall the moistening rain and dew
Temper the flaming heats of noon;
So shall the year its wealth renew
Of vernal glow and harvest boon.

Grant to our souls, O Lord of Love,
The gift of thy perennial grace,
Lest evil should our senses move
And bring again the old disgrace.

Let faith increase the fire of love
And show the glory of thy light,
Let all our dreams come from above
And banish every deed of night.

Father, all merciful, be near,
Be near, O sole and equal Son!
And thou, O tender Spirit, hear,
God everlasting, three in one.

Here is another hymn on the works of the Fourth day, *Coeli Deus Sanctissime,* of which no less can be said; as the original has the same doxology as the last hymn, I do not repeat it:—

Most Holy God, who dost adorn
With shining spheres the brow of night,
And bringeth to the rosy morn
The tender glow of growing light;

Thy fourth day's labor fired the sun,
And sent the moon upon her way,
And gave each orb its course to run
As guiding signs by night and day;

The moon and stars to rule the night,
The sun to bring the warming glow;
Thus ever changing, dark or bright,
The days and months and seasons flow.

Lord, fire our breasts with holy light,
That we may know thy law sublime,
Drive from the heart each deed of night
And cleanse our souls from guilt and crime.

The following hymn, *Nox Atra Rerum* for Matins, on Friday, has the characteristics of a sincere religious song,—humility and confidence:—

Night veils the earth in darkness
And holds the skies above;
We come in prayer and seek thy care,
Just Judge and Lord of love.

We call on thee to save us
From grovelling deed of shame;
Oh, make us thine by grace divine,
To love and bless thy name.

Lord, though our hearts are evil
And strong the tempter's power,
We dare to raise our voice in praise
And seek thee every hour.

Drive from the soul all darkness,
All evil from the mind;
Forever be our joy in thee,
O Saviour of mankind.

To Sire and Son and Spirit
Be honor, love and praise,
Blest three in one whose reign shall run
Unto the end of days.

This is only a brief glance at the great body of verse contributed to the Church during the first two centuries of her poetic production. Even the work of these two centuries, including the hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the angels and saints, which has come down to us, is quite extensive. But as the years rolled by there were always new poets

coming forward, some of them indeed not very original, but all sincere, and many of them worthy to be inscribed on the roll of genius, each contributing his literary labors or bequeathing his accumulations to the glory of the Church. There is not only religious but literary wealth in these wonderful productions, which will well repay the student for any time he may bestow upon it.

It may be true that much of this poetry is rugged and uncouth,—the Latin is often not such as the classic poets would use,—but classical polish does not make true poetry. The thought, the feeling, the imagery, and the melody are all to be considered. And for these the study is worth while. It will not do to cast the whole body of work aside with a contemptuous sneer, as I find a Latin professor of Dublin attempt to do in a recent work on Latin poetry, where he says, "All that can be said is that Prudentius is the least bad." The trouble with such a man is that he has the eye for polish but not the soul for poetry.

IN CANADA GRAY.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

I.

I love to see old Narcisse go
  Each Sunday off to Mass;
I love to hear with creakings slow,
  His ancient *charrette* pass.
They seem to keep a mystic bond,
  The wagon and the man,
Grown each to each in union fond,
  Through many a long year's span.

II.

Sometimes the spring sings to the world
  With thrush and blackbird pipe;
Sometimes the summer has unfurled
  Its blades and blossoms ripe;
Sometimes crisp autumn wanders forth
  Upon the fields of grain,
'Til east and west and south and north
  Are but one amber plain.

III.

But be it warm or be it chill,
  Old Narcisse takes his way
Down by the rapids, past the mill,
  On to the village gray.
His week-day tasks are all forgot,
  Forgot life's duller part;
What Monday threatens matters not,
  While Sunday cheers his heart.

FERNVALE, BOHERNABREENA, NEAR TALLAGHT.

Here on the banks of the picturesque Dodder, the Furlongs lived in childhood; and here it is Alice Furlong's great wish to end her days. In the foreground may be seen Alice Furlong and Miss Bridgid Kelly, matron of Steevens Hospital, Dublin.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

No. VIII.

ALICE FURLONG.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

To impress the world poets must add quantity to quality. Charles Wolfe is remembered for a single short poem, but his case is quite exceptional. I hope that one of "The Poets I Have Known," Frances Wynne, will be remembered for the sake of her one slender volume, "Whisper!" —for she is gone and has left nothing but this and an amiable memory behind her. But Miss Alice Furlong is at the beginning of her career, and, if she would be recognized as a singer of sweet verse as well as a weaver of exquisite prose, it behooves her to give us soon a successor to "Roses and Rue," which issued five years ago from the press of Mr. Elkin Mathews of London, the publisher of a great deal of our contemporary poetry.

ALICE FURLONG.

The name Furlong does not occur now

for the first time in Irish literature. Mr. David O'Donoghue mentions five of the name in his biographical dictionary of the "Poets of Ireland." Few except himself have ever heard of a certain Mrs. W. Marianne Furlong who published "The Spectre of Poverty" in 1834, or of Atherton Furlong who published "Echoes of Memory" in 1884. The Rev. Patrick M.

THE LATE JAMES WALTER FURLONG.
Son of Philip Furlong of Crandaniel, Co. Wexford; and father of Mary and Alice Furlong.

Furlong was a *Nation* poet during the editorship of T. D. Sullivan. But Mr. O'Donoghue's principal entry under the letter F is Thomas Furlong whom he calls the Churchill of Ireland. Charles Churchill himself and his satires, for all their bitter brilliancy, are almost as completely forgotten as Thomas Furlong and his "Plagues of Ireland;" and very few even of those who take a special interest in the poetry of Ireland know what genius this Wexford farmer's son, this Dublin grocer's assistant, showed in his short life of thirty-three years, ending in 1827, two years before Catholic Emancipation, which he helped to achieve by his writings.

Among these bearers of the name of Furlong, one, as we have seen, was a Wexford priest, and Scaramash, County Wexford, was the birthplace of the greatest of the name. The father of the younger poet whom we are concerned with, was also a Wexford man—James Walter Furlong, son of Philip Furlong of Crandaniel; but he had moved northward and settled in Dublin County after his marriage, for it was in Knocklaiquin Lodge under Mount Pelia, best known of Dublin mountains, that Alice Furlong was born; and she and her three sisters spent their childhood at Fernvale in Bohernabreena on the banks of the picturesque Dodder. The home, however, in which I found them was Old Bawn near Tallaght—Tallaght linked of old with the memory of Partholan and Aengus the Culdee, but in our day associated chiefly with the Dominican Novitiate and Father Thomas Burke, its first Master of Novices. It was very probably at this holy spot, after the Saturday confession or the Sunday Mass, that the children of Old Bawn made the acquaintance of the Whitehall household, living a mile or two away on the other side. No doubt they felt a great admiration for one of these, Katherine Tynan, who had already published poems, though hardly out of her teens. The first of the four sisters to emulate this brilliant example was the eldest, Mary Furlong, the only one of the family chronicled in the first edition (1893) of Mr. David J. O'Donoghue's work already referred to; but in the reissue of that work now passing through the press she will give way to her younger sister, Alice, as indeed she did most loyally, and unselfishly, in her lifetime.

Mr. O'Donoghue states that she was born in Dublin, November 26th, 1866, and that her poems have appeared in *Chambers' Journal, The Nation, Boston Pilot,* and *Ave Maria.* Like many others she first tried her wings in *The Irish Monthly* about the year 1890. She was a most amiable and winsome maiden, certain to attract affection and respect wherever she went; and, when she adopted the womanly profession of nursing, her success was assured.

OLD BAWN, TALLAGHT, CO. DUBLIN, WHERE MARY AND ALICE FURLONG SPENT MOST OF THEIR LIVES.

While discharging these duties at Madame Steevens' Hospital, just beside the Kingsbridge Terminus, which is the American tourist's first glimpse of Dublin,—for those who land at Queenstown—her father was brought in to her ward as the victim of a terrible accident. On a suburban race-course one of the horses broke away riderless. Mr. Furlong, a stalwart, athletic man, tried to arrest the animal's course and was flung to the ground, sustaining injuries which proved fatal a few days after. His wife survived only two months.

One of their four children had been laid to rest before them in the beautiful old churchyard of Tallaght. Katherine Furlong died July 27, 1894, aged twenty-two years. They found among her papers this sonnet, written two or three months before, the only sample ever seen of the verse-making of one who "died with all her music in her."

Soon shall my dim eyes close on this fair scene
Growing so sweet through April suns and showers,
Growing so gay with budding trees and flowers,
And straight grass-blades of vivid, tender green;
As but the shadowing of a cloud hath been
The dreary time of Winter's leaden hours;
In emerald robes the daffodilly towers
Tall and gold-crowned like any royal queen.

I ne'er again shall walk in these old ways
At eve, nor watch the silver stars all bright

MARY FURLONG.

Come tremulous from out the dreamy sky;
But in God's land are fairer, sweeter days
Than ever dawned for earth at morning's light.
There Love with fair face ever standeth nigh.

The Irish Monthly of the following October contained "Katie, a Memory"—one of the most tenderly minute and exquisite obituaries I have ever read, and I have just read it again with increased pleasure and edification. It is perhaps Alice Furlong's first published prose. When she describes the dying girl sitting up in bed—"with beautiful, contented face, smiling almost, holding her little crucifix in her hand, sometimes kissing it very lovingly and trustingly"—how aptly does she chide the heresy of the iconoclast: "God forgive those who can pretend to see in this anything worse than a vivid reminder of the Redemption, a very effective way of praying, 'Lord Jesus! Who died for all poor sinners on the cross, have mercy on us.'" And these are the last words of this prose elegy: "She is buried in an ancient graveyard, hardby where Aengus hid and Maclenan planted his walnut tree, and where, when the lights of sunset are burning low, the Dominicans chant their compline almost within her hearing, if indeed she might hear. God rest you, my darling, in your grave under the green grass, while above you the ash trees fret against the blue, and around in a mighty circle the everlasting hills stand watching." Mary Furlong also, in the same pages, paid her tribute "To the First of Our Dead!"

Little sister, first to die!
On the threshold of the sky,
In God's heaven you will stand
With your lily in your hand
Waiting till we come to you.

She had not to wait long, for the writer of these lines, Mary Furlong, died a martyr to duty. During an outbreak of typhus fever at Roscommon the services of a Dublin nurse were required. Miss Furlong, though she had had no experience of that insidious malady, felt bound to accept the post of danger when it was offered to her. Her exertions were most successful. I think that she herself was the only victim. To the surprise and grief of her friends she died September 22nd, 1898. The good people of the town, for whom she had risked her life and lost it, wished to keep her remains among them and promised to erect a worthy memorial; but it was deemed right that she should rest among her own. We laid her beside her parents and her sister under the shadow of the old church that has come so often already into this sketch. Tennyson wrote her epitaph beforehand in his poem "Charity."—

"She died of a fever caught when a nurse in
a hospital ward—
She is high in the heaven of heavens, she
is face to face with her Lord."

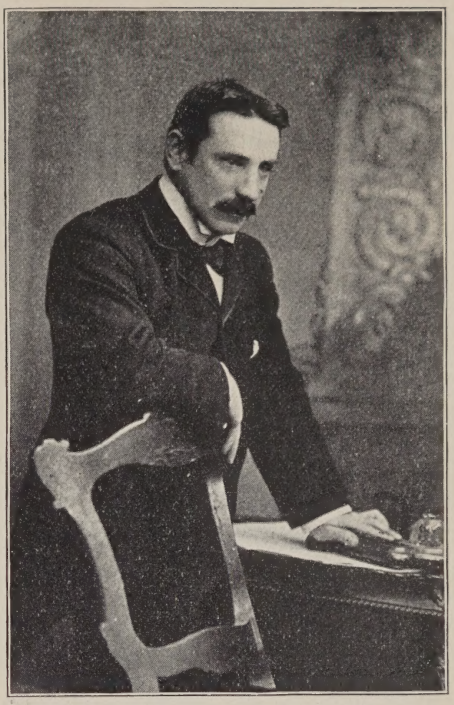
As we are reaching now at last the eighth of "The Poets I Have Known," some one may ask if the fourth of the sisters betrayed none of the poetic gifts that we have discovered in the others.

Margaret Furlong, if not a poet, married a poet. She is the wife of Mr. Patrick Joseph McCall, author of "Irish Noinins," "The Pulse of the Bard," and "Songs of Erin"—all three full of the true Irish spirit of poetry, deep feeling, innocent roguishness, and a fine musical lilt, winning from the hard-hearted critics, both home and foreign, very warm and discriminating praise.

I think it was in 1892 that Alice Furlong began to publish her poems. Many of these early pieces are not gathered into her solitary volume, though a less severe self-critic would have been glad to swell the scanty number of pages. This volume appeared in 1899 and is called "Roses and Rue." It is hard, and every day it is becoming harder, to devise for a book, and especially for a book of verse, a name that will be at the same time sufficiently distinctive and descriptive, attractive and original. All these qualities cannot be claimed for the name chosen by Miss Furlong. Roses and rue would seem to stand for the bright and the dark, and in her dedication to her mother the poet says:

> I have gathered up the tears
> And the laughter of dead years.

Tears, yes—there is plenty of tenderness and love and sorrow; but where is the laughter? There is deep admiration for "God's poem," this beautiful earth. There are certain suggestions of shrewdness and wit; but the charge might fairly be brought against the book that it is too uniformly pensive, that it is not bright enough, that it leaves unrepresented many phases of an Irish maiden's soul. However this may be, it is all poetry at any rate—there is nothing dull or tawdry or commonplace. Mr. Stopford Brooke in his "Treasury of Irish Poetry" says that Alice Furlong's volume "attracted much attention from the leading organs of literary criticism. Her poetry (he adds) has delicacy, pathos, and music,



PATRICK JOSEPH McCALL.

Brother-in-law to Alice Furlong, and author of "Irish Noinins," published 1849: "Songs of Erin," 1899: "Pulse of the Bards," 1904; a. d several pamphlets on old Dublin.

and much power of drawing a vivid picture in a few words." Among the criticisms here referred to was one in *The Academy* which spoke of "Roses and Rue" as "Irish poems inspired by passionate patriotism—a book that bears the impress of a delicate and kindly personality." *The Lamp* pronounced that "in originality and beauty of thought and in excellence of technique this was the best first book from the hands of a young woman poet since the first books of Louise Imogen Guiney and Katherine Tynan." Of higher authority, however, than these anonymous critics is Professor Edward Dowden who will, I am sure, with the kindness which is his characteristic, forgive me for quoting a sentence from a letter which he wrote to me on the 30th of March, 1899. "Accept my hearty thanks

for 'Roses and Rue' which I have read with true enjoyment. The author has a distinct note of her own—a note of passion in simplicity, yet with artistic craftmanship. I hope the little volume is the forerunner of more good work."

What samples shall be given of this fresh young Muse? Let this first be one of those diminutive poems which Father Tabb and other American poets are fond of, but which do not suit our Celtic exuberance. This and the other specimens

MRS P. J. McCALL,
Sister to Alice Furlong.

are not taken from the small collection so often referred to.

In diamond-crested spray upon the shore
Broke a long wave; then lowly spake
Your voice, O Love! "Before they may outpour
Their magic treasures, wave and heart must break."

The following "Lament for Morrougheen Dillon the Traitor" pays no heed to Madame Swetchine's saying, "There are no proper names in Hell." I do not know if it has any relation to real facts.

The slate-gray cloud of October
Goes clad in a keener's cloak;
The wake-lights, they are burning
On the ash and the oak:
Oh, let us be a-mourning
For all dead folk!

Up on the Mountain of Leinster,
Morrougheen dhu is dead.
Yellow candles by his two feet,
And a white candle by his head.
But 'tis he will be all in the dark
Down in the narrow bed.

Morrougheen dhu of Mount Leinster
Where the little birds do increase,
He left many a man in his waking
Without a light for his peace,
After the time of the troubles
And the Flight of the Wild Geese.

Morrougheen dhu was covetous
Of money in his day;
He went to the house of the Strangers,
He came home merry and gay:
He sold the lives of his brothers,
And took the Strangers' pay.

Morrougheen dhu and his woman
Had silver and gold to chink.
Morrougheen dhu and his woman
Had ale and red wine to drink.
But they stood on the edge of Hell's pit,
And he went over the brink.

Without succour the prayers are chanted,
Without help is the holy bell.
'Twas I loved Morrougheen Dillon,
'Twas myself would have served him well,
Better than his own woman
That helped him into Hell.

If it were not too long for the purpose, I should quote "Ireland in America" as one of the cleverest, (if not the most poetical), feats that Miss Furlong has accomplished. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote to me from Nice that he had sent it to Richard O'Gorman, his old friend of the '48 times, then dying in New York; for he thought, as he said, that this poem expressed very effectively the exile's feelings with regard to his adopted country and the old land at home. I should like also to give "My Share of the World," of which a writer in *The Criterion* (New York) said: "I have

VILLA NOVA, LADY GILBERT'S RESIDENCE.

not read a sweeter love-song in many a day—sweet, sincere, simple, passionate, womanly." The poet herself places in front "The Trees," which is indeed a poem with a true original note; and she places in another important place, namely last of all, the thoughts that occurred to her "In the Dargle." The Dargle is a lovely spot near Enniskerry, where the counties of Dublin and Wicklow meet. Few that visit it on parties of pleasure allow grave thoughts like these to occupy their minds.

By leaning fern and mossy stone
The river singeth all alone
A musical, sweet monotone.

Within its lucent canopies
The sunbeam broodeth dreamy-wise,
Like to a smile in girlhood's eyes.

Athwart the amber and the snow
Of quiet pools 'twixt flow and flow,
The quiet birds flit to and fro.

You cannot hear if that they sing,
For the wild waters, murmuring,
Weep into silence everything.

Weep into silence: I have said.
The earthly voice being quieted,
I hear the voices of the dead.

They lie in happy graves afar,
Where no cliff climbeth high to bar
The shining of the evening star.

There stand the mountains, misty blue,
The soft, south heaven leaning to,
That holds the cisterns of the dew.

And when that dew doth thither sweep
To weep for them who cannot weep,
Methinks the dreamers smile in sleep.

Then ere the smile hath wholly died
Upon their white brows, sanctified,
The dawn stands rosy as a bride.

And every bird doth wake for day.
(Whether the boughs be green or grey,
The little birds do sing alway.)

Oh, sweet amid the leafy falls
That tapestry their magic halls,
They pipe their golden madrigals!

O, sweet, if that the dead may hear
This honeyed speaking, pure and clear,
In every day, in every year!

God calleth keeners for His own,
The dew shall weep when I am stone—
Shall rain its pity softly down.

And when the pain hath taken root
Within a heart, to strike it mute,
The bird shall murmur as a lute.

Purely poetical throughout; yet I confess that I cannot quite understand how the Dargle suggested some of these thoughts to our young poetess. A much more prosaic strain of thought occurred to an old poetaster who visited the same scenes a little later. Different people take very different views of the same things.

the Dargle," and may interest some readers, like Edgar Allan Poe's acrostic sonnet,

"By dint
Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't."

Not all concealed; for instance, Mustard was the real name of our venal entertainer, the only one of the name I have ever heard of. I have heard before of Pepper and Salt—Professor Pepper and Sir Titus Salt—but never of Mrs. Ginger or

THE DARGLE.

To view Niagara's Falls one day
A priest and tailor took their way,
The priest cried out, while lost in wonder
Listening to the cataract's thunder:
"Lord! how Thy works amaze our eyes
And fill our souls with vast surprise!"
The tailor made this simple note.
"Lord, what a place to sponge a coat!"

Almost equally striking is the contrast between the foregoing impressions of the Dargle (which are poetic) and the following (which are not). These are frankly labelled "Five O'clock Tea at

Miss Vinegar or of Mr. Mustard, except at the Dargle. The pilgrims started from Villa Nova, the beautiful home of Lady Gilbert. In the manner of mentioning Linden, the Convalescent Home conducted by the Sisters of Charity, there is allusion to the German battlefield of Campbell's famous ballad,

"On Linden when the sun was low,"

and in the concluding there are references to St. Matthew 11, 12 and to the

Odes of Horace, III, 30. "An old man and a younger." That is a very mild way of stating the difference of age, which amounted to about sixty years.

Harp, long disused and out of tune!
Assist us to remember
This sunny, breezy afternoon,
This second of September,
Nineteen-nought-one, when two fair dames,
An old man and a younger,
First having satisfied the claims
Of Nature's noontide hunger,
We issue from the postern-gate
Of sylvan Villa Nova,
Sweet haunt of song, yet rhyming mate
It hath not, save Jehovah!
We speed on nimble jaunting-car
Through sunshine and no showers
Towards where the Sugarloaf afar
O'er Wicklow valleys towers;
Past Linden when the sun is high,
Past Leopardstown, Stillorgan —
For city smoke the bright blue sky,
The birds for barrel-organ.
By quiet rural roads we glide
Past Stepaside, Kilgobbin,
'Twixt hedges tall and thick that hide
The home of many a robin.
In purest air, no dust, no glare,
We four, sedately merry,
Whirl through the Scalp, that tiny Alp,
And skirt fair Enniskerry.
Alighting soon, we leave the road
For forest-shaded byway;
Our car will find again its load
By driving round the highway,
While *we* pursue our grassy way
Through glorious maze of greenery.
Oh! could I worthy tribute pay
To such enchanting scenery!
A mighty fissure's rugged sides
Are oft austere, unsightly —
Rich verdure here all harshness hides,
Wild flowers from clefts gleam brightly.
Far down, in leafy depths below,
Winds noisily the Dargle,
In whose pure wave the linnets lave,
Their throats the thrushes gargle.
And can it be yon slender stream
Has scooped this magic valley?
But, though 'twere sweet to gaze and dream,
We must no longer dally.
Nature for some refreshment calls:
Lo! yonder stands old Mustard
Beside his whitewashed cottage walls
With roses thickly clustered.
Between the porch and hedge is spread
A white-naped wooden table,
Whereon is served no common bread
But fairy feast of fable:
Hot scones, delicious jam, hot tea,
And dainty pats of yellow —
Could cream more like to nectar be?
Could butter taste more mellow?

We home return another way,
Like to the eastern Magi,
While I of our grand Dargle "tay"
This monument *exegi*.
Would that my strain were half as sweet,
As is my theme so bonnie!
With love I lay it at the feet
Of my grandnephew, Johnnie.

This doggerel, which is only an impudent intruder in this place, may serve by contrast to set off the dignity and restraint as well as the true poetic spirit and diction of the volume from which our extracts have been too scanty. Still more impossible is it to quote adequately from "The Sorrowful Tale of Baile and Ailliun," which is the longest poem that Alice Furlong has written. We used to call the heroine phonetically Eileen Aroon—she was of course

"beautiful,
A lily growing in the cool
Of some wild, watery, reed-fringed place.
The moon looked in, and for her face
Took the lone lily, till she saw
A paler image that did draw
Its trembling from sudden awe,
And not from the low wind's fleck and flaw."

The story belongs to the old pagan times of the Druids, but, as if forestalling Christian days, it is said of Ailliun:

"No woman in Erinn is like to her
For chastity as pure as snow
On the moonlit mountain."

This Celtic Romeo and Juliet were as unfortunate as the hapless pair of lovers that came long after them. There is over the whole narrative a weird glamor like—to use one of its own phrases—"the shimmer of the stars in frost." We do not know if it is all the work of Miss Furlong's imagination or if she had some Gaelic groundwork to rest upon. We should prefer to get from her something brighter and more Christian. She must not let her Irish Catholic heart be led astray by the pagan inspirations, how pure soever and ethereal, of Keats and our own Yeats. Even her secular fame

will be increased by a deeper infusion of the religious spirit, by a larger proportion of themes and allusions drawn, not, as she says herself, from the

"old dim days
When Druid people walked the ways
Of Erinn, and wrought spells to keep
The land in wild, enchanted sleep.—"

but drawn from the story and the hearts of Catholic Ireland in the past and in the present, drawn from the living faith and living people that she knows and loves.

ANTRIM GLEN SONG.

BY EDITH WHEELER.

Sleep softly, sleep softly, the night wind blows chill,
But I'll keep you, dearie, from hurt and from ill;
I'll hold you so closely, I'll wrap you so warm,
Safe sheltered, at rest, on your own mother's arm,
Let the winds blow! Let the waves flow!
While you're sleeping my dearie;
I'll guard you from danger, I'll shield you from harm.

Sleep softly, sleep softly, you'll soon be a man;
The joy of your mother, the pride of the clan,
Since the sun sank in blood over Aura* that day,
When McDonnell, proud chieftain, was slain in the fray.
Let the years pass! Let the clans mass!
Till you're ready my dearie;
No word from your mother will then bid you stay.

Sleep softly, sleep softly, too soon comes the day.
When the clansmen will gather in battle array.
The sobbing of women, the clamor of men,
O, what shall I say to my own dearie then?
Let the clan call! Let the sword fall!
You'll be waiting my dearie;
A son of McDonnell to fight for the glen.

*Aura — a battle fought in Glenshesk, County Antrim, in which the chief of the McDonnells was killed.

HOW JORGE HUASHINGTON SAVED THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH STETSON.

How they came to Virginia and settled there, and what were the trials of their first years, you must ask Mrs. Suarez to tell you. This she will do volubly, now that she has learned English. Her husband, "John," the Spaniard, (re-named), silent, grave, polite, only shakes his head and says;

"We do well alwiz."

But in Mrs. Suarez' opinion, they did not do well. How to guard themselves against the ostracism they were beginning to feel, occupied her thoughts. They could not help being Spaniards, of course, but in some mysterious way she comprehended that Spanish names and customs must be thrust into the background. In short, America was asserting its influence over her. One sign was that she accepted "John" as her husband's name, for, as America, in the shape of the neighbors asserted,

"That man's name fa'rly makes you jump when it's wrote out. It's like takin' the name of the Lord in vain, to my mind. Though the way they say it, in their outlandish talk, it don't sound as sacreligious as it looks."

If that was Mrs. Suarez' trouble, there was also trouble, differing yet kindred, weighing upon her husband. This he mentioned to his friend, Morales, a Cuban, who had settled in Virginia earlier.

"It is time the little children were baptized. I have no sponsor," said the Spaniard.

"Why trouble yourself, my friend," replied Morales with a wave of his cigarette. "Look at those about us—the Baptists, for example. They do not baptize their children while they are little. They are happy."

"But I am not Baptist," said Suarez with a wrinkle of his patient brow, "and I could not be happy. They are strange, these people. My name, Jesus Maria de Los Angeles, affrights them. My good Spanish name, it is gone!"

"Let it go, my friend," said Morales, with another and more expressive wave. "Let it go with all the other past things of Spain. We are citizens of a free land. Let us be free!"

"But I am of Spanish blood," Suarez spoke in his grave way, "and the children, they must be Catholic."

"Take care, my friend!" Morales held up two fingers warningly. "Spanish is not a fine name these days. These Americans do not like it. I like it not myself, but I, I am tolerant. I have not forgotten our friendship in the old days in Cuba."

"Nevertheless I am Spanish, Morales. I am Catholic."

"Ah, you do not read English, my friend!" Morales spoke with an irritable, ironic lift of the eyebrows. "It is as I say; Spanish is not a fine name these days."

That was the beginning of the rift between them. Morales' patriotism grew to such a height during those days of debate which preceded war that to him the name of Spaniard was like a red rag to a bull, and the sight of Suarez was a thing he wisely avoided. Although he had intended to accept so many of the fetters of superstition as would allow him to stand sponsor to the Suarez babies simply to please his friend, he found even so slight a Spanish connection was more than he could bear. So Suarez found his way as best he could to the little wooden church of St. James The Less ten miles away, where Mass was said every third Sunday.

Father O'Reilly, sitting in the chilly

little sacristy behind a shaky-legged table, looked up to meet the gaze of the family, who had patiently waited until the last garrulous parishioner had finished. The thick-set man, with his velvet black hair and calm brown eyes, the olive wife, thin-faced and foreign, the three babies, black-eyed, too, from the long coated infant blinking on its mother's shoulder to the four year old little girl in starched white skirts, looked back at him in supplication.

"Well," said Father O'Reilly, closing his little book of accounts, "I don't think I've seen ye before at Mass."

Suarez struggled with his English.

"You do not see me before, father. Not me, not my wife, not my children. I am es—Spanish."

"Spanish!" cried Father O'Reilly, with a fat, good-natured frown. The name had an ugly sound even to him just then. "Then why haven't I seen you at Mass before? Spaniards are Catholics. All Catholics come to Mass."

"I am Catholic, father," said Suarez, softly and anxiously. "Ya'as, I—my wife—my children. Ah, no! my children, my little children, they are not baptize!"

Here was a case for pastoral firmness. Father O'Reilly had not been a missioner to a scattered flock in Virginia for nothing. He knew their tricks of delay.

"Not baptized! Not that one? Nor that one?" pointing first to one little girl and then to another, who stood, each with a finger in her mouth, staring at him. "Now what was the reason? Don't tell me it was too far to get here before, or the weather was too cold, or the children had the whooping cough, or the horses were too hard worked to use them on Sunday."

Suarez gasped a little. The torrent of words was too much for him. The tone of authority was intelligible, however.

"Father, I know no man. I have not the—the—how do you say it—es—sponsor, now Mr. Morales, he quarrel with me."

"What is this I hear about a quarrel?" asked Father O'Reilly, emphasizing each word as an unconscious protest to the other's halting English. "And who is Morales?"

"Morales, he Cuban. He quarrel for that. I—I am es—Spanish," as if it were a title of nobility and striking his breast gently with his forefinger.

Mrs. Suarez' melancholy, oval face kindled.

"Si, si, padre—!" she began eagerly.

Her husband gave her a long, quiet glance and she fell to patting the baby's back.

"Cuban, is he?" commented Father O'Reilly with a slight smile, "and you Spanish and ye quarrel? Well, I don't wonder, these times. You can't get along any better than the Irish and the Orangemen. Still, Spanish or not, you must have those babies made Christians. And it's high time to do it; why, they're all old enough to vote, even the infant there. Six months—now, isn't he?" He held up six fingers and nodded toward the baby. The mother responded with a bright look.

"Now, I could read you a lecture on the duty of Christian parents towards early Baptism, if I knew Spanish enough," said Father O'Reilly, rising and bustling about. "But I don't. Now, wait right here in these chairs," he raised his voice and pointed to the seats. "Don't stir. I am going to get you a sponsor. He speaks Spanish too, if the Fathers at Georgetown did their duty by him—"

He hurried out, leaving his sentence unfinished and darted across the graveyard toward the group of wagons and buggies under the oak trees by the road. Many of the worshippers were lingering for a chat.

Suarez clasped his hardened hands and looked hopefully after the priest. Mrs. Suarez laid the baby downward across her lap, and while he scrutinized the vestry floor with an anxious frown, she smoothed the jet hair of the two little girls. She gave a deep sigh of relief. Now they would have every right to their stately Spanish names. She had been haunted by the fear that they might grow up "Betti" and "Salli" like so many of the fresh cheeked little Americans about them. Betti and Salli were pretty names for rosy Americans, but for her little daughters,—no! As for the baby—a certain thought darted across her mind, flushing her thin cheek. The baby should be a peace offering to America.

Father O'Reilly came back with a beaming face. In his wake followed a slender collegian who proved really able to speak Spanish. To be sure, it was as halting of its kind as Suarez' English, and the verbs were nebulous, but it moved Suarez and his wife almost to tears. The sacred rite proceeded at the tiny font. The little girls received the salt daintily upon their tongues and their great dark eyes gazed with reverence from under the white linen cloth laid for a moment upon their heads. Their mother felt a throb of pious pride in their behavior and in their names of Dolorez and Consolacion, with Maria, of course, as introductory. But when Father O'Reilly turned to ask the baby's name and Suarez began with a sonorous roll,

"Jesus Maria de Los—" she interrupted,

"No, no, padre,—Jorge—Jorge Huashington."

"George, by all means," said Father O'Reilly in relief, his Anglo-Saxon training uppermost in him just then. "George is a good name—American, too."

Mrs. Suarez nodded vehemently, well satisfied. She had no English to express herself, but the padre understood.

So George Washington it was, and the baby wept and wailed during its bestowal, while Suarez allowed himself a bewildered glance at his wife.

The Suarez family bade a courteous farewell to Father O'Reilly.

"Good-bye," said the priest, heartily, "now don't forget to come to Mass every third Sunday."

"I try hard, varee hard, father," said Suarez, humbly.

"But why, Catalina," he asked in a deep staccato, as soon as he found himself alone with his wife, "why did you name him Jorge Huashington?"

"Ah, wait! Wait, and you will see, my husband!" she answered under the triumph of her inspiration.

With the year the Cuban troubles grew to a head. War was declared. Morales passed him in triumph. A great camp was established not far from the Suarez farm, and day after day he beheld with sadness squads of horsemen or foot soldiers passing by. Not that he had aught against the soldiers; they were mostly fresh-colored, boyish young fellows, and the children, standing on the porch, loved to see them go by in their blue uniforms. Even little Jorge in his baby tender, improvised of a dry goods box, clapped his hands at the sight of them. But the men and their mission forced to the front Suarez' latent patriotism. He felt himself Spanish to the tips of his fingers and the children's stammering English seemed a reproach. But by reason of his silent gravity, no one, not even Morales, who would often toss him a galling piece of news over the fence as he passed, knew his struggle.

Early one summer morning as he was feeding the cattle in the barn, he heard the mingled tramp of horses in his lane and, peering out, he saw a trio of soldiers ride up to his porch. He drew

back and went on preparing the food for the animals. There was no need for him to go to the house. Catalina could see to their wants.

Catalina came out when the men's tread sounded upon the porch.

"Could we have breakfast, my good woman?" asked one of the young men.

Catalina signified her readiness to provide the meal and disappeared in the kitchen. The soldiers dismounted, tied their horses, tasted of the cool well water, strolled about the yard, then sat down on the porch bench, trying to persuade the two black-eyed little girls to come and talk to them. Dolores and Consolacion, however, contented themselves with peeping around the door jamb or, retreating to the far end of the porch where the balustrade was broken, swung their bare brown feet in grave unconcern.

Catalina announced the meal from the doorway.

"The br—reakfas', gentlemen."

The three young men entered. The dining room was very bare and very clean. The cloth upon the table was snowy and there was a foreign quaintness about the arrangement of the food that was not without charm for the visitors, from the ripe currants set in their own leaves in a flat glass dish to the warm cake wrapped in a napkin.

Catalina waited upon her guests quietly, giving a slight smile when required, but saying nothing. Baby Jorge, with wide, dark eyes in a rosy, olive face, crept in from the kitchen and made on all fours for the row of martial legs about the table. Here was an attractive retreat for a little bear to live in. Catalina pouring coffee at the side table did not see him. It was only when Dolores and Consolacion, missing their charge, swept in like a whirlwind, that she turned.

"El niño, madre! He gone, the baby —el hermanito, Jorge! He crawl 'way, mamma!"

"Where, children, where is the baby, the little brother? Look for him!" She broke out in Spanish.

"Spanish, by George! That's Spanish!" one of the young men cried, flinging down his napkin from the table.

"What is it all about?" asked another.

Meanwhile an excited colloquy was going on between the mother and the little girls.

"Something about a baby," returned the first, hearkening a moment. "I can't make out the talk. But it's Spanish, I know that."

"I thought they were foreign," said the third man, swallowing his coffee, "Cubans, probably."

Then he held up his hand, arresting Catalina in flight upon the heels of Dolores and Consolacion, who had run to the duck trough to see if Jorge were dabbling there, a favorite though forbidden amusement.

"The kid—the little fellow—is under the table," he said kindly. "He's all right."

Jorge stuck his brown head out between a pair of polished boots to reassure his mother.

"I thank you, señor," she said in heartfelt gratitude.

"And you speak Spanish, I see," went on the young man, "You are Cuban, of course. We are fighting for Cuba, you know."

Catalina's thin face flushed scarlet.

"I am es—Spaniard, señor," she said, courteously.

"What?" cried the first soldier in excitement, "Not from Spain, old Spain, Espagna?" He raised his voice and emphasized his words as if she were deaf.

Catalina bowed.

"From es—Spain, señor. From Galicia."

"Now, look here, did you put anything in that coffee?"

"Coffee? I not onderstan', señor,—

coffee?" She looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Nonsense, Armistead," said the one who had told her where Jorge was. "What is the matter with you—the coffee is all right."

"You better look out, Hunt," went on the other, banteringly. "Here we three, American soldiers, getting ready to go to Cuba to fight the Spanish, ride up and order breakfast way off here in the wilds of Virginia. And we find ourselves fed by Spaniards. Looks suspicious to me."

"Wish I had an emetic, that's all," put in the one who had not spoken, eyeing with gloomy disgust his cup and plate.

Catalina stood waiting, Jorge tugging at her skirts. The English was too rapid for her. That there was disagreement and suspicion was evident.

"You let me manage this," said Hunt.

"You are Spanish, you say," he went on sternly to Catalina, squaring himself in his seat and elevating his voice. "What are you doing here in Virginia?"

"We buy, señor," replied Catalina with a wave indicating the farm, "two—three years now."

"We? Have you a husband?" Hunt kept his boyish face very hard as he put his questions.

"Si, señor." Catalina's voice was full of relief. "John" would certainly understand what these puzzling Americans wanted.

"Where is he?"

"He out—I think. Dolores, Consolacion!" she called in Spanish, "bring your father, my little ones."

Suarez, still pottering in the stable, saw that the moment had come. He stepped into the dining room, holding a child by either hand, and bowed to the Americans.

"Is this your husband?" demanded Hunt of Catalina in his official manner.

Suarez looked into the three pairs of eyes confronting him.

"I am Jesus Maria de Los Angeles Suarez y. Vicuña," he said, and he could not help saying it sonorously.

"Oh, well," said Hunt a trifle testily. "You're a Spaniard, aren't you?"

That long, rolling, incomprehensible name with a feminine sound certainly seemed to confirm his companions' suspicions.

"I told you!" commented Armistead.

"I am es—Spaniard, señor."

"How did you come here in Virginia—?"

"And how did it happen that we, the first time we ride out and order breakfast should come so pat on your house, on the house of a Spaniard?"

Suarez addressed himself to their inquiries. He would take one at a time.

"I buy thees farm thr—ree years ago," he said, laboriously and patiently to Hunt. "I am a farmer, señor I farm in America."

"That may be true," said Hunt. "But how am I to know that? These are exciting times, you know. There are tales about. Here are we three Americans—"

"Who have just put our lives in your hands, man," broke in Armistead. "For all we know, you may be spies. Maybe you doped the coffee. How does your stomach feel, Jim?"

"Feels mighty funny," agreed the third man with a wan look.

Suarez listened pondering. His face darkened through its patience. He spoke quickly in Spanish to his wife, who started to leave the room. There was a movement as if of arrest on the part of one of the young men.

"Pardon, señor," said Suarez. "She go for the paper—how you say—the sairtifeecate."

Then he lifted his head and spoke,

"I am a poor man, señor. I am es—Spaniard. I love es—Spain. She is my own lan'. She loose, I fear she loose all, all her glory, all her lan's—my poor es—Spain. If my life help, she have it.

But it is too late. But here, señor, I live in America, I farm, I rear my children."

He turned to Armistead.

"I am es—Spanish, señor," he said a little haughtily, if haughtiness could be said to emanate from such a quiet little man. "You are my guest, all is yours," he made a gesture of bestowal with Dolores' little hand still in his. "The es—Spaniard does not harm him who eats his salt."

"Salt, yes, but how about coffee?" began Armistead, kicking Jim under the table. But Catalina walked in with a bundle of documents, which she handed to her husband, who, in his turn, laid them before Hunt.

Opened, they proved to be certificates of baptism, of marriage, of honorable dismissal from the Spanish army of Sergeant Jesus Maria de Los Angeles Suarez y. Vicuña. These, Hunt and Armistead, with the aid of half-forgotten Latin and rusty French and the little Spanish the latter knew, managed to make out. The army dismissal was a point that demanded investigation.

"You were in the Spanish army, Mr. Suarez?" Hunt looked up from the paper, sternly.

"I was soldier in Cuba, in Puerto Rico," Suarez admitted. "When my time is out, I come to America. Morales, my frien', he write me to come. He already here, I come—. I am the one es—Spaniard."

"There it is," struck in Armistead. "He's a Spaniard, and

'And in spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains'—a greaser.

"But look here, Hunt. You may laugh as much as you please. Still, there is the camp and right here on its outskirts is a Spaniard."

"Now, Mr. Suarez, we must have some positive assurance that you are a citizen of the United States, or your position will have to be investigated," began Hunt, resting his square, boyish chin in his hand and looking severely at Suarez. "Some positive—"

But Catalina made an eager swoop, gathered up the baby and held him toward the young man. What the English words were, she did not know. An intuition like genius was upon her.

"See here!" she cried, "here is Jorge Huashington!"

Jorge gurgled and showed his six little white teeth in a broad smile. The young men, after an astonished glance, burst into laughter, and Hunt, getting up, patted the baby's curly locks.

"It is true, señor," said Suarez, calmly. "Read, señor." He selected and held out a sheet of note paper in Father O'Reilly's sprawling characters, setting forth the baptism of George Washington Suarez in January, 1898.

"What more could we want? George's face is enough," Armistead said, waving the paper aside and chucking Jorge's fat chin.

But Suarez, with quiet insistence, held Hunt to the reading of the other papers. Happily they were in English—a deed for the farm, some tax receipts and farm bills.

"Mr. Suarez," said Hunt, rising and holding out his hand. "I apologize for our mistake, and I thank you and your wife for your hospitality this morning."

The others followed his example, emphasizing their obligations to Mrs. Suarez for her breakfast with the ring of silver coin, and even pressing into the fat fist of Jorge, three round half-dollars, so large that his baby fingers could hardly close around them.

"You're a farmer," said Hunt. "Don't you sell vegetables, fruit? Bring them to the camp."

But Suarez shook his head a little sadly.

"Ah, señor," he said, "I am es—Spanish."

AN AUSTRALIAN CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

Christmas is Christmas all the world over, but though the same sacred associations and kindly human sympathies centre round the festival from Greenland's icy mountains to Africa's coral strand, yet this greatest of all birthdays is differently celebrated in different climes. The following little story will tell how the day was spent many years ago by some young Australians who had looked forward eagerly for weeks to this particular celebration.

Kathleen and Denis Lynch lived in the Bush, as the vast unreclaimed tracts of the continent are called. They were utterly remote from church, school, and other companionship than that to be found beneath their father's roof. Their parents (exceptional settlers in those wilds) belonged to the cultured class, and though their home lacked many things which dwellers in cities count essential they preserved books and a piano, which the children used to good purpose, having a knowledge of English and French literature far beyond their years, as well as a familiarity with the works of Beethoven, and other of the great masters, outside the range of boys and girls occupied with the studies and sports of a large school. They lived a happy, simple life, and though their short regular lesson hours were soon disposed of they were always learning something from the conversation of their elders, and from the great book of nature which each day unfolded to their eyes some new page of her secrets. During the Christmas holidays their cousin, Mary Lacy, was to come from Melbourne with her father, to share for a few weeks all their pleasures and pursuits. She was to be taught to ride,—not in the humdrum fashion of the riding school, but to sit a buck-jumper and take a fallen log gaily on a saddleless steed. She was to learn to swim amid the breakers rushing in from the ocean, to fish when the hook would as likely as not land a shark, and she was to have a vote on the vexed question of whether Browning or Tennyson was the greater poet, on the evening when the two enthusiasts, Mary's father and Kathleen's mother were to champion respectively the cause of the rivals, and read selections from their works. But of the whole delightful holiday programme by far the most important item was the Christmas Day picnic which was to take place on the back beach, the farther side of the narrow peninsula on which they lived.

Think of the joy of such a Christmas, ye dwellers in the north, who are forced to keep the spirit of festivity alive by spiced wine and blazing Yule log! To you Santa Claus arrives, shivering, wrapped in furs and crowned with icicles; to us, beneath genial Austral skies he comes radiant in summer raiment and garlanded with flowers. In good weather an out of door meal is always delicious, even should there be nothing particular to look at, or to eat, but picture the delight of it when the outlook is the boundless ocean, rolling in over huge rocks which dash the waves into a hundred fantastic fountains, and sends them swirling up a wide sandy beach strewn with lovely shells! And when the tide is low what wonderful pools lurk among the rocks, pools from whose clear depths fish so variegated and vivid in hue as to be fitly named sea parrots can be had for the mere effort of drawing them out with a hand net! The beauty of these strange creatures does not save them from being grilled in their extreme freshness on the

camp fire; and buried in the sand beneath the fire potatoes are roasted, crisper and sweeter than *pommes de terre* prepared in any other manner by the most accomplished of *chefs*. That the fire is built of fragments of gallant ships wrecked no one could tell when or how, and carried by the wild waves to this desolate shore, gives an adventurous Robinson Crusoe touch to the picnic, and at once lifts the roast turkey, plum pudding, and other delicacies out of commonplace, everyday life into the region of imagination where youth loves to sojourn.

We shall skip over the meeting of the cousins. They were old friends and playmates, so there was no time lost in preliminaries; the newcomer fell by instinct into the proper attitude towards everything that interested Denis and Kathleen.

Christmas morning dawned bright and balmy, the sea breezes tempering the heat of the sun. No one who has not been roused by the sweet note of the Australian magpie singing its glad matins can imagine how good a thing it is to wake to a new day, in a new country, while life itself is new,—as it was to our trio. After the early breakfast and especial morning prayers,—for the head of a Bush family must be teacher and preacher to his household,—the party got ready to start.

There were only four steady horses fit for pushing their way through the thick scrub, and climbing up and down cliffs, as would have to be done on the rough transit, so it was arranged that Denis, who was to act as guide as well as carrier, would in the first place convey the seniors across country to the massive group of rocks known as London Bridge, and then lead two horses back for the girls, each one to have a bag strapped on the pommel of her saddle. Naturally, the idea of waiting did not commend itself to young people eager to be off, and Kathleen scouted the idea of needing either guide or horse. Had she not over and over again gone to the back beach with her brother on horseback and on foot? And would not he get his commissariat work done faster, if he were not detained by the tedious task of leading horses through dense underwood? Besides, girls on foot could push through ti-tree and tangle impenetrable to basket-laden steeds. And she and Mary would really enjoy the walk together, and would get to London Bridge faster than if they waited for Denis. All this sounded so reasonable that she was allowed to have her way, the more so as Denis, who would have to make the journey twice with the provisions, would have the girls more or less under his eye all the time, and could come to their aid in case of need. The only real danger—and it is one to which Bush folk are very much alive—was the possibility of treading on a snake in the tangle, where one could not see clearly what lay underfoot. But as a rule snakes, in spite of their supposed craftiness of disposition, prefer the open, and are more frequently to be found sunning themselves on a clear track, or well-warmed rock, than hidden away from sight.

As it takes some time to adjust the length of stirrups, and look up all the straps of makeshift Bush saddlery, the girls actually set out before the others, and had almost reached the first of the seven hills which they had to mount and descend before they were overtaken by the cavalcade.

In order not to arrive empty-handed, while all the others were laden,—plates, glasses, tea kettle, etc., made up a great array of things to be carried,—Kathleen had given Mary a bottle of salad dressing, while she took charge of a jar of cold punch, to be iced later in a mermaid's pool. Denis from his standpoint

of guide left them detailed instructions of turns to be taken at a fallen tree, and later at a peculiarly smooth rock, and gave them rendevous at the pinnacle of the fourth hill, the point he calculated they would reach about the same time as he would on his return trip. Kathleen listened impatiently to these directions. "Why we shall be there almost as soon as you," she exclaimed. "I know the short cuts which the horses cannot take, and by and by when we get into the shade, Mary and I will simply fly along like birds." "All right, only mind you fly straight, and don't play us any Babes-in-the-Wood pranks," said Denis, who had really no misgiving about his sister's bump of locality, but thought a fellow owed it to himself to take a tone of superiority when dealing with girls. He now devoted himself to the business in hand, which was to make the rough journey as easy as possible to his mother. He was a much more experienced Bush man than either his father or uncle, whose early days had been spent in great cities. He steered his party so dexterously through the difficulties of overlapping boughs overhead, and thick scrub underfoot, that though they were at one moment almost on the necks of their horses, and soon after disposed to slip, saddle and all, over the tails, he got them safe to London Bridge, and left them to enjoy the fresh breezes and lovely scenery while he rode back for the supplementary baskets.

At the trysting place he looked out for the girls, but not seeing them concluded that they had not traveled as quickly as Kathleen had anticipated, and that he would come across them nearer home. However, as he did not see then, or on his return trip, he supposed that he had missed them owing to their having taken one of the short cuts impossible to a horse, and that by this time they would be busy spreading the picnic cloth. When he arrived at the camping-ground, hot and tired, and quite ready to enjoy the good things he had brought over with so much trouble, he was more annoyed than alarmed at the non-arrival of the girls, and without much sympathy for the anxiety his mother had begun to feel. "Oh it is just like them," he grumbled, "they are sitting under a tree somewhere, talking of the fine dresses they will have when they are grown up, or some such stuff, while we are waiting for our dinner. If it were not for the salad dressing I'd vote we'd begin without them, they'll turn up right enough when they get hungry." But by this time the two fathers, though they were inclined to take the masculine optimistic view of the situation propounded by Denis, rode off to reconnoitre. Although the distance between the homestead and the back beach was not greater than could easily be covered by a horseman in an hour's time, it admitted of countless detours, for there was no beaten track, nor any particular reason for keeping a little more to the right or to the left. The plan usually followed was to steer as straight as possible, going a little round in one direction or another according as the scrub was less dense—travelers on foot naturally being able to force their way through where riders could not push. As the scrub is eight or ten feet high it completely shuts in whoever may be within its shelter, and so the searchers rode from hill-top to hill-top, from whence they could survey the country with open patches intermixed with clumps of ti-tree. They made the silence echo with anxious coo-ees,—the far-reaching cry of the Australian aborigines,—but with no result. When they got back to London Bridge they found Mrs. Lynch gravely alarmed. She had sent Denis to join the search, and in his absence had conjured up a thousand fears, the most insistent of which was

that one of the children had been stung by a snake. In her heart she felt the one must be her own, for if an accident had happened to Mary, Kathleen would have come on in search of help. By this time the men were almost as alarmed as she, and, though they made light of her fears, they started off again. Parental, like all other love, brings suffering as well as joy in its train, and in this case forced Mr. Lacy's mind to conclusions the very opposite of his sister's. He felt certain that whatever harm had come to the children had fallen on Mary, who knew nothing of the Bush, and was therefore more liable to accident than Kathleen. As Mrs Lynch was not a sufficiently-accomplished horsewoman to be of any use in exploring the Bush, and also as it was thought better that some one should stay at the point at which the girls might arrive at any moment, the poor mother spent the long hours of that interminable Christmas Day watching and waiting. From time to time Denis and the two men would return, but they never brought any news, and at six in the evening, having quite given up all hope of the girls joining them, a very dismal party, laden with the unopened picnic baskets, made their way home. Long before this, the few men about the place and the neighboring fishermen had joined in the search. One of the latter with a taste for horrors suggested that the children had been carried off by a party of Maories who had been fishing on the coast and whose canoe had disappeared. Happily this idea was not suggested to the family to increase the anxiety which by this time was overwhelming. Denis alone kept up heart, and reiterated, to encourage himself as well as the others, "Girls never know what time it is when they get talking. We will most likely find them when we get home. They will hurry there when they suddenly realize how late it has grown."

Let us now see how it had fared with the wanderers. As soon as the riders had left them they plunged into the cool shade of the scrub, and for some time amused themselves famously forcing their way through the ti-tree. When they emerged there was no landmark of fallen tree in sight. This fact did not in the least disconcert Kathleen. "Oh, we've come out a little higher up, that's all," she said gaily. "Let us climb the hill and we shall soon strike Denis' smooth rock." After a stiff climb of ten minutes or so they reached the top, very tired, and a good deal scratched by brambles. The heat had become intense, and they had been greatly incommoded by the bottles they carried, which cumbered their hands and had to be guarded carefully from the many dangers of a rough ascent. They decided on a short halt which may possibly have been beguiled by some of the confidences regarding future finery which Denis deprecated. From the eminence on which they rested they could see in the distance the great breakers of the back beach dashing up white columns of foam, while behind them the more peaceful waters of the sheltered side of the peninsula lay calmly asleep in the radiant sunlight. These things they saw and much besides, but no where any trace of the beacon rock. Mary began to be a little uneasy lest they had missed their way. "How can we miss our way," answered Kathleen, "while we see the back beach straight before us? What we have to do is to get there as soon as we can. If we come on it higher up than the camping ground there is no harm done, we shall only have to follow the coast till we get to London Bridge. But now we must get on." And on and on they toiled, up hill and down dale, until at length they reached the top of a cliff from whence they looked straight down on the ocean. There was no beach at the point, nothing but great boulders, and the children had to make their way as best they could

along the edge of the cliff, a mode of locomotion needing both hands, so first the salad dressing and next the punch (cold no longer) slipped down to destruction. As the bottle crashed on the crags, the weary girls shuddered, thinking that perhaps the next thing to crash would be their own bones. Presently their eyes were rejoiced by the sight of a wide, sandy beach strewn with wreckage of various kinds and with great masses of sea weed and sponges. The descent to it was easy, and as it greatly resembled the beach near London Bridge they hoped that they were near their destination, and though belated would still be in time for the picnic. Now that they were on the beach they of course got on much faster than when they made their way laboriously along the top of the cliff, but they were stopped from time to time by rocks which had to be climbed over, or waded round. The last formidable block which they had found impossible to climb and difficult to wade round, for the tide was coming in quickly, brought them to a tiny bay in which they were caught as in a trap for on one side it was walled in by an impossible barrier of rocks running far out to sea, and on the other the road they had just traveled was no longer fordable. Kathleen, who understood the peril of the situation better than the town child, completely lost her nerve at this juncture. She was a year older than Mary, and by nature and training much more self-reliant, but she was thoroughly exhausted by what they had already gone through, and the fact that her wilfulness was the cause of the trouble did not make it any the easier to bear. "Mother, mother," she wailed, "I shall never see you again. The waves are creeping up to drown us, or if we escape them we shall die here of starvation, for nobody will be able to find us." "Nonsense, Kathleen," said Mary, who for the first time in her life found herself taking the upper hand with her cousin, "you will see Aunt Margaret hundreds and hundreds of times. We are not going to be drowned. See the grass growing at the foot of the cliff; that shows that the water never gets up so far. And we are not going to starve; we can at least gather periwinkles off the rocks, and father will surely find us, or uncle, or Denis. Even if we have to spend the night here they will surely come to-morrow. You know they will never rest until we are found. Come, Kathie, you are always the brave one, dear; do not frighten me and yourself by talking of dreadful things which are not going to happen. Oh! do, do, cheer up, I cannot bear it if you cry like that."

Kathleen who had a valiant soul made a strong effort to control herself. "You are right, Mary," she answered. "I must not forget that you are the little one, and though you do not say so, I must also remember that it was I who got you into this terrible plight. So I must do what I can to get you out of it. Perhaps, though we cannot get over the rocks, we may be able to climb the cliff. But first let us say a prayer and beg God to help us, for we are almost worn out."

And forlorn and wretched the poor children looked as they knelt and earnestly prayed side by side on that desolate spot where possibly no human foot had ever before trodden. Their pretty cotton frocks were torn, wet, and dirty, their hands and faces scratched with brambles and blistered by the sun, their hair disordered and tangled, their boots broken, their whole aspect indicated fatigue and need of food. But nevertheless they were strengthened and comforted by recalling the Divine Providence which watched over them, and the Holy Child Whose birthday they had welcomed so joyously in the morning. And now with their courage reanimated they strove again and again to climb the cliff. For a long time they strove in vain, for when they advanced a little way the crumbling sand

would slip from beneath their feet and they would slide back to the bottom. The tufts of grass or dwarfed shrubs to which they clung, and by which they endeavored to help themselves along, were so lightly rooted in the sand that they offered scarcely any resistance and came out in handfuls. Sometimes if one made a little progress the other would be but at the beginning, and each failure left them more hopeless and exhausted. Their painful ascent illustrated the proverb *"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,"* for when, after countless failures, they achieved a third of the acclivity their feet by degrees found firmer footing, their hands safer supports to cling to, as at this point there was an admixture of clay with the sand and the vegetation was thicker and more firmly rooted. When at last they gained the top, though they were dreadfully tired they were full of joy and gratitude. They were no longer shut in for the night with prospects of drowning or starvation, for even should their strength not suffice to enable them to reach home they would be much more easily found on the heights than hidden away in a little bay where they might not have been searched for, as it was out of the way they would have been expected to travel. As their spirits revived they felt more ready for the long walk before them. "If we only had the punch, or even the salad dressing, how delicious it would be," they sighed. They were parched with thirst, and in the Australian bush one may travel far without the hope of coming to water. Indeed they knew that there was none to be counted on nearer than home. Providentially the country was unusually clear at the point where they had scaled the cliff, and so they were able to make a good part of their way back before they got into the scrub. When they mounted the first hill they could see the tall white lighthouse which was near their home, and which made a sure beacon to steer by. Kathleen's bushwoman's instincts, which had deserted her in the morning, were doubly keen now, and as they traversed each succeeding hill she found herself steering straight for the lighthouse. Although there were six mounted men, and several on foot, looking for the children, they did not come across any one of them on the homeward route. The men were pursuing their search far afield when Kathleen and Mary, foot-sore and weary, crept home to find no one in the house but Mrs. Lacy and the old cook. An hour later the searchers returned for lanterns and the little party, which had set out so joyously ten hours before, were reunited. What a day they had spent! To the girls, and to the men, all was well that ended well, and the joy of the meeting made up for all that had gone before, but the anguish the mother had endured left her shattered for a longer time than the holidays lasted. As for Denis the day had been a more serious one to him than he cared to confess. Kathleen was his chum and comrade as well as his sister, and the thought that she and Mary were in danger had been most painful to him, but the only lamentation he uttered was for the lost Christmas dinner, the meal the family had that evening being quite unworthy of the designation. Kathleen and Mary, too weary to sit at table, had been put to bed, and fed with hot milk, or some such unfestive fare; the best part of the turkey had been cut off to feast the fishermen who had helped in the search; the mince pies were powdered with sand; and the basket with the plum pudding had been left at London Bridge.

"And yet girls set up to have as much brains as boys," muttered Denis as grace to the picnic *marqué*, "and as girls go, Kathie and Moll, have as much sense as most, but among boys the stupidest fellow born would have more *savey* than to lose himself on his way to his Christmas dinner."

A CITY EXILE.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

He was an evicted tenant, one of the many victims of the land agitation of whom Mr. Parnell spoke tenderly as "the wounded soldiers of the campaign," and up to twenty years ago he had been a farmer in comfortable circumstances. He tilled a broad stretch of land, and in addition acted as steward and general overseer to the noble earl who was his landlord, so that in a pecuniary sense it is to be supposed he was much better off than his fellow-tenants, and may perhaps have had little personally to complain of. But he was too fair-minded, and too generous of heart, not to take sides, when the time came for it, with the down-trodden tenants who had been his life-long friends. So to punish him for his treason the landlord broke the lease of his farm and dismissed him from his office of steward, not being satisfied till he had razed his house to the ground, and turned a herd of bullocks in to graze on the lands where his tillage fields and gardens had lain.

To-day he is an old man, eighty-three, living in a little red-brick suburban villa with which home some of his many sons, scattered throughout the world, have provided him. He is hale and hearty for his years, with a strong upright frame and a ruddy kindly face; and he busies himself about his narrow strip of suburban garden with much of the energy and activity which he was wont to expend in happier days on his broad acres of wheat or potatoes or barley.

The garden is about twice the size of an average table-cloth, yet into its small space he has compressed many and various interests. There is a tiny greenhouse, gay these summer days with pots of scarlet and pink geraniums, petunias and fuchsias and calceolarias, with a cool-looking back-ground of ferns and bits of tender and refreshing greenery. Outside there is a delightful bed of carnations, their spicy incense filling the warm, sun-laden air; another of velvet pansies, sweet and innocent of face; a little hedge of sweet peas, already in flower "on tiptoe for a flight." There are stocks and columbines and Sweet Williams, St. Joseph's lilies and orange lilies impartially mixed together; and in one corner under the ivy-clad wall is a thick growth of leaves of lily-of-the-valley, which a month ago were sweet and fragrant with a myriad fairy bells. There is a fig tree covered thickly with young green fruit, which never reaches maturity; a laburnam tree and a lilac, making a pleasant shade for the green-painted seat beneath them.

Everything about the place is green, from the low walls bespread with ivy or Virginia-creeper or starry-flowered clematis to the little strip of grass which lies beyond the tiny flower-beds. This strip of grass is dotted at regular intervals with small round beds in which are growing what one supposes at first sight to be dahlias, one plant in each round bed, eleven of them in all. In reality they are potatoe-plants, and the special delight and pride of the old farmer's heart. One wonders for how many meals will these precious roots supply potatoes? Not many, surely; but then, think of the pleasure he has had in growing them!

Beyond the garden—and one feels pretty sure that it is this that brought him here—is a little laneway with cool green hedges and a row of tall elm trees above it, making an effectual barrier against the forest of red-brick buildings

which threatens so soon to over-grow the place. Sitting in his cozy parlor, looking out at the flower-laden garden and the green trees and hedges, or smoking an after-dinner pipe as he strolls up and down that narrow laneway overhung with blossoming hawthorn, the old man may easily fancy himself back in the country once more. To be sure there are no meadows, no corn-fields, no larks singing overhead; but then he has his strip of grass, he has his potatoe-plants; and sure God is good. He has given him good sons and good daughters, and he might be a great deal worse off!

He is up betimes in the mornings, and frequently goes to the fruit market or vegetable market, tramping the long distance on foot since it is yet too early an hour for tram-cars to run. There he may meet with an old friend or comrade from his own country who will tell him all the local news and talk about the crops and the harvest-prospects. Perhaps he may pick up a bargain on the stalls, a basket of strawberries or a pot of heliotrope in flower, which he will carry home to his girls—"the children" as he likes to call them—with an air of pride and pleasure which does one good to see.

He takes long tramps into the country at all seasons of the year, but especially in the spring and summer, when he may feast his hungry eyes with the sight of a fresh-springing meadow, or a field of slowly-yellowing corn. I have come across him many miles from home, leaning over a gate and gazing with wistful eyes at the young calves in the green paddock within. He will come back time after time to see those calves and note their progress; will return again and again to look at the crops on those alien lands in whose growth and well-being their owners could hardly take a more lively and anxious interest than does he.

He is much interested too in the daily papers and in all passing events, despite his eighty-odd years. The great motor-contest, the races of Punchestown in his own country, the royal visit, each is a red-letter day in his memory. The passing of Mr. Wyndham's Land Act filled him with an almost tremulous excitement. He had happy visions of returning to his old home. To be sure it could never be the same, since the old house with its wide-open hospitable doors was no more; the children were scattered, their dear mother gone to Heaven. But he still has hopes that one of his sons may buy out the old place under the Land Act, and bring up a new generation of the family there.

When I last saw him he was busy at work giving the doors of his tiny garden-sheds a new coating of green paint. The little children whom I had brought with me looked up in the kindly handsome old face with a trustful glance, regarding himself and his work with a friendly interest. He put his hands on their heads, and said with a tender reverence, "May the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost descend on you, you good little children." This is his last good-night blessing to each of "the children" who still remain with him, and in his heart we may be sure he breathes a similar tender benediction on the heads of those others who are absent—David in London, Val in South Africa, Harry in Madagascar. One feels certain that much of the Wisdom and Piety and Understanding and the other Gifts which he asks for them has already descended on the heads of his boys and girls, as it surely rests in the heart of this good, kindly, old man, who, exiled from most of what he loved best in life, yet contrives to keep a smiling face and a happy child-like heart under all the weight of his eighty-three years.

ST. MONICA AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

VIII.

ST. MONICA AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

Son, there is nothing now in this life that affords me any delight. What have I to do here any longer, or why am I here I know not; all my hopes in this world being now at an end. The only thing for which I desired to live was that I might see you a Catholic and child of heaven. God has done much more, in that I see you now despising all earthly felicity, and entirely devoted to His service. What further business then have I here?

— *St. Monica.*

Attempt not to attain true wisdom by any other way than that which God hath enjoined. This is in the first, second, and third place, humility; and this would I answer as often as you ask me. Not that there are not other precepts; but unless humility go before, accompany, and follow after, all that we do well is snatched out of our hands by pride.

— *St. Augustine.*

"The greatest of all the Fathers and the worthiest divine the church of God ever had since the apostles' time."

— *Dr. Field.*

"A man far beyond all that ever were before him, or shall in likelihood follow after him, both for divine and human learning, those being excepted that were inspired."

— *Dr. Coucl.*

"The son of many tears and many prayers,
And she, the mother who had wept and prayed,
Sit side by side, and with expectant eyes
Look for the coming of the day of God.
O picture worthy of a saint in art!
O painted poem! eloquent of Truth
Which our vain hearts are slow to learn and love,
That here is not our rest, that never here
Find we a home."

Rev. S. J. Stone.

By the garden-beds of Ostia now together stand the twain,
Monica and her Augustine, gazing far across the main,
Towards the home-land of Numidia, hiding in the distance dim,
Where God parted them in sorrow, both to bring them nearer Him.

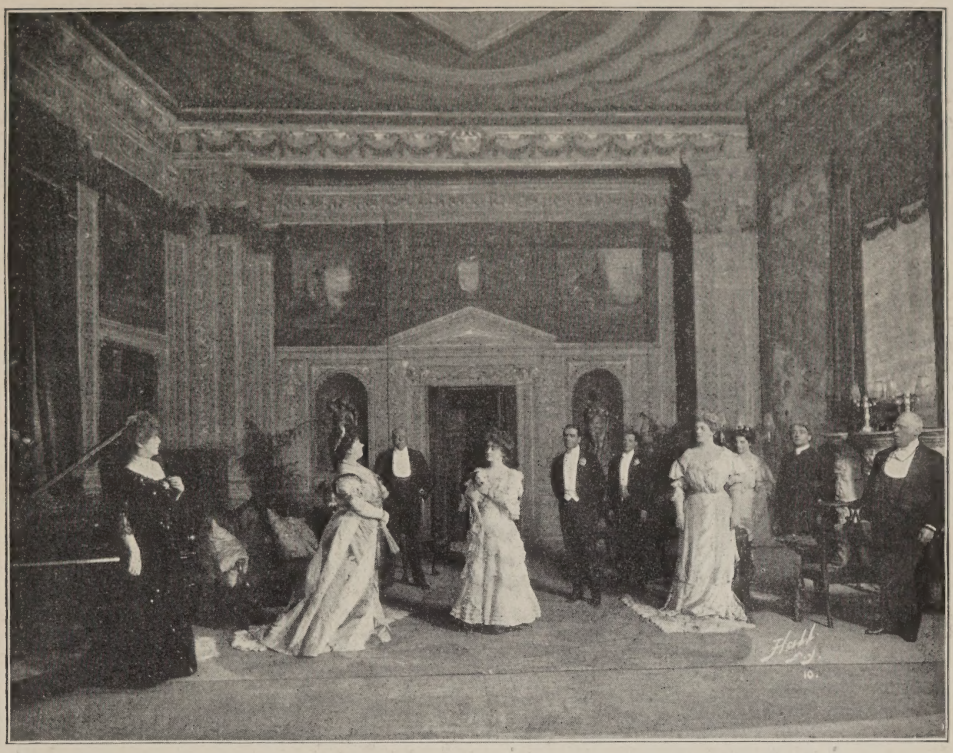
And the mother's prayer is answered, for their souls are side by side,
Where His peace flows in upon them with a full, eternal tide;
And Augustine's thought is blending with the murmur of the sea;
"Bless Thee, Lord, that we are restless, till we find our rest in Thee."

And their talk, the son and mother, leaning out above the flowers,
Is like lapse of angel-music, linking heaven's enraptured hours.
Hushed is all the song of Nature; hushed is care and passion's din;
In that hush they hear a welcome from the Highest: "Enter in!"

"What new mercy has befallen? Every earthly wish is gone:"
Monica half speaks, half muses; "Why should earthly life move on?
Ah! my son, what peace and gladness surging from this silence roll!
'Tis the Eternal Deep that answers to the deep within my soul!

"Not a sigh of homesick longing moves the stillness of my heart;
In the light of this great glory, unto God would I depart.
Though more dear thou art than ever, standing at Heaven's gate with me,
For the sweetness of His presence I could say farewell to thee!"

— *Lucy Larcom.*



"THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE"
Act. I. The entrance of Lady Kitty.

THE CATHOLIC ACTOR IN NEW YORK.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

A whole volume would not describe the share which Catholics have in the management of the American stage, in all its departments, from the frosty position of "angel" to the haloed glory of star. Madame Modjeska everyone knows, and Joseph I. C. Clarke, editor of the Sunday edition of the Herald, poet and dramatist, does not require description; but the lesser lights in the firmament, the utility people, the press agents, the general representatives, and so on down to the entire rear-guard, are not known even to themselves. The question of religion does not often enter into the official life of the theatre. The chief virtue demanded of members of the profession is to be a good fellow. The religious test has not the same force as in politics, education, and social life. In fact it has no force at all, as far as can be discovered. It would be unnecessary therefore, and invidious even, to select a number of actors on the ground of their faith and hold them up to public reverence, were it not that our Catholic brethren need to know themselves better, must be informed of their own good work in many departments, must learn one another more intimately through their own achievements. With the strength of the faith in the average Catholic actor we have no present concern, so long as he has not denied it or given up its practice.

"THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE.

Act III. William and Lady Kitty.

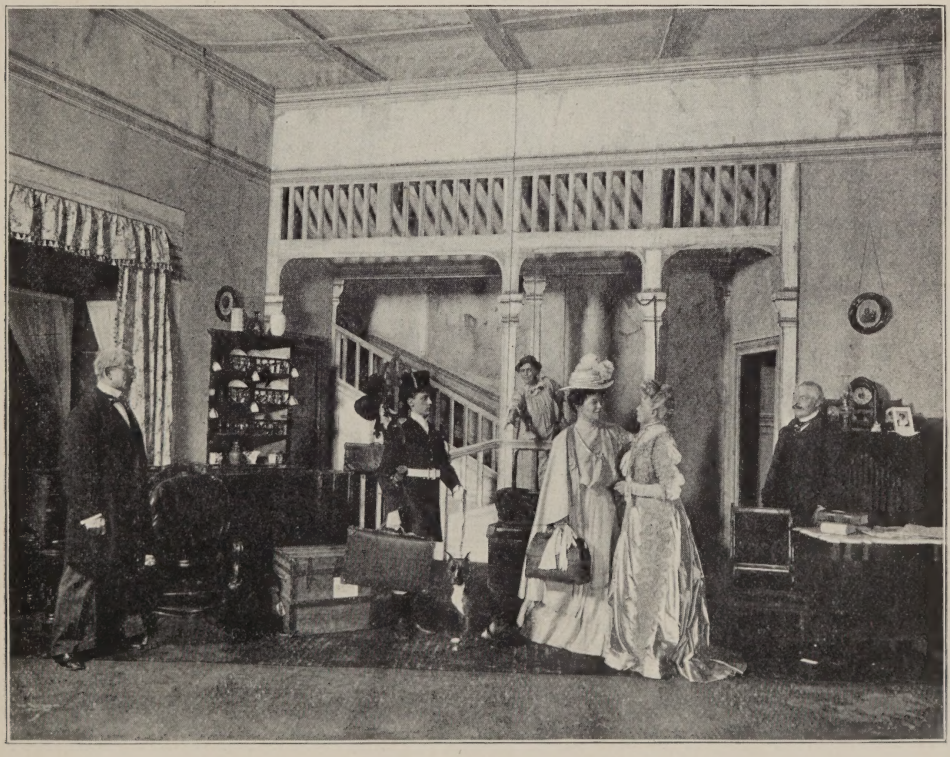
Names in the dramatic profession rarely tell anything of nationality or religious belief. Grace George and Edmund Breese might be Buddhists; George Cohan as a name hints of the Jew; Emmet Corrigan should be of patriotic Irish descent. Yet the last-named is of pure German blood, the four Cohans are of Irish stock, Breese is a convert, and Grace George in private life is Mrs. William A. Brady, wife of the noted manager. This peculiar use of names is not confined to the dramatic and the literary professions. Not a few of our noted pugilists take Irish names, no matter what their own race, because the Irish name suggests good fighting qualities and is popular with lovers of the ringside. The police of New York were last month looking for the keeper of a notorious place on the lower East Side, one Paul Kelly, in whose dive a crime had been committed. When Paul was finally located the journals informed us that his proper name was Tony Acretelli. Actors themselves are often astonished to learn that members of the profession, with whom they have some acquaintance, are of the Catholic faith. This fact would seem to indicate the actor's indifference to religion; but as it has happened in the case of most devoted Catholic actors the inference is not accurate. During the month of December the New York stage simply swarmed with Catholic actors of all degrees of fame.

Mr. William A. Brady, once an actor, now a manager, held the centre of the scene with his Shakspearean productions in charge of Robert Mantell, and his

dramatization of *The Marriage of William Ashe,* Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, interpreted by Grace George and her company. Mr. Brady is a product of the farthest West, resembles Charles F. Murphy of Tammany Hall, talks like a politician, has acted in his time, and occasionally turns from mere money to the doing of artistic things. He has not yet learned like David Belasco to make the artistic profitable, but he is learning rapidly. The other night at a banquet of the American Dramatists' Club, Belasco gave him a lesson in public. Mr. Brady concluded a fine speech with this tribute to the West: "All the big men of the New York theatres, like young Lochinvar, have come out of the West. And the American drama and the American theatre will become great only when the young man from the West, coming as did Frohman and Belasco and myself twenty years ago from California, can get a proper hearing in the metropolis." Then up rose Belasco the teacher, with the Socratic scowl and question, to introduce this instructive dialogue.

Belasco. Why do you link my name with the names of Frohman and Klaw and the rest of that syndicate gang? What's the use of talking about giving a hearing to the young American dramatist when the baneful syndicate has so tight a hold on so much of the American stage?

Brady. While Mr. Belasco and his associates are putting up a very worthy fight, they must remember that all the right in



"THE LION AND THE MOUSE." Act I

controversy is not on their side. I grant that the combination of a few men to control the theatrical output of the whole country is a very cruel thing, yet we must not close our eyes to the fact that this is the tendency that now rules every trade in our country. That it has had some good effects must not be denied.

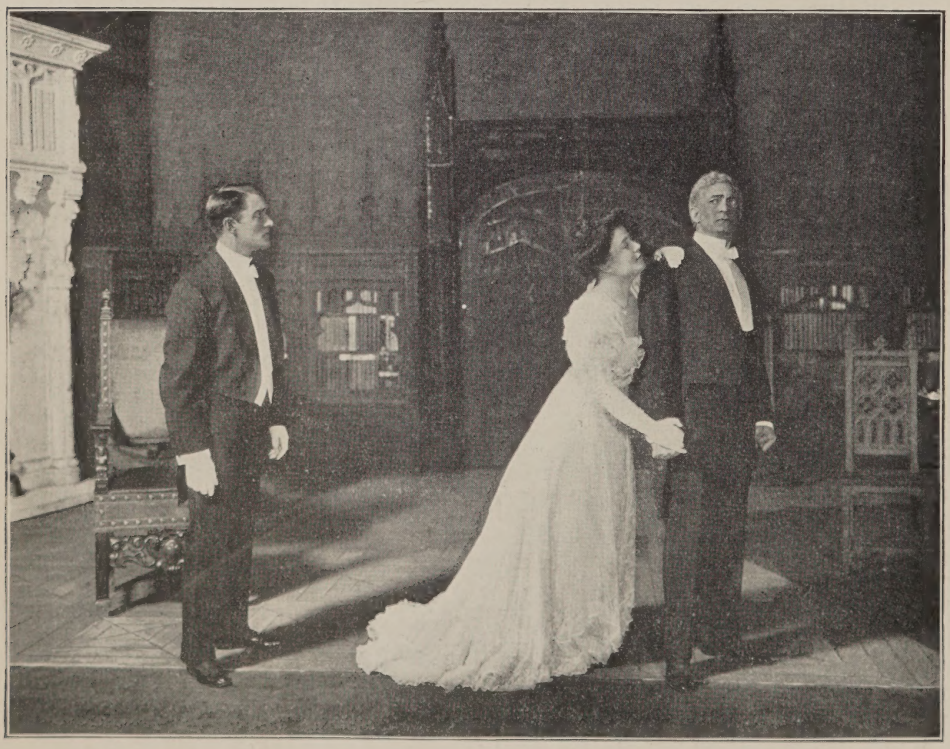
Belasco. But fraud and graft! Do you mean to say these are necessary in the theatrical business? Do you think they are characteristic of business in the country at large?

Brady. Yes, they are, and for proof of that just consider the revelations now being made in the insurance investigation.

Belasco. I have nothing to gain from fraud and graft. They have never been necessary to me, and I am surprised that you admit that you stand for them. You do have to stand for that. You must report to the Trust to-morrow, and take their orders.

Brady. I do not have to stand for one thing that offends my self-respect.

As one of the really clever managers, capable of much better things than he has yet accomplished, Mr. Brady will yet learn how to combine the artistic with the profitable in the Belasco fashion, and get strong enough to travel his own road without the aid of the grasping syndicate. Just how many things he is doing at one and the same time it would

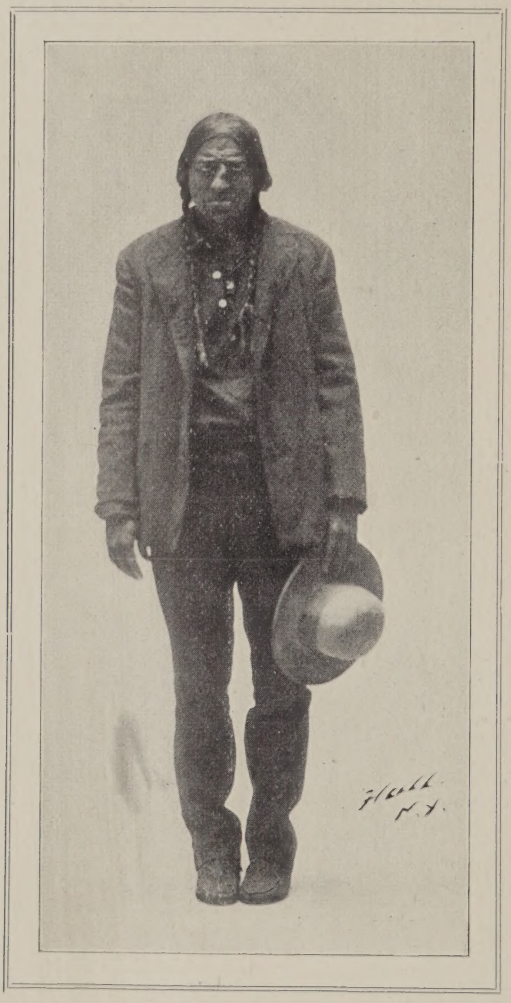


SCENE FROM "THE LION AND THE MOUSE."

take many pages to tell. Perhaps the noblest is his presentation of *King Lear* with Mantell in the leading rôle. It is not often this ancient play gets a production in New York, and never has it had one of such pictorial beauty. Realism at its best prevails in the famous scene on the heath when Lear and his fine wits go wandering together in the storm. The most moving picture of the old King seen since Salvini, is the common verdict on Mantell's acting. Years of romantic drama have somewhat dulled the finer sense of this actor, who had he been taken in his youth would have repeated to-day the triumphs of Booth and For-

MARIE CAHILL AS "MOLLY MOONSHINE."

rest. His powers are unequally trained, and alternately delight and disappoint; but his King Lear from beginning to end is as fine a character as the stage has ever seen. It seems to bring forth every good quality in Mantell and his company.



EDMUND BREESE AS BLACK EAGLE IN "STRONGHEART."

Without extravagance it can be said that Shakspeare never was more evenly and excellently presented than in this instance.

But to return to the Catholic actors. The Cohan family not long ago were indistinguishable from the common crowd Father and mother, daughter and son, earned their living at whatever turned up in the dramatic line. In the intervals of work and travel they lived together in a comfortable and most domestic home in New York, fond of the home routine when they could fall into it, and attached to one another. Their great opportunity arrived a few years ago in a skit called *The Governor's Son,* where the four members of the family established them-

selves as popular favorites and have held a large following ever since. They are graceful dancers and singers. The daughter Josephine is a fine comedienne, and the son George, with a peculiar voice and a magnetic manner, wins an audience through the songs and oddities composed by himself. With their latest production, a musical eccentricity called *Little Johnny Jones,* they have lingered in New York and its vicinity for two years or more, large crowds turning out to hear George recite and sing a philosophic ditty with the title: *Life's a Funny Proposition After All.* The daughter Josephine has launched out on her own account, and is an admired favorite in vaudeville.

Marie Cahill became a metropolitan favorite a few years ago through her singing of humorous songs, and now travels as a star of magnitude, never getting far from the great city. She is a personality, experienced, good-natured, firm as steel, and with the fine gift of contagious humor. Her ability to make the grumpiest pessimist in the audience laugh from his toes to his gall, where no laugh can exist it is thought, is as large as May Irwin's. The legitimacy of the means employed to tickle the depressed humans proves its artistic source and value. Miss Cahill takes the most ordinary songs of the time and recreates them. What would of itself, in the mouth of the mere bawler, induce homicide, becomes a heavenly thing, full of gracious meaning, so that Wagner himself would not disdain to listen. *Moonshine* is the title of the fantasy which now gives Marie Cahill the opportunity to amuse the world, and the most peculiar feature of it is the presence in the cast of Frederick Paulding in the character of a Japanese diplomat. He is a clever and an experienced actor, scion of a military family, and a convert of long standing. By right of merit he should at this moment be at the head of his own company, or associated with the highest form of the drama; but when there is no highest form, except by accident, the accomplished artist must do the next best thing. Miss Cahill is just now interesting herself in the welfare of the working girls of New York, and proposes to help in establishing good boarding-houses for them, where the decency and brightness of the home can be imitated for a small but reasonable pension. In this kindly move she has not only shown her own nature, but has pointed out the way for all women of means and some leisure. There will be no coping with the pressing needs of this overgrown and still growing city until everybody gets down into the arena and takes his share of the struggle.

Mr. Frank Keenan long ago won a high place among contemporary character actors by his brilliant achievements in exacting rôles. At present he is stirring the popular pulse by his rôle of the Sheriff in Belasco's new play, *The Girl of the Golden West.* The fighting manager has again caught the town with a plain, old-fashioned melodrama, something like *The Danites* of long ago. Its locality and characters, even its incidents, are on familiar lines, its healthy optimism smacks of the year 1870, before we had drunk of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and the general effect may be compared to a New England boiled dinner at the Waldorf, satisfying, tenderly suggestive of the days of our youth, and magnificent in the modern way. Belasco is an idealist of the highest material type. He has not yet arrived at the spiritual. He may have some idea of heaven, but it would resemble Mahomet's rather than the true Paradise. In this play he has given us corn-beef-and-cabbage etherealized. All the characters are of the style common in the mining towns fifty years ago; the heroine runs a saloon and a gambling

joint; the hero is a reformed highwayman; the villain is good-natured and cruel; the minor personages have their own faults; but one and all, when it comes to the natural virtues, soar to perfection, on a pinch. The atmosphere of the mining-town is steeped into the audience by wonderful pictures; that is, Belasco's atmosphere. The audience leaves the theatre with the intense conviction that there for a few years, among these wild sinners, reigned a paradise. The most impressive figure in the scene is the Sheriff, as played by Frank Keenan. He is Destiny rather than the Law, comfortable in speech and easy in manner, but dark and relentless at the critical moments, as if certain that all men belonged to him. He is really the central figure of the play, although the heart interest is elsewhere. The success of the drama proves again the well-known fact, that the method rather than the matter is the true novelty in a world where nothing is new under the sun.

After Margaret Anglin, still playing in *Zira* to good audiences, the most important Catholic actress in town during December was Miss Grace George, who appeared in a dramatization of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Grace George has always showed the temperament and capacity of the actress. That her difficulties have been smoothed away by her husband manager, and her path to popularity made too easy thereby, may explain some of her deficiencies. Talent as well as genius must pass through the fire, if its real brightness is to shine upon the world. Handsome and intelligent, pathetic and humorous at will, she should find innumerable parts suited to her temperament and her training. The part of Lady Kitty is not, even after the changes introduced by the dramatist. The heroine of Mrs. Ward's novel, Lady Kitty, is an indecent personage, not simply immoral in her acts but in her very fibre. Death is the only reformer for the Lady Kittys. Miss George can afford to leave characters of this type to the Nethersoles and Bernhardts. Her duty as a good Catholic, which she is by birth, training, and taste, and as a true artist, of which there can be no doubt, is to give the public the ideal at all times. She has an opportunity not given to many, and she should not trifle with it. Let her steer far from Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the disagreeable, insulting, and rather tasteless novelist, who now suffers from the delusion industriously perpetuated by her publishers, that she ranks with George Eliot. In a few years Mrs. Ward will be as obscure as the twenty novelists who preceded her in public favor and are known no more. Nevertheless the play is interesting and well acted, and illustrates the growth of Miss George's acting qualities.

The greatest success of the dramatic season up to this moment was won by a member of the faith, Mr. Edmund Breese, in Charles Klein's play, *The Lion and The Mouse,* which will run for an indefinite period at the Lyceum theatre. It is really one of the strong plays of the hour, and deals with the financial scandals which have become so common in the country. An honorable judge has been ruined financially and socially by politicians and frenzied financiers, because his decisions on the bench were not in agreement with their dishonest schemes. He has retired to a little home in the country in despair, where he awaits the return of his daughter from Europe and the shame of a threatening impeachment. The young lady meets the son of the judge's chief persecutor on the steamer, they fall in love, and become engaged; but upon reaching home the story of her father's ruin and the name of its author change her life completely, she dismisses her lover, and devotes her-

self to the vindication and defence of her dear father. The result of her first labors brings her to an interview with Ready-money Ryder, the millionaire father of her lover, and the man who crushed the upright judge. He knows her only as a Miss Green, the author of a daring book in which he and his bad deeds are the main subject. The truth and boldness of the sketch have pleased him, but he also wishes to learn the sources of her information, and to engage her to write a more flattering biography of himself. The interview is breezy and exciting, and the millionaire is so charmed with the acuteness and audacity of the girl that he engages her at once as a sort of secretary and makes her a member of his household. In this position she has everything her own way, gets hold of letters that will prove her father's innocence, is re-engaged to her lover, as it were, and does her utmost to soften the rage of old Ryder against her father, the Judge. Here, however, the old man is implacable. He is going to have his victim publicly disgraced and forever dishonored. Thereupon the girl throws off the mask, admits her intent and true character, declares that she will carry on the war to the death until he ceases his persecution, and declines to marry into a family of such barbarous, unregenerate quality. After a sleepless night Ryder figures up that he will have to pay too high a price for his revenge on the honest judge; moreover he loves his son and admires the girl; therefore he has impeachment of the judge stopped and joins the hands of the lovers.

The contest of the characters throughout the play was finely carried on. It was the true spirit of the fight to a finish. Edmund Breese in the part of the millionaire played with admirable force, insight and restraint, the character of an able, audacious, conscienceless financier of the Harriman type. He had no more scruple in destroying the upright judge than in drowning a mangy dog. Like the beast of the jungle he had some feeling for his own offspring, and considerable respect for the daring of the girl; but with these primitive instincts his virtues ended. No criminal in the modern jail or out of it equals in danger this character as a menace to the civil order. He is the counterpart of the anarchist, the other pole of blind destruction. Thus Mr. Breese played him. Its part demands purely intellectual work. The frenzied financier is a creature denuded of emotion; in him the mind, like a machine, works towards a determined end with but one thought as to obstacles, that they should be wiped out. The law, the officer of the law, the maker of the law, the interpreter of the law; the country, its interests, its welfare; the individual, his rights, his freedom, his well-being; the church, its gospel, its labors; even the Christ Himself: all must be swept aside to ruin, if they are obstacles in his way. This is the anarch; such was Henry IV of Germany, Philip the Fair of France, Henry VIII of England; such is the frenzied financier of to-day. The play is of profound interest, and also of intense power, weakened by the fact that it ends in a compromise, and lets off the villain. In real life the nation will have to put the stripes on the Ryders everyone, and even award the fate of the traitor to schemers whose treasons against the Republic make Benedict Arnold look like a saint by the mere comparison.

With Edmund Breese, Margaret Anglin, Frank Keenan, Grace George, Marie Cahill, the four Cohans and many others as metropolitan stars the Catholic actor holds a foremost place in the ranks of honor.

THE GLENS OF MEELIN.

BY THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

As I walked the Glens o' Meelin, in the pleasant month o' May
When the distant hills were hazy in the sleepy noon o' day,
Came a sound of harp-notes fallin'
Like a grove of linnets callin'
An' I heard the fitful music that the fairy minstrels play.

Like lappin' o' deep wathers when the moanin' billows break,
Like sighin' o' the forest when a thousand branches shake,
Like cryin' o' the wind
When the weary night falls blind
So sad an' strange the melody the fairy harpers make.

As I wandered on by Meelin, sure my heart was free from care,
But sudden, like the clouding sun, a shadow settled there,
For the magic harps o' Meelin
O'er my soul in sorrow stealin'
Brought me thoughts of loved ones vanished when youth's skies were glowin' fair.

So the happy fields o' Meelin saw me weepin' all alone
While I prayed the Virgin Mother to give peace unto her own.
For I heard their voices callin'
Far beyond the sunlight fallin'
O'er the misty Glens o' Meelin where the fairy harps make moan.

GARRET BRADY'S EMIGRATION.

BY DENIS A. MC CARTHY.

I.

A more than usually large number of "returned Yanks" had visited Cloonabeg during the summer. Every year Cloonabeg entertained some of these more or less distinguished visitors, but there were more of them this year than ever. As a rule they were flashily dressed, and most of them talked loudly with a prodigious nasal twang; while their breezy manners captivated the hearts of the youth of the town who were fired with the ardent wish that they also might go to America, make a fortune in a few years, and return home to be the observed of all observers and the admired of all admirers in Cloonabeg. The little town which every stranger admired for its picturesque situation, its serene disregard for fads or fashions, its remoteness from the whirl of modern life, began to look very dull to young eyes dazzled by the far away glitter of New York or Boston or Chicago.

Some of the returned "Yanks," it is true, made fine speeches about the draining away of the life-blood of the old country. They denounced emigration as one of Ireland's greatest ills, and implored the youth of Ireland to stay at home — that it was far better for an Irishman, even if he lived on potatoes and butter-milk, to remain in his own beautiful Island of Saints than to cross the ocean and encounter the hardships which many had to face in the new land. But in the next breath these same orators painted such glowing pictures of the proud position held by the Irish race in America that they nullified the effect of their own warning against emigration. Hence, by the time the last of the "returned Yanks" had gone back to America, a great impetus to emigration had been given in Cloonabeg.

Among those who were induced to try a hazard of new fortunes far away from the land of their birth, was Garret Brady —"one of the finest boys in the town," as the neighbors said, and one who "had his America at home" if he only would see it. It was a pity, the neighbors furthermore said, that such a fine lump of a boy should be leaving the town. But with that ready excuse for emigration which is characteristic of the Irish mind, they added that, after all, it was better for any one who could to go to America than to be staying in a dead-and-alive sort of a country, where there were no prospects. "An' sure America was the place to be making money an' gettin' up in the world. Didn't they have proof positive of it in the fine, stylish men and women who had been in Cloonabeg all summer spendin' money like small slates?"

As a matter of fact there was no necessity for Garret Brady to emigrate. He was an only son, and his father and mother were in fairly comfortable circumstances. He himself had "served his time" to a grocer in a neighboring town and might look forward to opening a shop for himself in his native place, in the near future. In fact negotiations looking to his being married, and set up in business, were already under way with the parents of Kathleen Carey, who were very agreeable to the match, and willing to give their daughter a respectable marriage portion. Nor was it dissatisfaction with the girl spoken of to be his wife which caused Garret to think of emigrating. On the contrary, he entertained for Kathleen Carey, the sincerest affection.

She was the daughter of near neighbors and life-long friends of his father and mother. He had known her since childhood, and every year he felt his heart yearn toward her more and more, while she loved him with all the strength and sweetness of her gentle nature. Everybody said the match was an ideal one, and everything seemed to be moving along serenely until the emigration notion entered Garret's brain, took complete possession of him, and knocked everything awry.

Garret's father, a quiet, undemonstrative man, "one of the soberest men and best neighbors" in Cloonabeg, was a carpenter with steady work. His salary was not large, but it was economically administered by Mary, his faithful spouse and Garret's indulgent mother, who moreover helped out the family income by keeping a little shop where she sold everything "from a needle to an anchor," and where she made many a penny grow to a pound which was immediately deposited in the bank.

It will be seen, then, that neither on his parents' nor on his own account was it needful for Garret Brady to emigrate; but the "returned Yanks" with their gold watches and chains, their ready money, and their fine stories of American life, had done their work. Despite, therefore, the tears of his mother, the pathos of his father's silent glance, and the despairing look in a pair of eyes which, he had often told himself, held "his share of the world," he turned his face to the setting sun one fine day in September, and went forth from the old town and the old land to seek fortune if not fame in that great country over-sea which had hospitably received and made powerful and prosperous so many of his race.

There had been sad scenes under Pat Brady's roof before Garret left. His mother was heart-broken. Yet Garret would not be shaken in his purpose. The father, a silent man, took no part in the mother's efforts to dissuade her son from leaving. Neighborhood report was correct when it said that "Pat Brady didn't say yes, aye, or no to Garret" on the subject of his emigrating. But the same neighborhood report was doubtless just as correct when it furthermore said that there was "a quare kind of a look somehow," in Pat Brady's face from the day the grief-stricken mother first broke the news to him.

"Sure, why don't you wait, anyway, till the spring," Garret's mother would say to her son, on these occasions when she had failed, with all her tears and entreaties, to move him from his purpose. "Why don't you wait till the spring? 'Tis in the spring all the people does be goin' and not at this late day in the heel o' th' autumn. Sure if all they say is thrue, there won't be much doin' at your business or any business at this time of year. There now, like a good boy, take my advice and stay home with us till the spring." Then she would add, as an after-thought: "Sure I don't know what Kathleen will do afther you at all."

And Garret would answer her gaily, but with determination, that he couldn't listen to such a thing as postponement. He must go now or never. The sooner he'd go the sooner he'd be back again to them, a "returned Yank" himself with plenty of money like the rest of them. Why, with his American money he could start the finest shop in Cloonabeg. And as for not finding work — what nonsense! Sure there was always plenty of work in those great big American cities. He'd find work, never fear, the first day he'd land, or the second at the farthest. And wouldn't he surprise and gladden the heart of this foolish old mother of his, by sending her in a few weeks, an American letter with a pound or two of his first earnings in it! And Christmas Eve would find her with another present

from him, please God, that would show her what he thought of her. Why, anyway, in a few years at the most, he'd be coming back to her again so stylish she wouldn't know him. *Then* wouldn't she laugh at all this fuss about his going, and admit she was a silly old woman entirely to be trying to keep him at home, tied to her apron-strings all his life! And Kathleen — ah, Kathleen would do without him for a while, till he'd be coming home, rich, to marry her and make a lady of her forever.

These bright words of Garret did not comfort his mother one bit, though for his sake she did try once or twice to look with his eyes at the future which he painted. But she couldn't sustain such a part. He was her son — her only son — and he was going to leave her. She felt that their parting would be final. Day after day she would be missing him, missing his light step coming to the door, his finger upon the latch, his kindly voice, his gay whistle, his presence in the home. Day after day she'd look for him in vain among the young men gathered in friendly groups upon the street. The thousand and one things she had always done for him she never could do again. Pondering all these and many, many other things in her mother-heart she found it impossible to become reconciled to Garret's going.

But Garret was unthinking and selfish, with all the thoughtlessness and selfishness of youth, and in spite of all the suffering his going cost his mother and father, in spite of tears in the deep blue eyes of Kathleen Carey, he went. He bore away, however, a picture in his heart which troubled him much, for a while at least. Just as the train in which he was departing moved out of Cloonabeg station, his mother fainted from excess of grief, and his father, giving her over into the care of Kathleen and some other friends standing by, turned upon Garret such a look of sorrow and reproach that the young man was stricken to the very heart, and bowing his head in his hands, wept bitterly, as the train, gathering headway, sped away through the quiet autumn fields. Then and not till then did any doubt as to the course he had taken enter his mind. Then and not till then did he feel that he might after all, be playing an unworthy and unkind part in leaving so causelessly the girl who loved him, the old folks and the old land.

The youthful heart is, however, resilient. It rebounds from every grief; and, before long, Garret was again in a sanguine mood, looking forward to a career of prosperity and success in America, and an honorable return to Cloonabeg. How joyful and happy he would make that dear old father and mother! And what a happy girl Kathleen would be when he laid at her feet his life and fortune!

Ah! the dreams of the emigrant — the bright, bright dreams of the emigrant! How often, alas, how often, are they shattered and destroyed at the first touch of the reality of American life!

II.

Landed in New York, Garret Brady had an almost immediate opportunity to discover what mistaken notions concerning America he had imported with him from Ireland. He started at once to look for work, but strangely enough, as it appeared to him, neither on the first day nor on the second nor yet on the third, did he find what he sought. In that teeming metropolis there seemed to be no overwhelming demand for his services. On the fourth day a man whose acquaintance he made casually on one of his work-hunting expeditions told him where there might be a possibility of getting a job as one of a gang of laborers digging a trench in

connection with the construction of the new subway. But Garret rather scorned the idea of accepting such work as this. He had never handled pick or shovel in Ireland, and he hadn't come to that yet in this country, he told himself with a glow of pride. Vainly, however, he sought for a job more suited to his taste and training.

He began to be troubled. His funds were getting low, and though he doubted not that a job would turn up before he reached the end of his resources, he keenly felt his present non-success; for he longed to write home to his mother and Kathleen, and tell them he was working and doing well. Until he *was* working, however, such a letter could not be written; and he couldn't write home and cause them unnecessary worry by relating his ill-luck in not finding anything to do. He must, therefore, in his present circumstances, deprive himself of the comfort and pleasure of writing home, and his parents and Kathleen of the comfort and pleasure of receiving a letter from him. He knew how eagerly they were watching for an American letter. He had indeed written once since he landed, but that was a mere word to announce his safe arrival. Three long weeks had passed since then.

The fourth week found him with his funds still lower, yet with no prospect of obtaining work. It was now October and the weather was growing cold. Try as he might he couldn't help feeling discouraged at the outlook for the fast-approaching winter. He walked miles and miles of clanging and roaring streets, those days, and pored over the "Help Wanted" columns of all the newspapers he could get hold of. Answering advertisements he often found a string of hundreds of applicants, even for the least remunerative job — many of them young, friendless Irishmen like himself. He was appalled at the thousands of men, apparently eager to do any sort of work, who were out of employment. He saw them in the streets, the parks, the squares, the free reading rooms, the cheap lodging-houses. He felt that many of those who were idle were men who would not work if they could possibly help it, but he knew from his own experience that there were many unfortunate like himself, who would gladly accept work if they could find it. Garret was face to face with the problem of the unemployed, a problem that is a sort of prize puzzle to philanthropists and sociologists in every great city, and he had an excellent opportunity to study at first hand, an unpleasant, not to say tragic phase of American life that the average "returned Yank" seldom or never talks about.

But there was no going back now. It would be cowardly, unmanly to think of such a thing. He'd stay and stick it out, and starve if he had to, rather than let the folks at home learn the least hint of the plight he was in. He was economizing in every possible way — going without necessary food in order to keep the remnant of his little store of money. A day or two more and this would be gone. He was desperate. His pride as to the kind of work he wanted was long since departed. Any kind of a job would do him now.

At last, on the very day that found him at the end of his resources, he saw in the morning paper an advertisement "Men Wanted At Once" in type so much larger that that ordinarily used for such announcements, that it arrested his attention at once. The address given was that of a large concern where several hundred men were ordinarily employed, but where now scarcely fifty were working, since a strike had been called a day or two before, and the vast majority of the men had gone out, with no very pleasant feelings toward the bosses and the

men who refused to do as the union bade. The business was one which required more or less skilled workmen, but the management was determined not to accede to the strikers' demands, and were making every effort to keep the plant working. They were willing to take in any kind of men they could get, trusting to the small skilled force which had remained to lick them into some sort of shape, and so keep the work going until the strikers were beaten. The Company's obstinacy had angered the strikers and there had been a riot or two to enliven the proceedings.

Now Garret didn't know much about strikes in general, and nothing whatsoever of this strike in particular. So, with all the speed his weary limbs could muster, he answered the advertisement. As he approached the large barrack-like building he noticed policemen stationed at intervals along the sidewalk in front, but he didn't know what this meant. And when two men lurking in the shelter of an "L" pillar beckoned to him, and gesticulated warningly and threateningly, his unfamiliarity with American industrial warfare and its methods prevented him from attaching any significance to the incident. He took it they were specimens of the American "tough," and that the best thing he could do was to pass on about his business, and not heed them. Undisturbed, therefore, he made his way to the office, and, after a few words, was hired at twelve dollars a week, which seemed to him in his impecuniosity like a small fortune.

The people in the office said nothing to him about a strike; neither did the man whom he was assigned to assist, and under whose eye and at whose bidding he put in four or five hours of the hardest work that he had ever done; but when the noon whistle blew and he went to put on his coat and hat preparatory to going to dinner, the foreman asked sharply:

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going out to get a bite to eat," answered Garret.

The foreman looked at him a moment or two in rather a surprised sort of way, and then said quietly:

"If I were you I wouldn't go out."

"And why so?" asked Garret, wonderingly.

"Well, in the first place there's no need of it, and in the second place if you venture out you may get hurt."

"Hurt!" echoed Garret.

"That's what I said," growled the foreman. "The Company is supplying us in here with bed and board, and a little entertainment on the side, evenings, such as reading and cards and checkers and a piano and so forth. There haven't been any of us out since the strike began, and there ain't likely to be till the strike is finished."

"Strike," repeated Garret in amazement. "Is there a strike here?"

"There surely is, my boy," replied the foreman. "Didn't you know it? Weren't you hired as a strike-breaker — a 'scab,' as our union friends would say?"

"Why no," answered Garret emphatically, and with an indignant feeling growing within him. "The gentlemen in the office never said a word to me about anything like that."

"Well then," said the foreman with a twinkle in his eye and a chuckle in his voice which Garret didn't like, "he must have thought from your looks that you knew all about it. Why, man, there's a regular old rip-snorter of a strike on at these here works, and none of us can venture out. It would be as much as a man's life is worth to fall into the hands of some of those 'peaceful pickets' outside. For that reason the Company has us eat and sleep here. We'll have to do

this till the strike is broken or the Company gives in. I'm going to dinner now. Come along. What difference does it make so long as a man's working?—and we've got to work, you know, or we can't live. You'll be well taken care of, never fear. Come along."

But Garret stood still. He couldn't move. He was dumbfounded at the situation in which, after all his weary search for work, he at last found himself. Badly off as he was, and much as he needed work and money, his spirit revolted against the trick played upon him in securing him as a "scab." He had all his race's dislike of being laughed at, and he felt with shame that the man who hired him, and the others in the office, must be laughing at the way they fooled the "greenhorn." Green as he was, however, and little as he knew of the rights and wrongs of the industrial struggle in the new country, he had already learned the opprobriousness of the term "scab." His sympathies were, of course, all with the working men and against the employers — and this as a general principle, and entirely regardless of the merits of the case. But the way he had been tricked was what rankled.

Instead, therefore, of following the foreman to dinner, he "got his Irish up" as that worthy explained it later to the superintendent, put on his hat and coat, and then, his heart seething with a multitude of mingled feelings, walked quickly out of the building.

The policeman on the sidewalk near the door called to him. Garret took no notice of him, but walked on. As he trudged wearily on, a disheartened and disappointed man, toward that part of the city where he lodged, he did not notice that two men were dogging his footsteps. As he turned into a comparatively deserted street, these two suddenly closed in upon him. Garret half-turned as he heard the footsteps so close upon his heels. As he did so he heard a vicious, snarling oath coupled with the exclamation, "Kill the scab!" — and the next moment he felt himself hurled and hustled to and fro by powerful arms, while a shower of stinging, stunning blows were rained upon his head and face. Dazed and bewildered by the sudden attack and blinded by the blood that poured from a wound in his forehead, Garret strove with his assailants as best he might. But he was no match for the two hardiest men on the strikers' "entertainment committee." It flashed upon him even in the very fury of the assault that he had been set upon by some of the more desperate of the strikers who mistook him for a "scab" or a spy. But there was no chance of explaining. All he could do now was fight, and fight he did, with all the energy of which he was capable. All in vain, however. He was fighting a losing battle. He felt his strength leaving him, his muscles relaxing, his knees tottering, his head swimming. A sickening fear that he would be beaten to death came over him, but he could struggle no more. His hands dropped by his sides. He swayed to and fro. Yet even then his assailants showed no pity. He heard as it were far off, more snarling oaths, and then the significant words, "Finish him! Finish him!" Then he felt himself falling a long, long distance into a black abyss; and he heard and saw and felt no more.

III.

Christmas in Ireland is more often a green than a white one. This year for several weeks before Christmas the weather had been soft and springlike, but on the afternoon of Christmas Eve there came a change. It grew cold and dark and threatening; soon it was "spitting" snow, and, as the night closed in, the flakes began to fall thick and fast. It was a bad night to be out, the people

of Cloonabeg said as they took a last look at the storm before closing their doors; but they comforted themselves with the thought that a snowy Christmas was a wholesome one, in contradistinction to a green Christmas which made a fat graveyard.

In Pat Brady's house, Christmas, as it approached, brought little hope of happiness. Day after day, week after week, had passed with never a word from Garret, save the brief note sent on his arrival in New York. Since Garret was gone, Mrs. Brady, mindful of her husband's saddened face, had tried to be cheerful. She looked upon the bright side of the matter continually, and talked a great deal about the "lashin's and lavin's" of money which some people, not half so strong or so smart as her Garret had brought home from America. "Sure he was always a good boy, and God would bless and prosper him, and 'twas the way he'd be makin' them all rich one o' these fine days comin' home to be a credit to them."

But the failure to receive any word from Garret began to worry her, and by-and-by it silenced her. Try as she might she could hardly refrain from crying when some kindly neighbor, or some gossip merely out of curiosity, would ask her: "Wisha, is there any word from Garret at all, ma'am?" On such occasions she was tempted to run out of her little shop, and hide herself away somewhere with her grief. For a sore grief indeed was gnawing at her heart. Every day she was more and more convinced that some evil had befallen Garret. Maybe he was sick. Maybe he was —— but she wouldn't, *wouldn't* let herself think of that!

Pat, her husband, did not change much. He grew kinder and more affectionate, but she could see that the suspense was telling sorely upon him also. He never spoke what was in his mind, but she could tell by the wistful look he gave at the postman passing their door on his rounds what a hunger was in his heart for some word from their boy.

And so, as Christmas approached, and the shops in Cloonabeg began to put on a little extra brightness, Mrs. Brady made no attempt to brighten up her own little place. She simply couldn't do it in her distracted state of mind. The uncertainty over the fate of her son was now an agony, and it was only by a constant effort she bore up at all, and endeavored to perform the little duties pertaining to her house and her shop.

She never could have managed in these dark days were it not for Kathleen Carey. That gentle, sweet-natured girl whose own heart was breaking at Garret's silence, bravely disguised her grief and tried to bring some cheer and sunshine into the darkened life of Garret's mother. She came in, every day, to help and sustain the older woman, until, much as Mrs. Brady admired her before for a fine, tidy, smart girl, her love and admiration increased until she often felt that she couldn't live without Kathleen's companionship. Ah, if Garret had only stayed at home, had only been content to wait a little longer, until he and Kathleen were married, how happy they would all be! But Garret was gone — gone for months without tale or tidings of him, and would they ever, ever be happy together again?

Such was the state of things in Pat Brady's house as Christmas Eve came, and such the thoughts running through Mrs. Brady's mind as, helped by Kathleen, she waited upon the customers whom the holiday season made more numerous than usual. All day long the thought was in her heart that this would be the first night before Christmas for twenty-one years that she had not had her beloved boy beneath her roof! She

was glad when the time came to close up.

"Kathleen," she cried, "go home now, alanna, before your father'll come thrampin' through the snow afther you. An' sure we don't want to bring him out of his warm corner this night — an' a perishin' night it is, thanks be to God! Listen to that wind, will you! God help the poor this blessed and holy Christmas Eve!"

"God help them, indeed," echoed Kathleen heartily, as she busied herself with preparations to depart.

"Pat," called Mrs. Brady to her husband, through the door which led back from the little shop to the cozy kitchen, "you may as well be puttin' up the shutthers, an' puttin' out the lights. There won't be any more custom to-night, I'm thinking."

Mrs. Brady was trying hard to appear cool and unconcerned,—as if this night were the same as any night to her, and as if her heart were not far away with her son wherever he might be. "Kathleen," she continued, "pull the shawl well over your head, *achorra,* and keep away the wind an' the snow. Have you everything, now? Well, good night, dear; good night, an' God bless you — an' a happy Christmas to you!"

Mrs. Brady would have succeeded in restraining her feelings but for this Christmas wish. Uttering it, all the meaning it used to have contrasted with its meaning in their present grief, came like a swift and sudden flood over her, and she burst into tears.

Poor Kathleen, who had been striving with her own feelings all day, and who was on the verge of crying many a time since morning, was completely thrown off her guard by Mrs. Brady's sudden show of grief. Turning back, therefore, impulsively, she ran and caught the older woman in her arms, and there they stood in the centre of the little shop sobbing and swaying in their sorrow, while Pat Brady looked on in pity and dismay from the kitchen door.

Just as this scene was being enacted, the figure of a man, all muffled up from the cold and walking feebly as if ill or aged, approached the open door of Brady's lighted shop, and the tableau which met his gaze was as we have described it. Even when he started to enter, the two women, thinking it Kathleen's father coming for her, did not cease their crying; indeed they could not; their grief was too genuine. Nor did Pat Brady notice him. *He* was blinded with his own tears. The newcomer therefore stepped inside the door, closed it, placed his back to it, and said in a voice which they had feared they would never hear again:

"Mother! Kathleen! father! What's all this cryin' for? Don't you know me? Here I am — Garret!

In an instant their startled gaze was upon him. Garret! Yes, Garret — changed, ah, how changed! Thin and weak and poorly clad. But still Garret, their own Garret! Yes it was he — he himself and no ghost!

The scene that followed is too sweet and sacred to be described. Let it be conjectured what exclamations of joy and wonder were heard, what kisses and embraces were given, what mingled smiles and tears of gladness followed the bitter tears of grief, what sighs and sobs of pity escaped at Garret's story of his experiences in America, what ejaculations of thankfulness to God and His Blessed Mother were interspersed, as his hearers thought of how he had come back to them through it all, still alive. How they hung upon his words as he told them all that the reader knows already, and furthermore related his experience in the hospital to which he was brought when found unconscious by the police, after the severe beating he had

received. He told them how one of the doctors in the hospital had taken an interest in him on hearing of his ill-luck, and had secured him some light work with a rich friend where, after leaving the hospital, he had stayed, up to within a few weeks of Christmas, and where he had earned sufficient money to bring him home.

"But Garret *avic,*" asked his mother, happy yet anxious as she gazed wistfully at his sunken cheeks and his poor thin hands, "Why didn't you write to us for money? Sure you know we'd be only too glad to send it to you."

"Ah, whisht, you foolish old mother," answered Garret, with an assumption of his old-time gaiety, "Is it me write home for money, after all my fine talk about making a fortune in America! A nice Christmas box I'd be sending you indeed — a begging letter! Sure, mother, to tell you the truth, I was ashamed, as thousands of other poor foolish young fellows are ashamed, to let the people at home know the straits they are in, in America."

"But why didn't you write an' tell us, when you knew you were comin' home?" pursued the mother, "so we could have a little welcome ready for you?"

"Mother dear," replied Garret with feeling, "the welcome you have given me is more than I deserve. However, I didn't know I was coming till the very day I sailed. I had been discharged from my temporary employment a day or two before, and was again looking out for a chance to get something else, but knowing right well that I wasn't able to tackle a job requiring a man's strength. Walking along the street whom should I meet but my friend, the doctor from the hospital. He asked me about myself — what I was doing and how I was feeling. When I told him he said: 'My boy, you'd better go back home if you ever want to fully regain your health. You'll never do it here.' Begor, mother, I only needed the wind o' the word to decide me. I had all the money I possessed in the world in my pocket, and I went and bought a passage ticket home, and a few necessaries for the voyage. That was in the forenoon. The boat sailed in the afternoon, and I was on it, and here I am as sorry looking a 'returned Yank,' I suppose, as ever came back to Erin."

"Whethen," said his father with his quiet smile (that "quare sort of a look" had left his face now) you were nearly late for your Christmas, Garret. A minute or two more, an' I'd have the place closed up. Why did you stay till the last minute that way?"

"For the same foolish reason as kept me from writing, father," answered Garret. "I was in Clonmel all day. I arrived there from Queenstown early this morning, and could have been home long before this; but I hated with my poor appearance and in my weak state of health, to make my return to Cloonabeg in the day time. So I waited till the day was over, an' all the people gone to bed. As it is I'm heartily ashamed of my foolish trip. I have caused you all an unnecessary lot of trouble and sorrow, an' I want you to forgive and forget it — though I won't forget it myself in a hurry. I want to be forgiven. Am I forgiven, mother, Kathleen, father?"

And what answer did they make? Ah, what answer could they make, those faithful Irish hearts, but the one Garret knew they would make.

So instead of sorrow there reigned joy inexpressible under Pat Brady's roof that blessed Christmas season; the heart of Kathleen Carey was filled with gladness and thankfulness; and Garret — well Garret was a different sort of "returned Yank" from any which, up to that time, had ever appeared in Cloonabeg.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. DOOLEY.

The Orient in mystic sleep! Three kings
Awake to see upon the jewelled veil
Of night a brighter gem. Tho' it entail
Much suffering from hostile men and things,
Within their souls a new-born fervor springs
With radiance such as the Holy Grail
Would give; that forthwith on the starry trail
Each goes to seek its point; and present brings.

Glad tidings? Yes! The shepherds feel the light
And follow it into the cave; they see
"The Babe" as pass they from the outer night,
To kneel in adoration piously.
His peace now rules their souls instead of fright,
They praise their King, the Child of Galilee.

SOME LESSONS IN IRISH GAELIC.

BY CHARLOTTE GRACE O'BRIEN.

Sixty years ago (in November, 1845) I was born into the midst of the Repeal Agitation, under the shadow of the Great Tribune, O'Connell. My father, William Smith O'Brien, at that time being on intimate terms with O'Connell, it may well be I too had my blessing, as a new Irish colleen, from that good Catholic. I hope so, for however far the peaceable instincts of the man may have led him to overstrain the doctrine of non-resistance, he was undoubtedly right in the main thesis, that constitutional agitation was the only possible way to work under the circumstances.

The *Nation* newspaper was in full blast — mourning, however, the death of Davis, but if I look back on the joyous hopefulness of that period, when the Gael was still a solid mass — when the birth throes of the Irish-American nation — nay the Irish *World* nation — had not yet left the motherland "like a corpse on the dissecting table" — when the language and the traditions had not been destroyed by the slow poison of "National Education" — I do not wonder that a child born amid such prenatal influences and in the very heart of such a movement, should have been inclined all her life to look out and see the coming light, no matter how many dark

shadows lay about her feet. For who can sufficiently value for evil or for good the prenatal influences that enfold each new birth, and how great is the responsibility of mother and father to see that every thought and every circumstance surrounding their hidden treasure should be holy and sanctified to the Lord.

This thought has often been in my mind in considering my own life and the life of my youngest brother, who was born into the tragedy of "48," who was baptized in Kilmainham prison, but whose whole short but most beautiful life seemed shadowed by a gentle melancholy and natural holiness.

I was born before the famine in a time of what we now see to have been a blind hopefulness — he, after that awful crucifixion through which the Gaelic people and all who loved them entered a new life. We equally loved Ireland — I largely as a political entity, he with the personal love that reached each individual heart. On his tomb was engraved "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." His life was as the very embodiment of that passionate love and agony the famine ripened in the heart of my father and mother, — father seeing the terrible extent of political degradation and misery that came out of it, mother feeling for all the individual suffering.

So it was that when I was three years old my father was sent away to the years of exile that awaited him instead of the immediate death he so longed for, and my mother turned back to take up a semi-widowed life, sadly cumbered by the great debts involved in the legal expenses of the trial, and with an infant born into a great sorrow. But she was a woman of a singular courage and high spirit, and the children, seven of us, were not allowed to suffer from her griefs. Our life was very simple in our old country home in County Limerick, and in that life came my earliest knowledge of Gaelic. Unfortunately it was very limited. The language had died out there more than in most westerly districts at that time, and also I think the traditional stories.

Looking back to even the oldest of the men, it seems to me that though they knew the language it was not much spoken. Still when one went out among the cottages one was sure to be greeted with sweet vocative Gaelic *"Acushla,"* (oh pulse); *"A lanna a grad,"* (O child O love); *"a weenock"* — (may this be a *ban og* a young woman); *"a rágeal," "a grad geal,"* (O bright love). Who could grow up with these endearing terms crowding as flowers by the roadside if only from the mouths of "the yellow woman" or "the blind piper" or others of the then wonderful crowd of beggars who waylaid all comers to the villages, without finding a Gaelic heart growing up, and also perhaps getting a little inspiration from the Gaelic in the matter of *oghs* and *a's* impossible to the Saxon throat. It was in the air, as it is not now unfortunately. We are all too grand and too self-conscious now to venture on anything but "How do you do!" May the League put an end to that false shame. As a child then, before my father's return, if I thought at all of the language it was but as I also thought of the Catholic Church, as something quite out of the range of people who lived in big houses, and yet I loved the language and I was fiercely indignant at the bigotry of my Protestant relations against the Catholics, for though the differences between our religions were unknown to me, the fear and hatred of the priests, etc., shocked me even before I was any age to speak of. At that time bigotry was extraordinary. It is still bad enough but people have the grace to be ashamed of it.

With the return of William Smith O'Brien to Ireland, when I was ten or eleven years old, a new light began to

shine on my mental path; I began to understand what the "people" were thinking; I began to realize that their Church was not a mere low sect. I began to find out that we were a nation with a language and a history. I began to know what wonderful articles of beauty were being found in the country, and even that one of the most beautiful of all the finds had been dug up close to Cahirmoyle, "the Ardagh Cup." It seems to me that even with all my father's influence only very slowly the dark mists of ignorance as regards the national history were dissipated. Very slowly, very imperfectly, it came to my knowledge that those who regarded ancient Ireland as a savage country only showed their own ignorance and prejudice. Histories that really interested did not then exist. It was impossible to follow the strings of strange, long, unmeaning names that stood for the great legends of which no trace was permitted to appear. I remember well my mother laughing and saying if my father had had his way he would have called his sons Heber, Heremon, and Ith, and I, standing by, caught these magic words and wondered. Then came into the house the Ossianic volumes. Then my younger brother and I entered that joyful company with Finn and the beloved Oscar, with Bald Headed Conáne, with Diármuid of the women freckled and brown-haired; then we heard the baying of Bran and Sgéolán in the Glen of the Thrushes; then the fair woman of the lake put spells on the great Finn and left him a withered, weak, old man. Ah! then what did we need of History? Was not *this* Ireland? Was not this *our* country? Did we not look out from our own windows and see Knock Fierna where the heroes hunted, and laughed, and played chess?

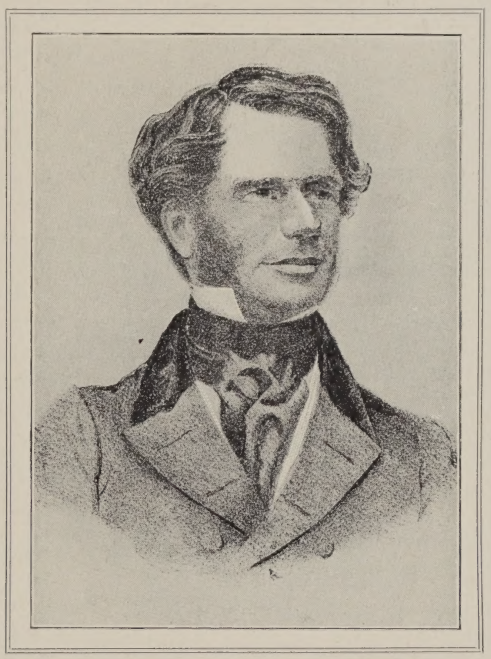
Ah! but we were knocking at the doors of the language though we knew it not. And that language? What was it father was so keen on? What was it he and old Dan Sheahan used to be poking over together, out evening after evening on the old bare fort?

How beautiful those summer evenings used to be! The picture I want to bring before your eyes is of "the green hills of holy Ireland." Cahirmoyle lies just outside of the low range of hills that gird the West Limerick plain. They stretch along the whole western horizon, dipping to glens, rising to heights, in long sweeping curves. A country in fact not unlike the lines of the English downs but higher and wetter looking. When the sun goes down behind them in its glory every curve and undulation stands forth defined by silvery or golden mists, every tree quivers in a haze of light, and emerald meadows, flecked with the heavy Munster cattle in red and black and white, lie dreaming in the passing of the sunshine. How beautiful it was! There where this evening picture was best to be seen, under the lichen-white aged walls of the Fort, was my father's seat, — indeed we called it Dan Sheahan's seat, for he was master, my father pupil. You might see the two elderly men, Sheahan in the old frieze and knee-breeches that were then the really admirable dress of the poor, my father tall and stately, with a mass of grey hair, clad probably in Irish grey frieze, for he liked to call himself "the grey man." Day after day this pair were to be seen towards sunset studying perhaps old Mss. or Irish grammars. My father began his Irish late in life, being over forty, and never "caught on" to the pronunciation, but otherwise became a good scholar before he died. He also collected many Mss.

In 1861 all these pleasant hours were broken up by my mother's death, but he continued working in Dublin. I unfortunately was so young and occupied with the routine of "Education" that it was not till very shortly before his death that he began to think of teaching me, and then it was done in a fashion of his

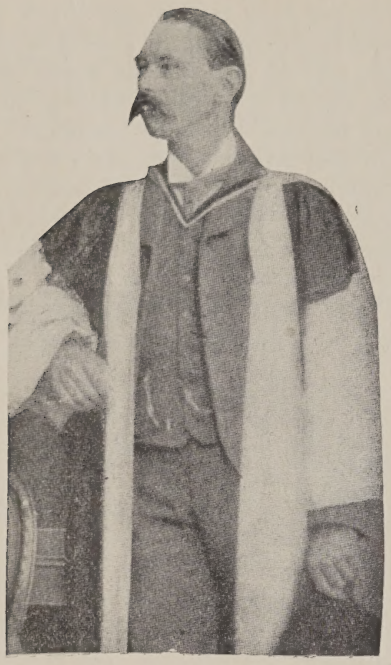
own. We had a sweet little cook from County Clare, one Biddy Cuneen. She could neither read or write, but could speak Irish with a most delicious accent, and sing it too in a sweet bird-like fashion, lisping over the syllables with curious *sh*-sounds that seemed to stand for all the small words. My father, Biddy, and I were alone at the time. He used to lie down on the couch, read a sentence with me, then make Biddy translate and pronounce, he himself struggling with the pronunciation valiantly, but in vain. Then poor Biddy, who was already "shamed of her life" by coming up out of her own haunts to "the master," would go off into a shriek of laughter, wrap her head in her apron, and subside. Some words she *could* not stand. There was a tale of a boy who got "*pháteé riushe*" (phonetic) "marshy potatoes" at the farmer's and complained to the court. When we got to this very mild joke Biddy's pretty round face would begin to bubble, her lovely Irish eyes to dance, at last the explosion would come, and the three of us would go off in a chorus all about nothing in the world but these "marshy potatoes." But Biddy was infectious. No one could stand her mixture of modest shyness and mirth along with her great sweetness and beauty and simplicity. Thus I picked up a little, a very little Irish.

Thirty years later Dr. Douglas Hyde, then an unknown man, spent a week with me and we talked and talked of all that was to be done, and of all the ancient tales, and of Biddy, and of my father. It was indeed a delight to me then to meet one who so believed.



WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

I had the honor too of a little Irish rann, or poem, written by him in my praise and glorification in the manner of the ancient rhymers of the country. I did not realize then, some fifteen years ago, that the delicate young man who had so interested and touched my sym-



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

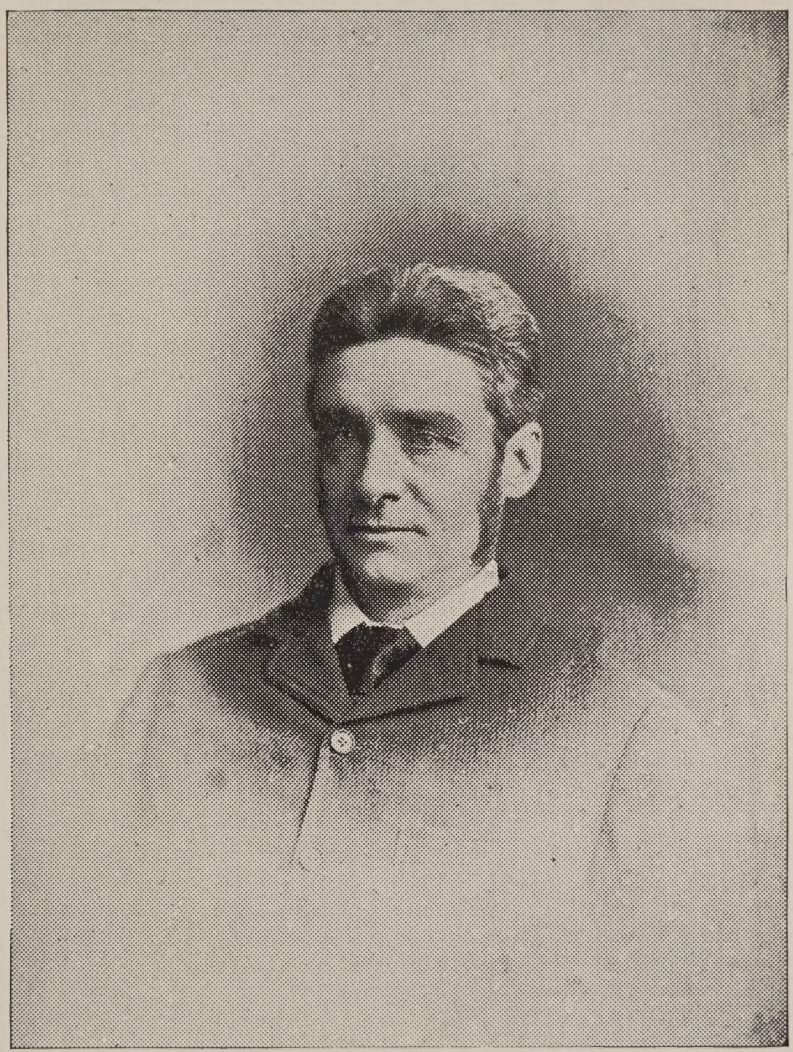
pathies was going to turn out one of my greatest friends — most faithful, steady, and kind, year after year, never forgetting in the midst of all his work and popularity, simple, true and kind to me as to every one. He was here this last year at the Foynes Feis. I went down to see what was going on. "Where is Dr. Hyde," said I, after looking in all conspicuous places. "Oh, he's over in the corner there," I was told. I went quietly and stood by him for quite a time before he saw me. See him there squatted on the green grass under the fence, three very small girls laughing up at him, a small ring of children around! He was "pegging away" as the boys used to say, at their little exercises, laughing, explaining, scolding. At last he looked up and caught my eye. I threw him a white abutillon as a prize and left him in peace to his children.

And now comes the next generation. One sows seed and thinks it dead — behold one turns round and finds flowers and fruit where nothing was expected! My niece and foster-child who never learnt Irish, or, as I thought, minded it much has now grasped the standard. She was the first to see the great desirability of forming a branch of the League that should not be local, but should include members from all parts of Ireland; that should be most especially neutral in politics and religion; that should be a centre in fact; that should draw to itself persons of rather a higher rank than most branches contained — in brief to form a branch representative of all Ireland, geographical, religious, political and social, to be in the first instance a centre and secondly a distributing power. This branch, the *Craobh na gCuig gCuigi* "The branch of the five provinces" is now an actual and thriving limb of the Movement, and a very important one, as it is rapidly driving its roots down through the walls of class prejudice that so bar friendly communication in Ireland; *and* they study Gaelic, and he who studies Gaelic in a humble heart, and not for vainglory, will learn the fashion and the splendor of the Ireland that is to come.

A FEW WORDS OF EXPLANATION.

In looking over the preceding paper I feel I should excuse myself for its personal nature, but I was asked for reminiscences, and thought I could trace in my own life the growth from Young Ireland times of that spirit of respect for the National History and language which has blossomed and appears likely to bear fruit a hundred-fold in our latter days. I show in this paper the seed, remaining in the ground among the poor, rescued and fertilized by the *Nation* writers of 1845-1848, cut to the ground by the famine — again brought to growth by all the great Irish scholars and their sympathizers. I show how that seed worked

and grew in the minds of men like Dr. Hyde and Standish O'Grady of A. I. R. and Standish Hayes O'Grady the scholar. I show these young minds clashing together with light and joy — the fair



STANDISH O'GRADY.

young seedlings springing through the blackened soil.

I show at last the nation wondering at the apparently miraculous growth of "our own immortal green." I stand looking for the future which *I* shall never see, when we shall have fully entered into our harvest — not surrendering the glorious riches of the English tongue and thought, but having for our own sacred daily affections and prayer and daily use the sweet and loved language that, even when nearly extinct, lived still in tender passionate phrases such as English could poorly supply.

FLEUR DE LYS INN.

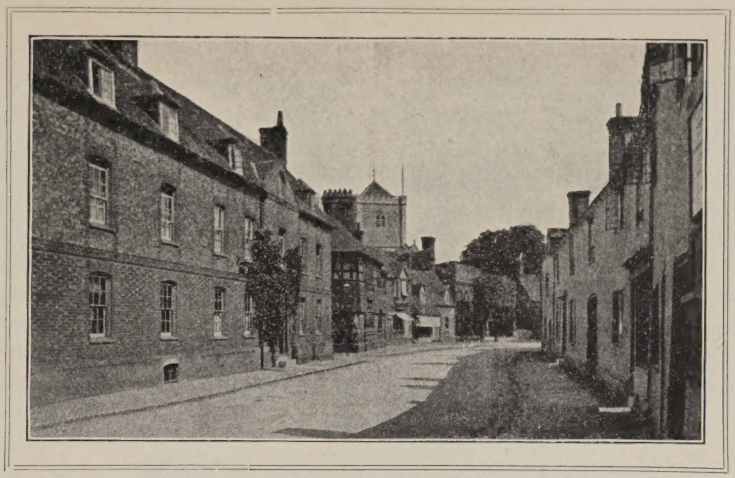
DORCHESTER—THE HOME OF DR. BARRY.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

Dr. William Barry—priest, *savant*, critic, historian, philosopher, theologian, and novelist;—one is inclined to append a note of exclamation to this list of qualifications, though it is not exhaustive. So many are seldom found united in one man, and we should doubt, moreover, as a rule, the depth and solidity of acquirement in the case of most men who should lay claim to the possession of expert knowledge so varied in scope as that to which Dr. Barry has abundantly proved his own claim. His name and fame have spread over the world, and a recent French writer, in the *Revue du Cargé Français* (1st June, 1905) gives us an authentic account of his achievements and of the work he has set before him to accomplish.

Dr. Barry is a master of every subject to which he has devoted his attention. First and foremost, indeed, he is the priest; not only in this, that he ministers assiduously to the little flock committed to his care in an out-of-the-way Oxfordshire village, but in this also, that all his talent and all his learning, and his gifts of clear exposition and apt and abundant illustration as a writer, are devoted to one great cause—the cause of the Catholic Church. He has set before him as his life's work, and has nobly achieved, the presentment to his fellow men of the Catholic religion in all its beauty and divinely ordered adaptation to every need and aspiration of the human soul as its only true and satisfying fulfilment. To this end has he acquired, and to this end has he devoted his far-reaching knowledge, and to this end has consecrated the gifts with which nature has endowed him. His varied accomplishments may be summed up in one word by saying that he is a great Catholic apologist; drawing, as an apologist should, from every source where truth, and beauty, and nobility of thought and character are to be found, in order to show that they are but the reflection of, or the natural aspiration of man towards the Eternal Truth and Beauty and Goodness revealing Himself to us in the teachings of the Catholic Church.

It might be strange to some that a



HIGH STREET, DORCHESTER.

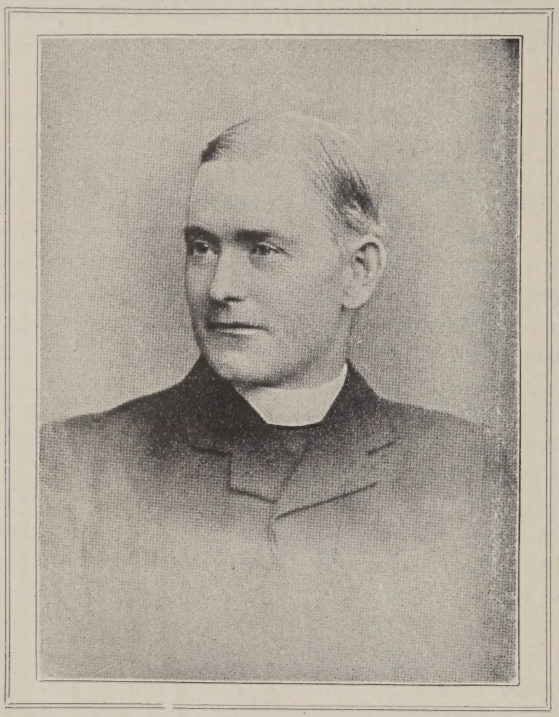
Catholic priest should have written novels second to none in the knowledge they show of the world; but these, too, are part of Dr. Barry's life-work. They are read, and read with avidity, by those whom no other presentation of Catholicism would have reached. Dr. Barry is one of the few Catholic writers who, like Newman, have imposed themselves, with that imperious voice of authority which learning and genius alone can give, upon the attention of a world which will no longer listen to authority of any other kind.

But it is not of Dr. Barry himself, nor of his work, that I propose to write. His name and fame are well known to my readers. These few words of introduction, summarized from the French writer mentioned above, will, I trust, be pardoned. For the rest, my purpose is to give, for the sake of those who know and admire the work he does, some account of the ancient township to whose interesting historical associations Dr. Barry has added the celebrity which attaches to the homes of famous men.

Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, which must be distinguished from the town of the same name in Dorsetshire, was once one of the most important Bishop's sees in England. It is now a typical, quiet English village, unspoilt by the advent of the railroad, which has kept at the respectful distance of a few miles. The visitor, however, has not proceeded far in his explorations, before he notices something about the place which distinguishes it from the ordinary country village. In all old English villages, indeed, the venerable parish church, often a building of great beauty, standing apart,

ENTRANCE TO VILLAGE OF DORCHESTER.

with its sacred enclosure—"God's Acre" —and its secluded parsonage, throws the ægis of religion around the spot; but in Dorchester this is particularly apparent. The ancient solemnity of a cathedral city still pervades the quiet streets. The great church, still popularly called "the Cathedral," or "Dorchester Abbey," at once impresses itself upon the imagination as the centre of the life of the village; and from every point its imposing



DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

and majestic lines meet the eye. But there is more than this. Enter the spacious churchyard by the beautiful lych-gate, and you may imagine yourself in a Catholic cemetery. The ancient churchyard cross, well restored, rises above the graves, a symbol of life and hope; while above the resting places of the dead are seen simple crosses of wood, bearing pious inscriptions which invite the prayers of the passer-by, or appeal to Heaven for the souls of the departed. Dorchester, in fact, is a centre, though a small one, of that wonderful revival of Catholic thought and feeling within the Anglican Church which began with the Tractarian movement not far away at Oxford. There is here an Anglican missionary college, whose students may be seen walking in priestly garb. Enter the church, and the evidences of the change from former days of coldness and dullness become still more apparent. The high altar, the Lady altar, cross and candles, banners and sacred images, speak of the revolution of thought which has reached this remote spot. Here the remains of the once famous shrine of S. Birinus, first Bishop of Dorchester, and Apostle of the West Saxons, are reverently preserved; and the care and order exhibited in all the arrangements of this beautiful church speak eloquently of the

desires which have led so many back to the bosom of their true mother the Catholic and Roman Church. A sad regret cannot be stifled, as one looks upon these things,—regret that the eyes of many are held, and that, straining eagerly towards the full light, they still remain half in darkness. There, a witness to the truth, stands the little Gothic building which represents the majesty of the Church built upon the Rock of Peter; but many pass it by, not knowing the truth.

EXTERIOR OF DORCHESTER ABBEY CHURCH.

"Dorchester," says Dugdale [England and Wales delineator] "is termed by Bede, 'Civitas Dorcinia;' by Leland, 'Hydropolis;' a name, observes Camden, of his own inventing; but proper enough; 'Dour' signifying in Britain 'water.' The Thame flows near the town on the east, and the grand stream (formerly) denominated Isis (now Thames) on the west; a junction taking place between the two at no great distance. On the site of this town was a Roman station, probably of extent and importance. It seems to have retained some celebrity during the ages immediately ensuing; but it did not reach the height of its prosperity till the seventh century, when Birinus, sent from Rome by Pope Honorius to convert the West Saxons, is said to have here first preached to them the Gospel."

"Birinus," says Alban Butler [Lives of the Saints, under December 3rd] "a priest of Rome, addressed himself to Pope Honorius for leave to preach the Gospel to the idolators in Britain. The Pope commended his zeal and caused him to be ordained Bishop. The apostolic missionary landed in the kingdom of the West Saxons and, with many others, [sic] baptized King Cynegils, who began to reign in 611, and filled the throne thirty-one years, being the sixth from Cerdic, who founded that kingdom in 519. Birinus fixed his see at Dercis, now Dorchester, upon the Thames, in Oxfordshire, upon the edge of Berkshire: he built and consecrated many churches, gained many souls to God, and

departing to Him was buried in the same city about the year 650." On the occasion of the baptism of Cynegils, King of Wessex, the holy King Oswald, of Northumbria, was present in the capacity of god-father, and, according to S. Bede, the two kings granted the town of Dorchester to the saint for the foundation of an episcopal see, in honor of the happy occasion. "The see," we read in Dugdale (Op. cit.) "was long of gigantic magnificence, comprising the two Hereford. It should be noticed that S. Oswald, King of Northumbria, was "Bretwalda," that is "Head King" of the whole of Britain, which fact gave him authority to act with Cynegils in the endowment of the see of Dorchester. According to S. Bede, the body of S. Birinus was translated to Winchester during the episcopacy of Bishop Hedde, "and laid in the church of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul;" but Ralph Higden tells us in his "Polychronicon"

INTERIOR OF DORCHESTER ABBEY CHURCH.

large kingdoms of the West Saxons and Mercians." [i.e. Extending, roughly, from Lincoln to the coast of Hampshire.] "Twenty Bishops sat here in almost papal grandeur, and, though seven bishoprics were at length taken out of it, the see still continued the largest in England, till about the year 1086, when Remigius removed it to Lincoln."

The sees thus formed out of the bishopric of Dorchester were Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, Litchfield, Worcester, and (Book V.) that the Canons of Dorchester afterwards stoutly denied the fact of the translation, stating that they had given to the bearers a body which was not that of the saint, whose sacred remains they thus succeeded in keeping.

"During the periods of its wealth and dignity," continues Dugdale, "Dorchester was the seat of council with several monarchs; but it suffered much from the incursions of various contending parties. It is evident that its splendor was con-

fined to the Saxon ages, and that it was not able to recover from the various ravages committed by the Danes."

It never did recover, in fact, and, as one paces the quiet streets of the Dorchester of to-day, and thinks of its ancient importance and glory, the sad history of the evil times that fell upon Church and State with the coming of the Danish hosts seems to be brought closely and vividly before the mind by the actual sight of the decadence then begun for Dorchester. This decadence was not, indeed, immediate, for, according to Hearne, "we are sure, even after the (Norman) conquest, there were at least four churches here, three of which stood on the south and southwest sides of the abbey-church." There is a local tradition to the effect that Dorchester once contained no less than seven churches. Be that as it may, the present church, dating from the reign of Henry III, is one of the finest parish churches in the district.

Within the church are many signs of its former Catholicity. Marks of altars, the remains of holy water stoups; the "sedilia" for sacred ministers at High Mass, are still to be seen. The font is remarkable. It is supposed to date back to the days of S. Birinus himself, and Dugdale says of it that "it has been said to be the most ancient, and perhaps only one of its kind in the world. It is of cast lead. On the sides the twelve apostles are represented, each sitting in a separate stall. The figures are in tolerable preservation, excepting the faces which have received some injury *from wantonness!*" This last observation of the antiquarian speaks eloquently of events, later by many centuries than the descent of the Danes, but no less disastrous for the church at Dorchester and every Catholic church in the land.

Dorchester Church possesses a feature which is almost, if not entirely, unique. I speak of the famous "Jesse Window." "The mullions of the north window of the chancel are carved to represent a tree of sacred genealogy. At the root lies the prostrate figure of Jesse, and from his body the tree is made to proceed. On the branches are carved twenty-four figures; (ancestors of Our Blessed Lord) and, at the top, beneath a rise of flowers, was a figure of Jesus, long since removed. There are likewise sixteen figures painted on the glass, fifteen of which have a name appended." One wonders, on reading this passage, what fanatical zeal suggested the removal of one figure only, and that the figure of the Redeemer of mankind. The "Jesse Window" is in some sense a curiosity, and to most the east window will prove even more interesting, containing as it does, paintings in the Saxon style illustrative of events in the life of S. Birinus. In one of the compartments of a window over the sedilia, on the Epistle side of the chief altar, is a representation of S. Birinus receiving a cross from a king, another king standing behind. This, without doubt, is a representation of the ceremony later known as "investiture," and tolerated, with due safeguards, by the Holy See. The saint is identified by the inscription "Sanctus Birinus."

Without the village of Dorchester, as well as within, much will be found to interest the visitor. The peaceful and pastoral scenery of the Thames valley: the curious twin hills known as "Sinodun Hill:" the extensive ancient fortifications between the village and the Thames, — all these things go to make up that charming atmosphere of natural beauty mingled with associations of far-off days which rests upon so many of our English towns and villages.

FATHER TOM'S INVESTMENT.

BY ELEANOR F. KELLY.

Biddy MacDermott sat on the three-legged stool by the fire, in the kitchen of the priest's house. She was apparently watching the kettle hung over the turf-fire, but it was evident from the expression on her face that her thoughts were elsewhere. Presently she got up and commenced ransacking a cupboard, the contents of which she had already investigated twice that morning. She took out some tea and sugar, and a piece of bread, which must have been several days old, for it was very hard and dry. Having placed these on the kitchen table she returned again to the cupboard; but, though she cast searching glances into every nook and corner, she could find nothing more.

"An' that's all there is for His Riverence's brekfust, unless the specklety pullet lays her egg quick," said Biddy, contemplating the articles which she had laid on the table. "What's to be done at all, at all, and the poor man goin' to hev a dhrive back to the mountains this cowld winther's day. An' as shure as I'm a livin' woman there was a loaf in that cupboard last night, an' onless the fairies med off wid id I don't know from Adam what's become of id, onless maybe His Riverence gev it to one o' thim desavers o' beggars that's alwus comin' afther him, though I didn't see any o' thim about last night. Shure 'tis his heart's blood the crathure ud make into goold for thim if he could, bad cess to the ruffians."

A cough, from an inner room, interrupted Biddy's soliloquy and warned her that "His Riverence" was up and would soon be wanting his breakfast. She ran hurriedly to the hen-house and returned in triumph holding in her hand a brown egg which the "specklety" pullet had most obligingly laid just in time.

In a few minutes "Father Tom," as the parish priest of Ballybeg was known to all the countryside, entered the little parlor where his scanty breakfast was awaiting him, and sat down to it as contentedly as if it had been the most sumptuous repast which had ever graced the board of an epicure.

"I'm sorry, yer Riverence," said Biddy, "but that's all there is."

"And quite good enough, too, Biddy," answered Father Tom. "I'd feel much happier if I knew that all my poor people had had as good a breakfast this morning, but I'm greatly afraid some of them had none at all."

"There was a loaf in the cupboard last night, yer Riverence, but where id's gone to, I don't know at all, at all."

"Any rats about?" said he by way of reply, while a meaning smile crossed his countenance as he enjoyed the thought that the widow Casey and her little grandson would have a good breakfast that morning.

The next moment he was seated on the car, going to visit a dying man to whom he had administered the last sacraments a few days previously. The journey was long, and the weather was very severe, but Father Tom, only thought of seeing one of the souls entrusted to his care safely through the gates of death. When he had gone, Biddy sat down again on the three-legged stool to consider how she could get together the materials for his dinner. It was a problem which perplexed her a good deal, but such problems had always been confronting her, since the day she became Father Tom's housekeeper, or

the "priest's girl," as she was known throughout the length and breadth of the parish, and she generally managed to solve them. To-day, however, the solution was even more difficult than usual. The cupboard was absolutely empty, there could be no question of her walking in the inclement weather to the nearest town which was four miles off, and Father Tom had forbidden her under any circumstances to borrow from their poor neighbors. She now saw only one way out of the difficulty, and it was a desperate one to take. The pullet which had laid the egg for His Reverence's breakfast must be killed to provide him with a dinner. It was a great sacrifice to make, and the tears came into her eyes as she perpetrated the dark deed; but she felt consoled when she had cooked the fowl, it looked so nice and tasty.

Late in the afternoon Father Tom returned and was sitting down to quite an appetizing little meal when he heard what appeared to be an altercation in the kitchen. The housekeeper's voice, which was clear and strong, considering her age, for she was close upon sixty, was raised in angry protest and though the door of the little parlor was shut he could hear every word distinctly.

"Be off wid ye out o' that now; there isn't a bit or a sup in the house, an' Father Tom himself, the crathure, has been livin' on pitatoes intirely for the last week. An' signs on him, the crathure, ye could hear his bones rattlin' whin he's walkin'. Can't ye go an' beg from thim that has it, an' not be alwus comin' afther the poor priest that's often tuk the bread out o' his own mouth to give it to ye. He hasn't anything to give ye now."

"But we'd like to see him anyways, Biddy, so iv ye plaze tell His Riverence that we're here. Say Micky Flanagan, the tinker, and his wife would like to see him, bein' in great disthress."

"The sorra tell I'll tell him at all thin; so ye may as well go now. An' anyway he hasn't nothing to give ye as I tould ye before."

"Of all the pervershe famales I iver knew, ye bate them all, Biddy MacDermott, so ye do," replied Mick Flanagan, who was the most regular applicant for alms at Father Tom's door; and to further emphasize his chagrin at Biddy's refusal to tell the priest of his coming he slammed the door, as he passed out after his wife. By way of reply she shot the bolt with such vigor as to make a loud noise, and banged to the shutters of the kitchen window, for daylight had now vanished. Had these performances not been accompanied by so much more noise than was absolutely necessary, Biddy might have heard the parlor window being raised and a whispered conversation carried on, in which Father Tom's voice mingled with that of the tinker's.

A short time afterwards, when she went to clear away the dinner things, not a trace of the pullet remained, nor anything to show that there had been a pullet.

"Glory be to God," said Biddy to herself as she opened her eyes wide in astonishment, "the crathure has been that hungry that he's aiten even the bones." She thought so much of Father Tom's holiness, that she could easily credit him with miraculous powers. But something which looked very like that identical pullet was at that moment being devoured by Mick Flanagan and his wife and the tribe of little Flanagans, in the tent which they had erected on the wayside and in which they were sojourning for the night.

Perhaps it was just as well that the housekeeper didn't know, for on such occasions, which were pretty frequent, she did not hesitate to give Father Tom a bit of her mind, notwithstanding all her respect and reverence for him, and though she considered him as being already on the list of uncanonized saints.

And, indeed, Father Tom stood very often in need of being reminded that "charity begins at home." Very often he deprived himself of the necessaries of life—of food which was essential to keep up the strength which would enable him to perform efficiently his sacred and sometimes trying duties, in order to give it to his beloved poor. And all was done so quietly and unostentatiously that his privations would have been unknown had it not been for the fact that he was obliged to have a housekeeper, and even then there was a good deal that he managed to conceal from her prying eye.

He was one of the best types of the Irish priest, devoted heart and soul to his flock, by whom he was greatly beloved, and every member of which looked up to him as to a father. His was the sympathetic ear into which all their joys, and sorrows, and troubles were poured. His advice was sought in every difficulty, and his blessing in every undertaking of any importance. All their disputes were settled by him and recourse was never had to the aid of the law. The words of Alexander Pope might have been applied to him with equal appropriateness as to the Man of Ross:—

"Is there a variance? Enter but his door
Baulked are the courts and contest is no more."

But his strongest characteristic was his great love for the poor. With the rich and the well-off he was always affable and genial, but with the wretched and the poverty-stricken he was more—with them he was invariably tender and fatherly. And his shadow oftener darkened—she would say brightened—the poor widow's door in the lonely bog than the hall-door of the rich man's house which would gladly open to receive him.

On the day on which the quarterly fair was held in the neighboring town he would stand out on the roadside, watching the poor man drive his pig, or bonham or maybe sheep or goat along, and on the sale of which the prosperity of himself and his family would depend for the next few months. He would give him his blessing and wish him luck. He would be there again in the evening awaiting his return and if he had not sold his animal, would be as down-hearted as the man himself, and would search for weeks among all his friends and acquaintances until he could find the poor man a buyer. Had many people hearts even half as good as Father Tom's this world would be a much better place to live in. And, though he himself was as the birds of the air, in that he neither knew nor cared how or where he should get his dinner on the morrow, yet he could always answer with the first Christian missionaries—"No, Lord"—had Our Saviour asked him the question which he addressed to them—"When I sent you forth without scrip or purse was anything wanting to you?"

II.

The day before Christmas, Biddy MacDermott sat once more on the three-legged stool, which was her favorite seat, when she had any difficult problem to solve. Ways and means were troubling her again. There was famine in the house, and no prospect of anything like good cheer. There were some potatoes, and a little milk and butter which the Widow Corcoran at the cross-roads had brought and insisted on leaving, though Father Tom had given strict orders that Biddy was not to accept anything from his poor people, who he said, and said truly, had scarcely enough for themselves.

"Glory be to God, what'll I do at all, at all, and the blessed day that's comin'. What soort o' a dinner 'll I have for him at all. The pitatoes are only poreens and as for the milk and butther there won't be much iv id left I'm thinkin'. The beggar that's goin' the road has betther

aitin' an' dhrinkin' than he has, an' he a jintleman's son, too, an' brought up jist like the quality. I go bail he had more money in his pockets when he was a little boy goin' to school than he has now."

Biddy had just finished thus speaking her thoughts aloud when Father Tom himself entered, looking very bright and cheery. Evidently something had happened which had given him pleasure.

"Well, Bridget," said he almost directly, "the statue of St. Anthony which I sent for to Dublin arrived to-day and I have just had it placed in the chapel where I must say that it looks very beautiful. You ought to go and see it as soon as you can. It has cost more than the five pounds that Jimmy Hogan sent me from America, but I hope to be able to make up the deficit with some of my Christmas offerings. And now, Bridget, whenever you are in any trouble pray to St. Anthony. He never fails."

"An' so that's what yer Riverence did wid the five pounds that poor Jimmy Hogan sint you for a prisint. Shure I wondhered where id had gone to, an' thin, I thought the beggars maybe got id. An' so ye tell me its all gone to buy a pecthure or a sthatue."

"And what better use could I put it to than to the purchase of a statue of the great St. Anthony, who is like a father to the poor all the world over? You'll find that statue will be a blessing to the parish, Bridget."

But Biddy evidently thought that better value could be had for five pounds than a mere statue, and she muttered something about buying bread and meat and Christmas dinners, as she proceeded to tidy up the kitchen.

Biddy was rather impertinent at times; and lectured Father Tom in a very sharp way occasionally, but then, long and faithful service gave her privileges and "His Riverence" took it all very good-naturedly, being quite convinced that Biddy's zeal for his welfare was the mainspring of it all.

That very evening Biddy's curiosity urged her to go to see the statue. There were already several people praying before it, and some dropped copper coins into a little box with a hole in it, which was labelled "For St. Anthony's Bread." In answer to Bridget's questions they told her that if she wanted any favor from St. Anthony she had only to put the price of a loaf of bread for the poor, in the little box, and her petition would be granted.

The statue did not impress her much, and she thought it very poor value indeed for five pounds. Still she thought she would say a prayer like the others, and though it was very blunt it came straight from her heart. "The sorra ha'penny I have to give ye St. Anthony," said she, "but for the sake o' the five pounds that His Riverence spint on ye, spake a word to the little Boy there in yer arms to sind him a good dinner to-morra."

III.

That night when Biddy was raking the kitchen fire, she thought she heard a sound like a wail, outside. It was very faint and she listened in an attitude of strained attention. Presently it sounded right up against the door and it was at the same time accompanied by a soft tapping. Biddy crossed herself. She was very superstitious, and all the weird tales which she had heard of banshees and such other ghostly beings came thronging to her mind. Had she been alone she would not have opened that door for a small fortune, but there was Father Tom, and she regained her courage as she reflected that no eerie being, even if malicious, could have power to hurt one so holy as he. She knocked at his door. He was still up, awaiting to welcome in the hour at which the Redeemer came into the world; though he would have to

tramp across country next morning to say "early Mass" for his flock at six o'clock.

"Yer Riverence," said she, "there's some wan cryin' outside the door."

"And why not open it at once, Bridget, and let the person in. Isn't that the proper thing to do?"

"I'm afeard, yer Riverence. Maybe it's something that isn't right."

"Nonsense! woman," said he, stepping past her and throwing the outer door wide open.

A current of chill air carrying along with it flakes of snow swept in as he did so. Peering into the darkness he could see nothing. He then called out, "Who's there!" but there was dead silence. Going forward, he stumbled against something soft lying on the doorstep. He stooped down and perceived that it was the body of a boy of about four or five years of age. He was either dead or unconscious. His outer garment was a ragged overall but when this was removed it was found that he wore a suit of velvet and that his underclothing was of the finest texture.

"He must be a king's son," said Biddy, as she helped Father Tom to restore him to life. "I niver saw anywan wearin' sich grand clothes before."

"Very strange, very strange, indeed," said Father Tom, but more in expressing his own reflections than in reply to his housekeeper.

The little fellow was soon restored to animation and after opening wide a pair of violet eyes he sank instantly into a deep sleep. Biddy watched over him like a mother that night.

The next morning, after early Mass, Father Tom noticed a gentleman, worn and travel-stained, praying before the statue of St. Anthony. He was a complete stranger. Directly he became aware of the vicinity of the priest, he walked up to him.

"Pardon me, Father," he said, "but I am in very great trouble, and I should be glad of any assistance which you could give me. My little son has been stolen away by gipsies, and I have reason to believe that they have come this way quite recently. If any of your people noticed a little boy with them you might let me—"

"What, what was he like!—a little boy of about four years with fair hair and violet eyes, was he not?" hurriedly interrupted Father Tom, as a flash of intelligence brightened up his features.

"Exactly. Have you seen him?" exclaimed the stranger.

"He is quite safe, and at my house now. We found him on the doorstep last evening. I suppose they must have found the pursuit growing hot, and abandoned him."

"Oh, take me to him. My heart hungers for a sight of him. I thought he was lost to me forever—my own little Philip!" And the tension of many days now relieved, the tears rolled down the strong man's cheeks.

The priest sent one of the congregation to take the strange gentleman to his house, and exceeding great was the joy of the meeting between father and child. They clung to each other almost in ecstasy for many minutes.

When Father Tom arrived that afternoon the gentleman and his little son had departed, the former, as a note which he had left explained, being anxious to take the boy to his mother at the earliest possible moment. With the note was a cheque for £500, which the priest was solicited to accept. And almost before he had finished reading the message a hamper arrived from the neighboring town, full of the choicest Christmas fare. The housekeeper's table now groaned beneath the weight of the viands with which it was loaded, and the doors of the cup-

board would not shut so full was it of good things. Bridget was even satisfied with the dinner which she placed before Father Tom that evening, though she hardly ever thought anything good enough for him. And never again had she any trouble about his Christmas dinner, for ever afterwards a well-filled hamper arrived regularly on Christmas Eve.

She has great faith in St. Anthony now and says that she would never again grudge any sum that was given to him, "howsomever onraisonable."

I WONDER.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

I wonder when the little King was born
  Did Mary kiss the tiny infant hands,
  Outstretched to rich and poor in earth's wide lands?
I wonder did she see the smile adorn
The two red cheeks—twin roses without thorn—
  And did she heed the baby-like commands,
  The lusty cry, making her heart's lone sands
Music with love? No Calvaries forlorn
In this Joy-time her woman-soul did start,
  The while it leaned on strong, firm arms of pray'r.
  She was a mother, then, and busy Care
Did build a Paradise within that mart
  For her, out of that lonely stable bare—
Garden enclosed in Christ's young rose-white heart.

A SISTER OF CHARITY AT NING-PO.

BY L. E.

Sister Xavier, who left her Irish home to enter on the uncongenial labors of the Chinese mission, is the subject of a deeply interesting article in the Irish Rosary. Some years ago DONAHOE'S published an account of the heroic sacrifice made by a young Irish sister, also on the Chinese mission, and recently two papers appeared in this magazine descriptive of the work being done in Africa by an American Sister of Charity. For the benefit of readers interested in the efforts of the Propagation of the Faith we shall quote at length from "An Irishwoman's Work in China," — farther testimony to the zeal of the religious, who hold duty above all earthly claims. Through the courtesy of the Rev. James A. Walsh, Diocesan Director of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, the accompanying illustrations have been reproduced from photographs depicting the many-sided activity of the Sister of Charity in hospital, creche, work-room and school. Lady Herbert in "Chinese Wayside Tales" makes mention of this Sister's unwearying efforts, and the writer in the Rosary takes her readers with her through the city gates of Ning-po to where the convent "with its rather nice garden" marks a sharp contrast to the dirty narrow streets and "exceedingly unpleasant canals."

"We rang the bell, and almost immediately the door was opened by a bright-faced little French Sister of Charity. She took a step back in surprise at sight of us, as evidently we were not at all the kind of visitors she expected to see. Then she laughed and begged us to come in. The door closed behind us, and we were in a clean, whitewashed hall, with two or three familiar pictures hanging on the walls. 'Is this China?' we asked each other as we were ushered into the little parlor on the left, which conveyed to each of us the idea of having seen it before. We explained to the little sister how we had just arrived at Ning-po, and had brought a letter to Sister Xavier from her friends at home and we desired to see her.

"I shall go and fetch her directly," said the sister overjoyed. "Ah, she will be glad, Soeur Xavier. One must have lived in exile ten years to know what it is to see the face of a country-woman again," and off she hurried.

Some minutes later she returned accompanied by a tall nun, who came towards us with outstretched hands, and grasped ours warmly.

"Welcome to China," she said. "It is very good of you to have come to call."

We sat for some time in the little parlor, telling all the home news we could think of, and answering all her eager questions.

"And now I am sure you would like to come over all our premises. It would not do to leave without seeing the work done," declared Sister Xavier, leading the way to the hospital, and imparting much information as to the history of the convent in China, as well as of the work accomplished.

Since the early fifties the French Sisters of Charity have been settled at Ning-po. The Sisters who came to make the foundation were brought from Macao in a French man-of-war, and were carried

A CHINESE NURSERY.

through the town in closed chairs. They are the only Europeans who live in that quarter — the centre of the city. Every form of disease is cared for in the hospital they conduct, and where they serve both as nurses and doctors. Only in special cases do they call in a European doctor, a Scotchman, who is always ready to help. The dispensary attached to the hospital cares for from 200 to 300 patients every day, and many of these are sent to the hospital or to the branch hospital at Kampo, a suburb. There men and boys who are very ill receive unremitting attention, and sometimes French sailors and other Europeans, ill and far from home, seek the kindly ministrations of the Sisters of Charity.

The creche is of even greater interest than the hospital, for babies the world over have a strong claim on hearts.

"Now we come to our Sainte Enfance," said Sister Xavier. "Babies are brought to us, often only a few hours old. The delicate ones we keep, and the strong ones are boarded out with women who bring them on the first of every month for inspection and, at the same time, receive their pay. When four or five years old we take them back, and they are put in the orphanage, where they remain until they are grown up."

The attention of the visitors was attracted by a novel device: a number of baskets slung from the ceiling and so connected that by pulling on a cord one old woman swung the babies to and fro in their mid-air cradles.

"Is it your invention?"

Sister Xavier laughed. "Yes, it is. We had such trouble with the babies, and they took up so much time that at last it became necessary to do something, and now one old woman can look after them all."

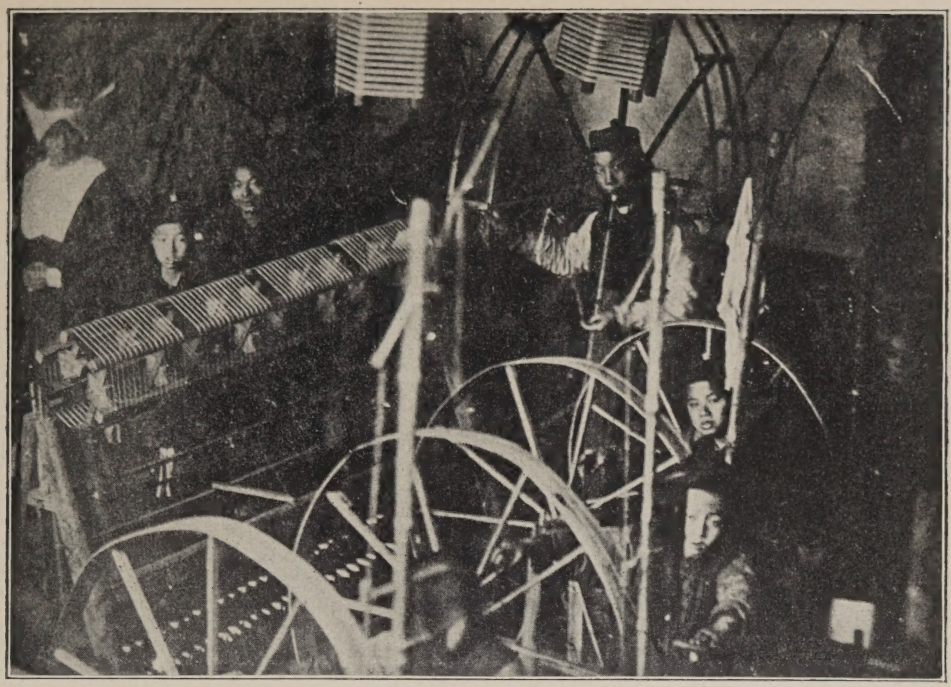
The castaway baby girls as they outgrow the creche are sent to the orphanage, where they receive industrial education, and are fitted to earn their living. Matrimonial alliances are effected be-

EMBROIDERY CLASS.

tween them and the Christian boys, little time being given to the preliminary attentions demanded by maidens of other races. As a rule these girls do not see their husbands until they meet at the altar.

"We see the girls peeping over their shoulders to see what their future husbands are like, as they come up the church," said Sister Xavier. "Their marriages turn out very satisfactorily, and they are laying the foundation of a good Christian people. There is a great scope among the Chinese children. They are so intelligent and capable that they can learn almost anything. The last addition to our work here is the 'Oeuvre de la Jeunesse Oeuvriere,' and it promises to succeed admirably."

The failure of the rice crop in China means practically starvation for the people, and to provide against this the sisters have established workrooms for the women, thus rendering their families less dependent on the seasons. Many difficulties had to be overcome, owing to the distrust of the Pagans for the Christians, and their fear of living under a convent roof. One poor woman driven by hunger begged for work, and the nuns finding that she could embroider gave her some employment; one or two of her neighbors followed her example, and when it was learned that a Chinese girl, braver than her associates, had actually worked in the convent and escaped unharmed the sentiment against the sisters gradually changed until two-thirds of the outside workers came to the workrooms, remained all day, and returned home in the evening. After a time an atelier was built, and about four hundred women, boys, and girls, are employed in it. The women require little teaching in embroidery as they are very skillful with the needle, and now a generation of Chinese girls are reproducing the most beautiful old embroideries, church vestments forming a large item of their work. Silk-spinning and satin-weaving



BOYS PREPARING WARP FOR WEAVING.

are also carried on, and the sisters hope to add carving, and put in more machinery.

"This Oeuvre de la Jeunesse Oeuvriere will do more than anything else for the benefit of the people," asserted the Sister. "To begin with: in preserving our Christian youth during the perilous time of their apprenticeship, by giving them good trades in safe surroundings. The influence on the Pagan is even more beneficial. It overcomes prejudice penetrated into a class of poor, hard-working, decent people, with whom otherwise we should have a difficulty of being thrown, and it brings the boys into continual contact with the sisters, priests, and other Christians. Some of the Pagan parents will not now allow their children to leave their homes for any reason but to come to us. It is hard to cope with the number who are coming. I have still to refuse those who wish to come. There is no limit to the extension of the work if we only had the means."

The apprentices receive no remuneration during the first year but are supported by the Oeuvre. When they begin to earn, a small sum is kept back to help in their maintenance, and the rest of their earnings is put by to form a fund to start them in life when their apprenticeship ends. The success achieved at Ning-po has inspired the hope that industries might be started in the other provinces to pursue the respective trades of the localities.

"Is trade in this country in a flourishing condition, Sister?" asked the visitor at the Ning-po convent, and Sister Xavier told her of the undeveloped conditions of trade, the need of more technical institutions, the capacity of the Chinese for industrial occupations, and the initiative of the Germans in the development of helpful trade conditions. The question of maintenance of the good work being done through the convent is a serious one, particularly since the suppression of the religious orders in

THE LITTLE LACE-WORKERS.

France, owing to which the funds received from the Propagation of the Faith and the Sainte Enfance have diminished to one-third and are likely to cease altogether.

"What will you do then? How can you continue?"

"We must continue," replied Sister Xavier, emphatically, "at least we must leave no stone unturned. But as it will be impossible to be perpetually begging for help, we must become self-supporting. Once we have procured sufficient money to establish our technical schools on a sure footing we shall earn sufficient for their support. That is what we propose to do. Raise funds from the charity of our countrymen first, and then depend upon our industries in the future."

With so many engrossing occupations to engage their attention the sisters have still time to give to outside work, visiting in the Chinese quarter, and twice a week going up canals and rivers to reach the different villages. Two sisters and two native women go on those expeditions, enter the homes, prescribe for the sick, and look after the children.

"It is with the children that we can do the most, and they have a bad time, especially the girls. They are bought while still quite young, as the future wife of the son of the house, and till old enough to marry are treated as drudges, and often most cruelly. Later, however, when married, this treatment ceases, and the Chinese wife and mother has great influence. The boys have a much better time, at least in the homes."

That the Chinese are not insensible to kindness is shown by their growing confidence in the religious, and their efforts to respond. Even the mandarins, often unjust and cruel, have given proof of their kindly feeling towards the religious.

"Most of them have been kind to us," Sister Xavier answered when questioned as to the attitude of the men in power. "They often pay us a visit, go over the

THE BOYS' SCHOOL.

convent, take tea and biscuits, ask about our work, how old we are, and all sorts of questions, and are most friendly and good-humored the whole time."

Despite the decade of years since she went into exile, and the absorbing nature of the life she voluntarily accepted there is a touch of homesickness in the words of Sister Xavier to her countrywomen, as she described her visit to the country, "Some miles away there is a lake surrounded by mountains in a beautiful part of the country; it is not at all unlike Killarney, and each time I go there I think I am back in my old home, especially when the rice-fields are green, for they have that bright color we know so well in Ireland."

The approach of evening warned the guests that it was time to go.

"Come first and have some of our best chosen tea," entreated the sister. "It is all ready in the parlor, and you must not leave without tasting it." In the cool parlor while Sister Xavier dispensed fragrant cups of tea to the friends who had come so far to see her, she sent her message to the absent.

"Mind you give a good account of me when you return, and tell them all in Ireland I have not forgotten my country or my friends. Promise to interest them in our mission here. Will you not?" And on receiving the promise—"Our work here should appeal to them in Ireland, where, too, they are starting industries."

When the visitors rose to take their leave, Sister Xavier and two others of the little colony followed them to the door, and there bade them warmly goodbye.

"Do not forget your visit to the Maison de l'Enfant Jesus at Ning-po, as we shall certainly not forget it. For us it has been a great day, and brought us a breath of heaven," and Sister Xavier waved to her guests as they mounted their chairs and started off down the street.

RT. REV. RICHARD SCANNELL, D D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

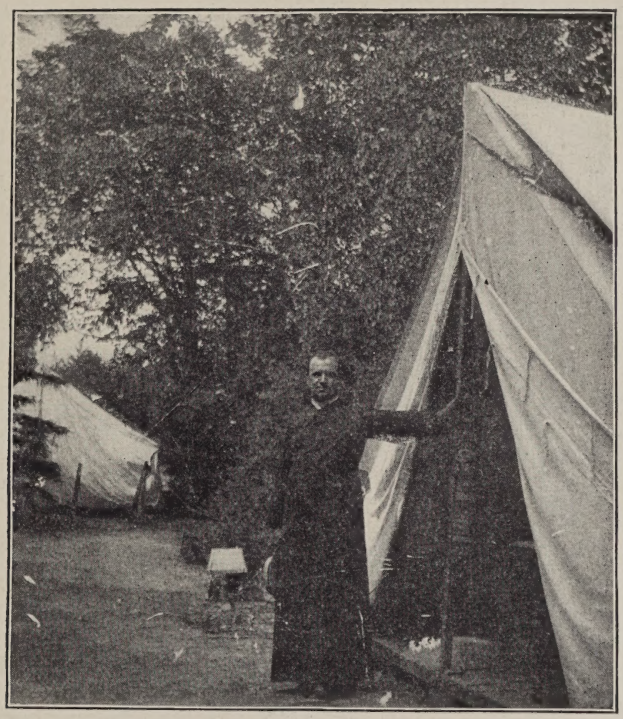
The action of the Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell, D.D., Bishop of Omaha, Nebraska, in excommunicating Catholics who participated in the wedding ceremonies of Congressman Kennedy and Miss Prichett must have a wholesome effect not only on those members of the Church who deem their wealth or position sufficient reason for violating the rules laid down for their guidance, but also on another class as well — those who raise the cry of favoritism or influence as a means of securing concessions. The Church gives proof every day that respect for persons does not enter into its decisions when its decrees have been disregarded. The Catholic who acted as bridesmaid has a fortune of $1,000,000, and one of the guests at the reception is married to one of the

wealthiest Catholics in the country, but the very fact of such social prominence made the judgment against them more severe.

Another pastoral act that has received much attention from the press, religious and secular, is the circulation of Archbishop Bruchesi's letter, condemning a certain class of dramas and calling on his people to remain away from the theatres where such plays are presented.

his direction has attained wide popularity among the young people, while the older members of the school recall with keen intellectual pleasure the lectures and talks given by the reverend president.

A large meeting of the friends of the Summer School was held recently, at the Cathedral College, New York, to consider plans for a grand bazaar to increase the treasury funds. A feature of much interest will be a Catholic authors'



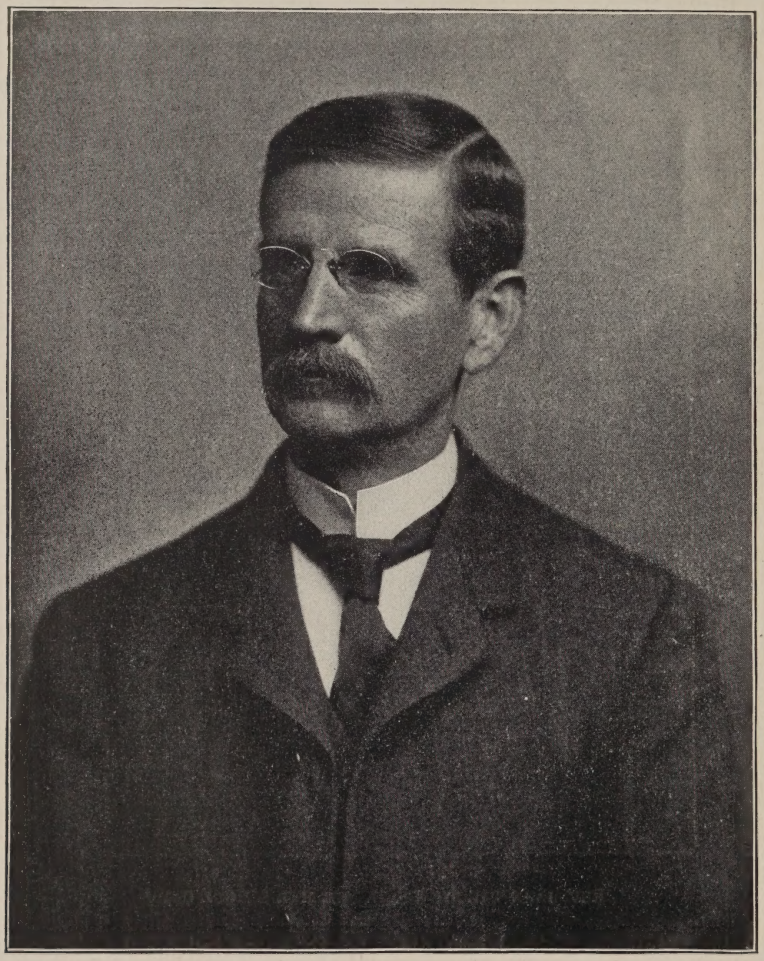
REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH. SUMMER SCHOOL CAMP.

The Catholic Summer School has always been fortunate in its choice of officers — which accounts, no doubt, for the splendid success it has achieved. The appointment of the Rev. John Talbot Smith as President gives promise of great things for the coming year. Father Smith's activity in Summer School work dates back to the founding of the Champlain Assembly. The Camp under

booth, attended by the different Catholic authors, whose works will be for sale. The authors themselves will inscribe their autographs on the first page of their own works. There will also be an actors' and actresses' booth, attended by the Catholic actresses and actors who will be in and about New York at that time.

The former Summer School presidents, residing in New York, the

Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, V. G., and the Rev. Denis J. McMahon, D.D., together with the present brilliant incumbent, are all working enthusiastically and doing their utmost to enlist the active co-operation of their friends.



JOHN McKENNA.

Mr. John J. McKenna, general manager of the Newark *Advertiser* has had an all-round experience of journalism, including ten years as reporter on the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* and twenty years with the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* serving twelve years as dramatic and musical editor, and eight years as city editor. In 1902 he left the *Ledger* to take the position of city editor of the Philadelphia *Record,* but illness forced him to resign after a brief period. Since then Mr. McKenna edited *City and State,* with Mr. Herbert Walsh, until May, 1905, when he took general charge of the *Advertiser,* a paper that shows many marks of growing prosperity, and compares favorably

with the best afternoon papers published in any city. It is the oldest daily journal in New Jersey.

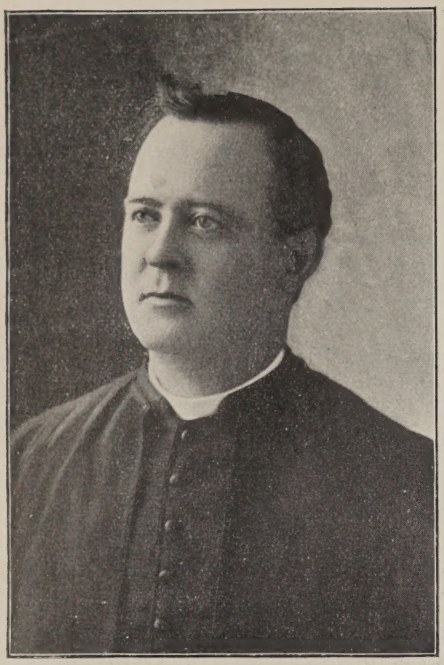
Born in Philadelphia, Mr. McKenna received his education in St. Philip's school, under the late Vicar General Cantwell. On leaving school he tried various occupations — drug clerk, casting iron and brass, coal dealer — but after a few years found his place in the newspaper world.

For nearly twenty years Mr. McKenna acted as choir master of the Sacred Heart Church, Philadelphia. He was married in 1872 to Miss Mary Lindsay, daughter of Capt. James P. Lindsay, who served in the U. S. Navy during the Civil War, and is one of the oldest survivors of a class of shipmasters who were famous in their day. Five children were born of the union, the oldest of whom is Dr. John A. McKenna, of Landsdowne, Pennsylvania, a member of the professorial force of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, and a widely-known officer of the Knights of Columbus. The youngest son, Edwin J. McKenna, is in the novitiate at the Augustinian Theological College at Villa Nova.

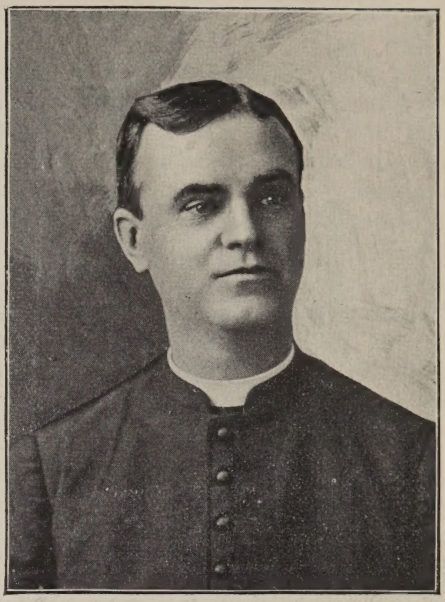
EXCEEDING ALL.

Long life's a lovely thing to know,
With lovely health and wealth, forsooth,
And lovely name and fame — But O
The loveliness of Youth!

From "Songs O' Cheer," by James Whitcomb Riley.



REV. PHILIP J. O'DONNELL.



REV. PATRICK H. CALLANAN.

A MONTH OF SILVER JUBILEES.

BY J. S. MORAN.

During December, 1905, seven priests in the Archdiocese of Boston, celebrated the silver jubilee of their ordination. The Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, Pastor of St. Philip's Church, Roxbury, and the Rev. Patrick H. Callanan, Pastor of St. John's Church, Newton Lower Falls, observed the memorable anniversary on the same day.

The city parish in the centre of business activities makes a large demand on the resources of the pastor, and only a man of marked ability, endowed with a personality to win and hold the love and respect of his people, can give permanency to the work of upbuilding and solidifying. This Father O'Donnell has succeeded in doing despite adverse conditions.

The parish was formed in 1895 by taking territory from St. Patrick's, St. Francis de Sales, and the Cathedral. The Catholic population of the section was then about seven thousand. The Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, at that time a curate in Cambridge, was promoted to the pastorship of the new parish. Old St. Patrick's, on Northampton street, was used for the services until a new church could be built. Land was bought, and the corner-stone of the present large brick church was laid, September 20th, 1896, and the first Mass was celebrated on Easter Sunday, 1897. A Sunday School attended by a large number of children, sodalities and associations for older parishioners, and many other flourishing activities bear witness to the pastor's energy and zeal. The closing exercises of the Sunday school,

in 1905, formed a most interesting demonstration of the results obtained by Father O'Donnell in the religious instruction of the children of the parish, and of his success in enlisting the co-operation of parents.

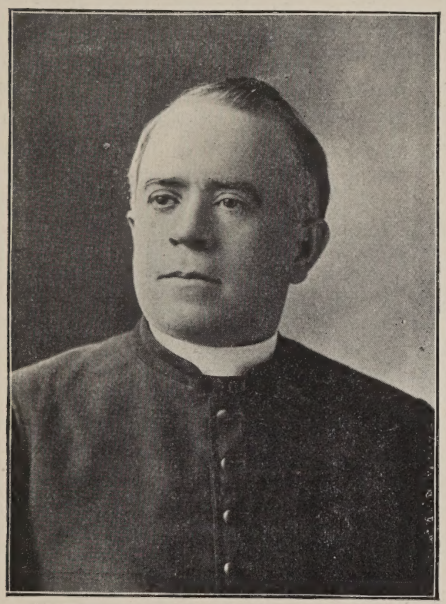
Coincident with the celebration of this pastor's silver jubilee was the occurrence of the same anniversary in the priestly life of Rev. Edward A. Kelley of Chicago, a seminary classmate of Father O'Donnell. Father Kelley is one of the influential priests of Chicago, and no clergyman in that city is more beloved by people of all classes — poor and rich alike. Finley Peter Dunne, one of his warm admirers, has made the name of Father Kelley known the world over in his "Mr. Dooley" sketches.

The celebration ceremonies of Father O'Donnell's jubilee began with Solemn High Mass, at which the pastor officiated. There was a special musical programme by the choir and soloists of the church.

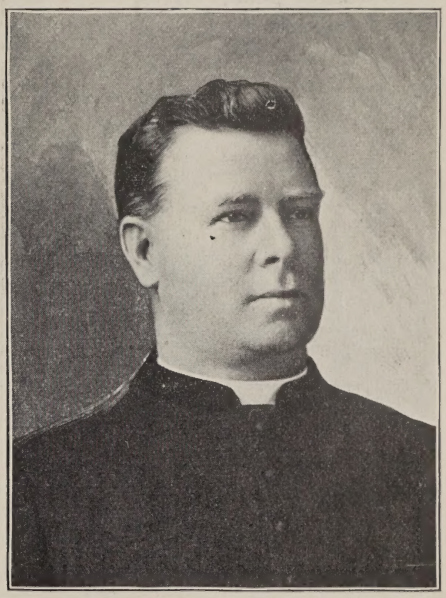
Father O'Donnell afterwards entertained at dinner a number of his more intimate friends among the clergy, and they, like several thousand parishioners, and many friends outside the parish, tendered him their congratulations and good wishes.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Patrick H. Callanan was a memorable occasion in St. John's Church. Father Callanan was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass, and was assisted by old friends among the clergy. The Rev. M. F. Delaney of Natick acted as deacon; the Rev. C. J. Galligan of West Newton, sub-deacon, and the Rev. E. F. McLeod of St. Joseph's Church, Boston, a former assistant to Father Callanan, master of ceremonies. The jubilee sermon was delivered by the Rev. John J. Ryan of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge.

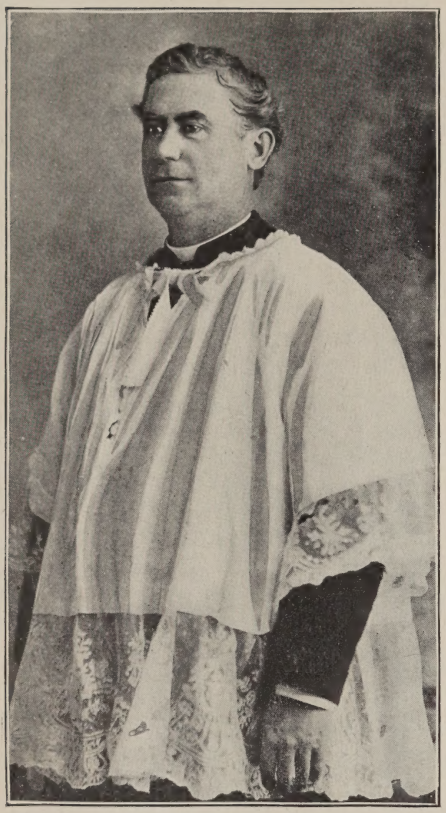
The ceremonies were followed by a dinner for the participating clergymen.



REV JOHN M. DONOVAN.



REV. AMBROSE ROCHE.



REV. JAMES GILDEA.

In the evening the pastor was the guest at a public reception tendered him. Addresses were made by clergy and by prominent citizens of Newton and Wellesley, among whom were Mayor Weed of Newton, Selectmen Warren and Cunningham, and Colonel Noah A. Plympton of Wellesley.

Rev. Patrick H. Callanan was appointed pastor over a district comprising not only Lower Falls, but Wellesley Hills, Wellesley, and part of Weston. Arriving at his post in November, 1890, he set to work with energy, and immediately remodelled the church. In the following summer he erected a parochial house of seventeen rooms. The next addition to the property was a stable — in country parishes where the pastor works alone, as Father Callanan was working at this time, an absolute necessity. The grounds about the church, house, and stable were graded and beautified and have been kept in this condition, making the church property an ornament to the town, as well as an important factor in its development.

The cost of these improvements was $27,000. On the fifteenth anniversary of Father Callanan's ordination, which was celebrated December 18, 1895, the last dollar of indebtedness was paid off. The event was made the occasion of a spontaneous testimonial from the congregation, at which members of the parish, and Protestant neighbors also, of-

REV. WILLIAM J. MILLERICK.

fered addresses of warm congratulation. A purse was presented to the pastor, and other gifts, from the Sunday-school and from individual parishioners, made the day a happy and memorable one in the retrospect of work accomplished.

Father Callanan was born in New York, but was educated at Boston College. He had been pastor at Foxboro before his transfer to Newton Lower Falls, and had exhibited there the same energy and devotion which have accomplished such creditable results at St. John's.

Some years ago Father Callanan contributed to the Stylus a series of papers that must have awakened the interest of alumni of Boston College, all over the country, so intimately did they treat of the students and times, and of the faculty under whom the writer had studied.

The Rev. Ambrose F. Roche of West Quincy, the Rev. William J. Millerick of Stoughton, the Rev. John M. Donovan of Ipswich, the Rev. Thomas J. McCluskey, S. J. of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, and the Rev. James Gildea, Worcester, also completed twenty-five years in the priesthood, in the past month, a quarter century of nobly directed effort for the betterment of their fellow-men.

THE BENEDICTION.

BY EVE GERTRUDE GILBERT.

Hark: the resounding bell
  On silence stealing:
Twice, thrice, with measur'd knell
  Solemnly pealing.

Kneel ye of contrite heart,
  Earnestly praying
All evil may depart
  Without delaying.

Rise from thy bended knee,
  E'en prayer must cease;
God's blessing follow thee
  Depart in peace.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

Great things had been predicted of Martin Hern even from his childhood. Nature had been lavish in the endowment of his mind and body. The precocious child developed into the smart boy who was easily the foremost in his studies without losing any of the genial disposition which was his prime qualification in the making of friends.

Then he was the college youth coming home from graduation with a brilliant record of many a gold medal, and a degree summa cum laude, and, best of all, with a heart unspoiled, a humility deep and lasting, despite the tributes of praise which in less degree might well have turned the head of a self-conscious youth.

It was no surprise when Martin made known his intention of entering the ecclesiastical seminary to study for the priesthood, to which he had felt himself called even from the days when he had first served the priest at the altar. He would be a great churchman some day, it was said; perhaps an archbishop, nay even a cardinal who would be a great power for good in an unbelieving world. But the seminarian had no thought of such distinctions, content alone with the knowledge that to be elected to the priesthood of Christ was an honor infinitely beyond his deserts. In this spirit he applied himself to his work with the same old story of success, till on the day of ordination Martin Hern was in learning first of the two score of Levites consecrated to the Most High. The best appointment was surely not too good for him. Even his classmates recognized and admitted that. He would be sent to a city parish, to the cathedral, where his learning and eloquence would advance the interests of Holy Church and win over the proud-minded who had gone astray in looking for the novelties of the world.

It was a surprise, therefore, to the friends of the young priest when it was known that he had been appointed to Walton. Walton above all! the most miserable, malarial, barbarous place in the whole diocese! Walton with its handful of people, its uncouth, uneducated laborers with their rough tongues and rougher minds. What use there for theological lore, for the erudition he had labored so hard to attain? What use for the eloquent sermons he composed, his deep historical research, his well-trained, beautiful voice? The long years of preparation with all the talent which God had given seemed to be worse than useless, like wasting sweetness on the desert air. There was a rebellion in the young priest's heart. He knew his talent, his ability, he knew best of all the hard work he had done and this was the result! Men of far less erudition, far less oratorical power were sent to fine appointments and he to Walton, Walton the despicable, which had always been a byword in the mouth of everybody.

Surely the Bishop had used little discretion in the appointments. It was a game of chance and not a matter of justice. Justice? And here it was that the better nature of the young priest asserted itself. Where was the fancied injustice after all? What right had he to say that justice had not been done? Was it not enough to be a laborer in the Lord's vineyard however hard and uninviting the work might be? Was he not relying on his own strength when he fancied that it was only right for him to

be placed in a prominent position to cope with the world and its insidious temptations? The weak to confound the strong! The simple fishermen to be victors in the empire, the priest of ordinary talent to lead to God the strong and proud-hearted! The voice of God called him to Walton, and in an obedient spirit, with a smile in his heart and on his lips and the words of the Master ringing in his ears "The first shall be last and the last first"— the man who had ever been marked out as a genius went to Walton. Men declared it the hiding of a light, the perversion of a genius. It was the training of obedience, recognizing the authority of one who was the representative of God. Here was the duty of every Levite, and Martin Hern had enough of the saint in him to trample beneath his feet the old offending pride. And yet there was many a time that the old offender had to be castigated. Down in that lonely wilderness where the ocean roared incessantly, and the grey rocks of the coast brought gloom to the heart with their dreary and foreboding darkness it required a courage little less than supernatural to be happy. But the young priest set to work with the conviction that along with God he could make his own happiness despite the drawbacks which were inevitable.

He was there a week when his first sick call came. Mary Harrison, a member of the worst family in town, was dying. What was the matter? The old father soaked with drink did not know — only that she was calling for a priest and he had come for one.

"Where are you going, Father?" asked one of the neighbors seeing him hurrying along with the old man.

"To Harrison's. Do you know anything about the case?"

"Merciful God! Father, keep away! It's the smallpox, and violent. She's no good anyway, never goes to church. It'll do her no good. Anyway she won't have you."

Smallpox! It chilled the young priest to think of it. He had ever dreaded the disease. He knew that when he vowed himself to the service of God it meant the obligation of giving life itself if necessary for the spiritual salvation of his sheep. It was beautiful, sublime in theory, but when it was necessary to practise it the natural man revolted. Yet it was hardly a revolt in his mind, rather a temptation of the pride of life in the fear that death was perhaps so near.

"But she sent for me, and even if she didn't she is in need of a priest."

It was his only comment. He did not hesitate even when he reached the wretched house where the stricken girl lay dying. It was not a loathsome body he beheld, but a soul that had turned to God when the world would have no more of its adulation. In such a moment he felt as never before the consolations of religion, and when he left the wretched hovel, his mission accomplished, a sweet and solemn feeling pervaded his soul.

Soon every family in Walton felt the touch of the dread disease, and the wail of distress went sweeping over the grey rocks into the sea. It was the season of the young priest's apostolate, there in that miserable village where the hand of God rested heavily. The outside world, noting the ceaseless efforts of the young man, openly proclaimed his courage and zeal in ministering the sacraments to his people.

He was praised as a hero, an unflinching servant of God. But he did not hear the sounding of his praises. He was too busy, too isolated, too much enwrapt in caring for the afflicted. He had no thought of himself. Why should he? He was a Catholic priest, a successor of noble soldiers and their great General

Who died that others might live. And so it went on till the scourge had spent its fury. All was quiet again in Walton, and then one day there came to the busy world without the news that the young apostle was the victim of his own devotion. They buried him near the shore. No rolling organ chanted his requiem, but the thunderous wail of the black unsmiling sea. No concourse of mourners spoke his praises or whispered a prayer for his soul. In humility he came, in humility he went.

To the world it was an ignominious end, after all an unnecessary sacrifice. Ambitious friends had predicted that his name would be inscribed on the pages of history, and the Lord saw fit to write it instead amid the humble and unknown on the Book of Life.

THE LIGHT.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

The valley is in shadow; far
Upon the height — where eagles nest,
Secure from man's too prying quest,—
The warm light lingers; and a star
Comes palely forth — a wav'ring scar
Above the glowing mountain crest.
Canst look, brave bird, into the west,
And see the sun beyond the bar?

O trusting bird, like thee, we stand
Upon the height, and feel no fear;
Though day is merging into night,
And shadows lurk on ev'ry hand —
The sun still shines, or far, or near —
God reigns alway. He is the Light.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Letters on Christian Doctrine. By F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905.

This is a collection of original, practical, and judicial letters or dissertations upon the Commandments of God and the Precepts of the Church. We have long needed a work which would supply direction upon many points encountered in the diverse phases of modern civilization; and Fr. Zulueta has supplied this want in a masterful way. We have really nothing in the English language that approaches the book for its array of practical suggestions and for its useful directions. Questions that never occurred under previous conditions, but which now press for a solution, are treated with lucidity and fulness. Take, for example, the subject of the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic ceremonies.

"We must notice the difference between *civil* or *social*, and *religious* acts — that is to say, between actions performed by a man in the character of a citizen or member of society, and those which are exclusively of a *religious* complexion. Thus being *simply present* at a baptism conferred by a non-Catholic minister, or at a marriage between *two Protestants* in a Protestant Church — even in the capacity of bridesmaid — may be tolerated, in England at least, since here this is regarded merely as a piece of courtesy or social 'attention' paid to the parties concerned, for family reasons, and not at all, under ordinary circumstances, as any sign of worship or of adhesion to any particular form of faith. To attend a 'mixed' marriage which the Catholic party allows to be celebrated *in defiance of Catholic laws* is quite another matter.

"But in the case of baptism a Catholic cannot be godparent or 'sponsor' either *by proxy*, since this would be answering for the erroneous religious faith of the godchild, or *in person*, for this would be to take an important part in the religious rite itself. A Catholic parent, e.g., in a mixed marriage may on no account share in arranging for her child's baptism by a non-Catholic minister. Moreover, unless grave trouble would befall her, she must positively oppose it. A Catholic *nurse* or servant is not forbidden simply to hold the infant on the occasion as a matter of convenience and part of her domestic service. As regards *marriages*, a Catholic ought not to *sign as a necessary witness*, since this action constitutes a confirmation of the union, which, being *necessarily* a Sacrament of Christ when contracted by a baptized Christian, is unlawfully celebrated by anyone not deputed by the true Church of Christ.

"In the case of *burials* there is still less difficulty in Catholic attendance, amongst us, since here it is perfectly recognized that the ties of relationship, respect for the person, and memory of the dead (not for his religious errors), and sympathy with the mourners, form adequate motives for *civil* attendance. *Public officials* of the State or *civil functionaries* may attend functions, although these be mingled with religious services of the non-Catholic State Church — at all events, *when they have not the choice* of going to their own Catholic places of worship. This applies to such solemnities as coronations and other State ceremonies, to Aldermen and Councillors, and other officials accompanying a non-Catholic Mayor on his official attendance at Church."

Addresses: Historical—Political—Sociological. By Frederic R. Coudert. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

For many years Frederic R. Coudert was the light and the pride of the New York legal profession. In the midst of a life unusually crowded with literary and legal engagements he contrived to find time for deep research and for active interest in every plan that tended to the uplifting of humanity. Born of a family famous for strength and nobility of character, he showed even in boyhood those traits which in after life won him the sincere veneration of his fellow-citizens. Studious, refined, earnest, deeply religious, always interested in topics of the day, unselfish and high-minded — his memory is one of the most precious legacies the country has received from the City of New York.

These addresses have been singularly well-chosen, for they reflect his ripe wisdom, his broad knowledge, his absolute fearlessness, and his sterling integrity. It is peculiarly pleasant to notice the following words of Mr. Justice Patterson: "In these days of rampant materialism, there is not often to be found a character so pure, or a faith so simple and strong as his. To his apprehension, the future life was quite as much a reality as the present; and that belief was a consolation and a joy, in a long twilight which to him was that which preceded the rising and not the setting of the sun." To the clever lawyer, to the ambitious statesman, to the clear-headed master-of-commerce, to the upright layman in every call-

ing these addresses speak a message which must help to ennoble the individual and to benefit the nation. How comforting to read these notable words: "No man need blush because his heart beats high and his speech grows warm for his country, his home, or his faith, nor because a tender chord binds him to the mother that made him what he is. True sentiment is not weakness; it is strength. It makes fragrant the commonplaces of life; it throws a purple mantle over the humblest occupation, and keeps alive the sacred fires in the temple of pure and genuine manhood." Would that the rising generation would heed this lofty advice!

The Priests of Holy Cross. By the Rev. John Cavanagh, C.S.C. University Press. Notre Dame, Ind. 1905.

A sympathetic sketch of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and of the wonderful work accomplished by the able members of that apostolic body. The University of Notre Dame is the best-equipped Catholic institution in the country and it is a proof of what marvels can be wrought by zeal, unselfishness, and religious enterprise.

Forget-Me-Nots from Many Gardens. By a Member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905.

This collection of helpful thoughts from many authors forms a "Thirty-Days Devotion" to the Holy Souls. What greater boon can we confer upon these poor, helpless exiles from Heaven, than to help effectually in the shortening of their term of banishment? From this little book we can learn many methods of relieving, practically, the "Prisoners of Love."

The Tragedy of Calvary. By Rev. James L. Meagher. New York. Christian Press Association Pub. Co. 1905.

Father Meagher, a veritable apostle of the pen in more ways than one, gives us in this book a detailed sketch of Christ's life from Palm Sunday morning to the Resurrection and the Ascension. The able author draws upon prophecy, history, revelations, and ancient writings, so that we have a volume which will not only increase the devotion but which will considerably augment the treasures of knowledge possessed by the average Christian.

Rose O' The River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrations in color by George Wright. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston, 1905. $1.25.

Rose Wiley, the heroine of this idyl of country life, is the belle of a Maine village. She is a trifle spoiled by the attentions she received from her numerous admirers, but events develop the real strength of her character, and justify Stephen Waterman's faith in her. "Old Kennebec," Rose's grandfather, is one of those unthrifty mortals who are always willing to give advice, but very chary of engaging in labor.

"The climate of any place where you hev regular work never did and never will suit you," remarked the old man's wife, at the same time commenting acridly on his interest in the affairs of his neighbors.

"Mindin' your own business is a turrible selfish trade," he asserted, in vindication. "If your neighbor is more ignorant than you are you'd ought to set him on the right track — though it's always a turrible risky thing to do."

His advice to the loggers is full of the quiet humor in which Mrs. Wiggin delights. Pictures of logging and jam-breaking on the Saco are vividly drawn, and the building of the little home that Stephen intends for Rose is so realistically described that one can almost see the dainty interior with the rose paper to which Mr. Wiley objected, stating his preference for "rough-plastered walls, where you could lay an' count the spots where the roof leaked."

Prayer. Selections from Father Faber. By Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. R. & T. Washbourne, London. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905.

These selections on Prayer are made up of the two chapters from Faber treating of Prayer, and Distractions and their Remedies, in "Growth in Holiness," with corroborative and illustrative passages from that and other of his works, especially that section of "All For Jesus" which deals with "The Mystery of Prayer." The practical treatment of mental and vocal prayer will be found very helpful. The prohibitive price of Father Faber's books prevents many from owning them, and these will be pleased to have presented to them in popular form his doctrine on the duty of prayer.

For the White Rose. By Katherine Tynan Hinkson.
The Children of Cupa. By Mary E. Mannix.
The Violin Maker. By Sara Trainer Smith.
The Dollar Hunt. From the French, by E. G. Martin.

Benziger Brothers. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. 1905. 45 cents.

These four volumes will make a pleasing addition to the fiction shelves of the home library. The stories vary widely in treatment and incident, but all are well told, and hold the reader's attention closely. Much credit is due to the publishers for their ef-

forts to put out good reading matter at reasonable rates. These books are neatly and durably bound, with a uniform design stamped on the cover, and will make very acceptable gifts.

Where the Road Led, and Other Stories. $1.25.
A Double Knot and Other Stories. $1.25.
One Afternoon and Other Stories. $1.25.

These three books, from the publishing house of Benziger Brothers, New York, include in their contents some of the best short stories written in recent times. The name of Anna T. Sadlier is so familiar to Catholic readers that to see it at the head of the list of contents is in itself an inducement to read farther. Miss Sadlier contributes the initial story from which the collection takes it name "Where the Road Led." "The road seemed interminable," says the author, but those who follow her along it to the point where Peter Herbert reveals to the heroine that he is a millionaire, will find it all too short. A rather remarkable oversight is that the winsome little lady who captures Peter's heart has been given no name other than "Missy" or "Dearest."

Mary T. Waggaman, Magdalen Rock, Mary E. Mannix, Mary G. Bonesteel, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Clara Mulholland, Mrs. Francis Chadwick, Mary Catherine Crowley, Jerome Harte, Maurice Francis Egan, Alice Richardson, Eugenie Uhlrich, and Mary F. Nixon-Roulet are the other contributors to this very attractive book.

Grace Keon, whose story "Not a Judgment," excited so much interest when it appeared serially in DONAHOE'S is represented in "The Double Knot," by a charmingly tender story of a little child whose mission it was to win a soul back to the faith.

"One Afternoon and Other Stories," from the pen of Marion Ames Taggart is another excellent collection dealing with varied interests and proving the attractive quality of the author's style. "The Professor's Christmas Gift" should have had first place.

Matilda, Countess of Tuscany. By Mrs. Mary E. Huddy. St. Louis. Herder. 1905.

Few female characters in history have been so devoted to the Holy See as Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, generally known as the "Great Countess." She was born of an illustrious family in 1046, and she became, by the death of her father when she was only eight years old, the Countess of Tuscany, Liguria, part of Lombardy, Modena and Ferrara.

The days in which she lived were times of bitter struggles for the Church, for the cause of religion was sadly hampered by the lawless deeds of the various anti-popes, and by the rebellious attitude of the secular rulers who took the part of these intruders, especially Henry IV of Germany. During this unfortunate period there was only one ruler who was always loyal to the Holy See, always devoted to the rightful head of the Church, ready to aid the Supreme Pontiff in his efforts to restore ecclesiastical discipline and to bring about the adoption of a high standard of morality on the part of the Catholic nations — and this ruler was the fearless, high-minded Countess of Tuscany. She has been compared by many Church writers to Debbora, for, like that noble prophetess, she too was destined to aid the children of God effectually in the warfare against injustice and immorality. Matilda was, indeed, a woman of wonderful personality, for she possessed a remarkable keenness of intellectual insight, a fine judicial temperament, a broad knowledge of affairs, an unwonted love of justice, an unusual quickness of decision, and a sense of loyalty as rare as it is worthy of the highest admiration. In the wars, brought about by the German Emperor and by the anti-popes, she fought, frequently single-handed, the battles of the Holy See, for the safe-guarding of which she spared neither her soldiers nor her estates. It was her castle at Canossa that was the scene of the dramatic surrender of Henry IV, when the excommunicated emperor humbly sued for pardon and for re-instatement in the favor of the Church. On this memorable occasion the countess made a gift of her possessions to the Holy See, reserving to herself only the usufruct of the same.

She was twice married, first to Godfred of Lorraine, and, secondly, to Guelph of Bavaria. Both her husbands seem to have been men of little note, for they exercised little or no influence upon the other rulers of their day. It is well that the deeds of this illustrious woman should be told both adequately and vividly, and we must congratulate Mrs. Huddy upon the success of a work, which must have entailed extensive reading and profound research. We wish that the distinguished author would follow up this volume by others upon the many famous women who have, during the centuries, ably championed the cause of religion.

A Modern Martyr, Theophane Venard. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. Revised and annotated by the Rev. James Anthony Walsh, Society of the Propagation of the Faith, 75 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass. 1905. $1.00.

This book is an absorbing recital of brave deeds inspired by spiritual motives, the life-

story of one who gave all for God. It should be a delight to Catholic youth to read of the childhood, the student days, the travels in foreign lands, and the heroism of Theophane Venard. In the introduction Father Walsh tells of the ordination in Paris, in 1852, of two young men, one of whom was afterwards the honored Superior of St. John's Seminary, Brighton. The other, Théophane Vénard, after seven years labor in China, was beheaded for the Faith. To Father Hogan the editor of this volume is indebted for a first acquaintance with the life of the French Martyr, whose letters, read in the Seminary days at Brighton, have always been a treasured memory. The impressions received led, in after years, to the meeting of Father Walsh with Eusebius Venard, now the pastor of Assai, where the American priest secured most of the photographs and extra data which appear in the volume. From Assai, Father Walsh went to London, where he called upon Lady Herbert, who generously placed her book at his disposal. The result of Father Walsh's efforts and travels to secure all possible information on the subject is this volume which has the charm of a story together with the greater interest excited by the narration of heroic sacrifices made for the Faith.

QUESTION BOX.

Did Christ himself forbid marriage within the fourth degree of kinship or is this prohibition merely an ecclesiastical enactment?

To answer this question adequately we must bear in mind that natural consanguinity is the bond between persons descended from the same stock. It is of two kinds, *direct* and *collateral*. Where one descends from another, as, for example, children from parents, grandchildren from grandparents, the bond is called *direct*, if the bond is not one of direct descent, as the relation between brother and sister, or between cousins, the kinship is said to be *collateral*. Consanguinity in the *direct* line is held by theologians to be always a bar to a valid marriage, and this impediment springs, according to the teaching of the majority of theologians, from the natural law. With regard to *collateral* consanguinity it is generally held that the impediment is of ecclesiastical law alone, except in the first degree, about the origin of which theologians greatly differ. That the law nullifying marriages in the collateral line to the fourth degree is of ecclesiastical origin is evident from the legislation of the Church upon the subject. Up to the year 1216 Canon law extended the prohibition to the seventh degree of kindred. Pope Innocent XXIII, however, in the Fourth Lateran Council, reduced the prohibition to the fourth collateral degree. This ordinance continues in force at the present time. But inasmuch as this extension is a matter of ecclesiastical regulation, the same power which made the law can dispense therefrom. Hence for cogent reasons Church authorities can and do dispense from the prohibition and thus marriages between persons so related are sometimes permitted. It must be noticed that in computing the kinship the degrees are calculated by summing up the number of persons in each line, omitting the person from whom they descend. Thus brothers and sisters are akin in the first collateral line, first cousins are akin in the second degree, second cousins in the third degree, and third cousins in the fourth degree. Hence fourth cousins are not affected by the prohibition, and one may marry his *fourth* cousin without departing from the present regulations of the Church in matters of consanguinity.

What is the meaning of the following words used by Our Lord after He had foretold the destruction of the temple and the signs that were to precede it: "Amen, I say to you that this generation shall not pass till all these things be done. Heaven and earth shall pass, but my words shall not pass." (St. Matthew, c. xxiv, vv. 34, 35.)?

St. Jerome interprets the thirty-fourth verse of the whole human race, so that the meaning is, "Before the human race has passed away, all the things foretold shall come to pass." Or, again, just as the whole world in another place is called a creature, so here it is called *a generation*, and hence the interpretation would run as follows: "What is foretold is so certain to come to pass, that this world will not be ended, before every prediction has been fulfilled." In the thirty-fifth verse Our Lord emphasizes the value to be attached to His words which will remain in force and which will not pass away, even though the Heavens and earth suffer change and vicissitudes. Amid all the varying phases of these changeable bodies the words of Christ shall retain their power.

THE ART OF MAKING MONEY PLENTY in every Man's Pocket; by Doctor Franklin.

At this w the  complaint is t   ss o ce
t must  an act of kindness  in  the  less how they
reinforce their   w ll acquaint  with the t secret
of   ching the certain way  fill empty  & how
keep them  ways full. Two simple  observed w ll do
the bus ness. 1st Let ho y and  thy const
Com ions. 2d. S d one  every day, less than thy
d gains; T  sh thy  soon  oin to
thr ve. thy cred tors will n r insult thee, nor
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The whole  hem will sh ne  hter, and
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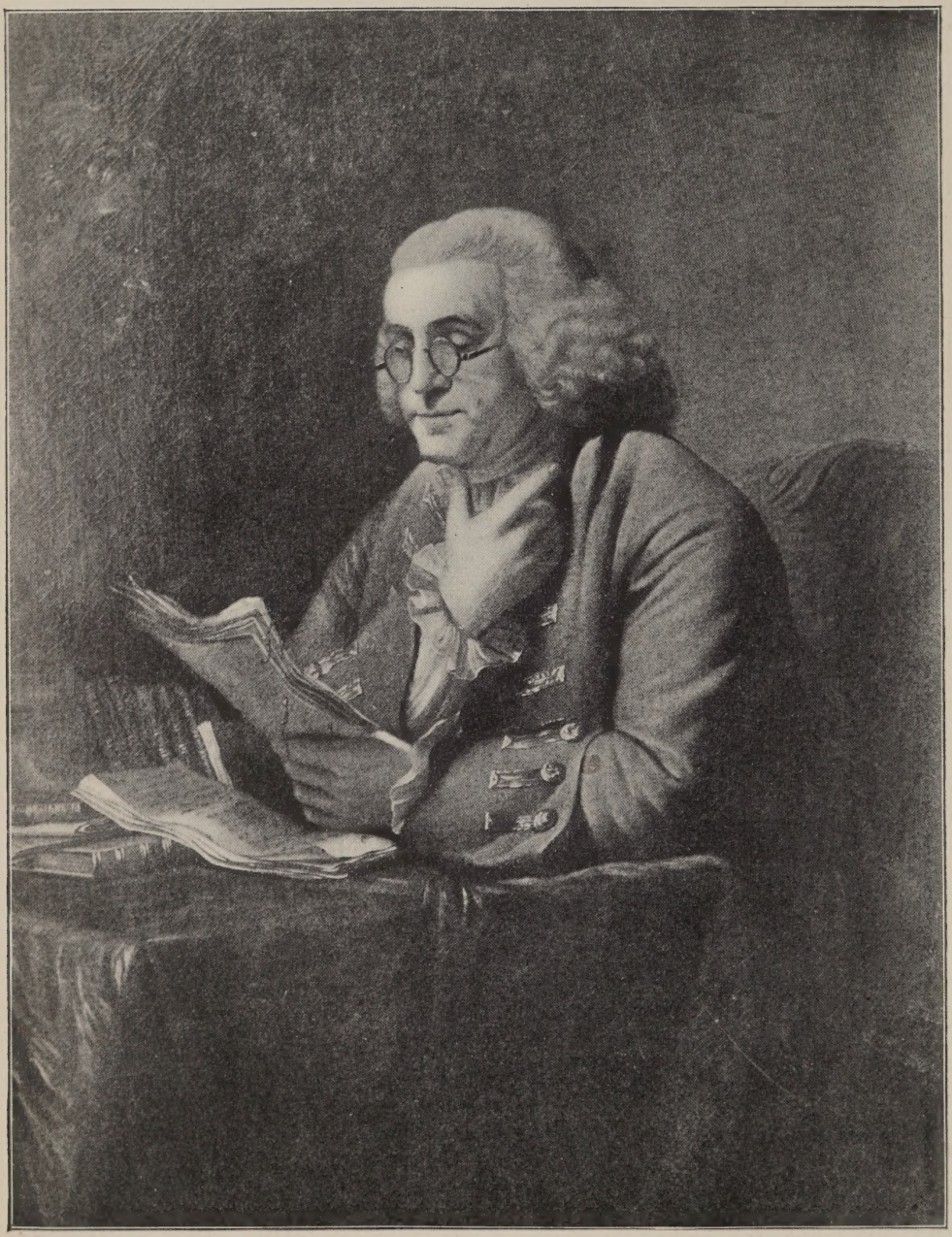
Now therefore emb these  and  Happy.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

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SCENE AT THE FRANKLIN MONUMENT IN THE GRANARY BURYING GROUND, BOSTON, JAN. 17, 1906.

FRANKLIN AS A PRINTER.

BY HENRY GORDON.

"From my earliest years I had been passionately fond of reading, and I laid out in books all the money I could procure," wrote Benjamin Franklin, the "bookish youth" born in Boston, two hundred years ago. On the seventeenth of January, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the City of Boston united to do honor to the memory of this illustrious son. The speakers of the occasion dwelt upon the statecraft and the achievements in science that marked his career, and laid special emphasis on his skill as a printer, thereby paying to him the tribute that he coveted above all others.

"The world at large puts one estimate on his achievements, but he himself put another," said the Hon. Samuel A. Green. "The world judges him by the lofty positions which he reached in the fields of science and statecraft, but he himself placed the

FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE, BOSTON.

printer's art before all other of his acquirements. During a long life he never forgot that he was a printer first, and minister plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the court of France, afterward: and still later president of the state of Pennsylvania. In his last will and testament, drawn up less than two years before his death, he sets forth these distinctive titles in the order here given."

In similar vein the Governor of the State eulogized the man who, despite the triumphs and honors won in many lines of effort, was proudest of all of his skill as an artisan:

"Our first debt to Franklin is to him as a printer and a mechanic. He lived as a printer here in Boston. He was ever proud of this distinction, and in his description of himself in papers, and especially in his will, the first title he gave himself was that of printer, and after that the other titles that belong to him. This pride in his trade lasted through his life; whether here in Boston, in Philadelphia, or in London, or in after years as a publisher, he was always a printer. That he was a good printer we all know. He understood the art of his business, and he has left no better monument than that of a typesetter.

"His craft of to-day know well the work of Franklin, and they gather new inspiration when they read of his endeavors to place his trade in the front ranks. Ever an intelligent class in every community, Franklin was the printer of printers, and out of that work he acquired the habits of writing, and to such an extent that, in the estimation of writers, he set the pace for a good sound English style."

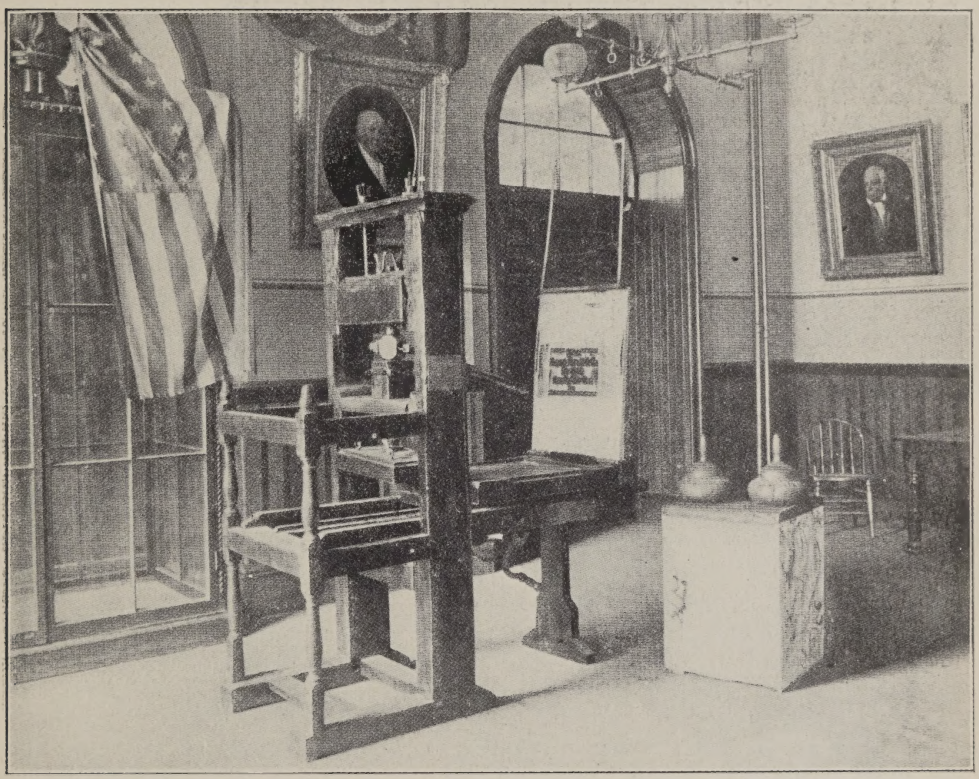
The succession of events that shaped the boy's career from the chandler's shop to the publishing house makes interesting reading, as narrated in the "Autobiography."

"My inclination for books," he tells us, "at last determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already a son in that profession. My brother had returned from England in 1717, with a press and types, in order to establish a printing-house in Boston. This business pleased me much better than that of my father, though I had

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILA.

still a predilection for the sea." To prevent this "predilection" developing the indenturing of the boy was speedily accomplished, and at twelve years of age he found himself bound to his brother for nine years. In a short time he showed "great proficiency and became of much service," but the advantage of his position that impressed him most lent me in the evening, and was to be returned the next morning, lest it might be missed or wanted."

Still better was in store for the studious apprentice. A Mr. Matthew Adams, "an ingenious tradesman," invited him to his home and made him free of his library, a collection of books that had much influence on the youth's mind, in-



FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS

was the opportunity of procuring better books.

"The acquaintance that I necessarily formed with booksellers' apprentices enabled me to borrow a volume now and then, which I never failed to return punctually and without injury. How often has it happened to me to pass the greater part of the night in reading by my bedside, when the book had been

ducing, among other things, the "strange fancy for poetry" which led him to compose several pieces. Seeing possible profit in this, his brother encouraged Benjamin to further effort and published two ballads — "The Lighthouse Tragedy" and "Teach, or Blackbeard." "They were wretched verses in point of style," says the poet, reviewing his early work with the unbiased judg-

THE SCENE DURING THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WHEN FRANKLIN SAID: "WE MUST HANG TOGETHER, OR WE WILL HANG SEPARATELY."

ment of maturer years, "mere blind-men's ditties. When printed, he despatched me about the town to sell them. The first had a prodigious run, because the event was recent, and had made a great noise.

"My vanity was flattered by this success; but my father checked my exultation, by ridiculing my productions, and telling me that versifiers were always poor. I thus escaped the misfortune of being a very wretched poet."

Though severe in criticism of his attempts at poetry, Franklin takes a complacent pride in his ability to write virile prose, and attributes his skill in this direction, in greater part, to the intimacy then existing between himself and another "bookish youth," one John Collins. This friendship was largely based on a mutual liking for argument. "Nothing was so agreeable to us as a war of words," he confesses, and then gives utterance to wise reflections on the folly of "indiscriminate contradiction"— reflections that are equally applicable to disputants of the present day. "Independently of the acrimony and discord it introduces into conversation, it is often productive of dislike, and even hatred between persons to whom friendship is indispensably necessary. I acquired it by reading, while I lived with my father, books of religious controversy. I have since remarked, that men of sense seldom fall into the error: lawyers, Fellows of Universities, and persons of every profession educated at Edinburgh excepted."

Franklin and his friend threshed out many involved questions, among others — the education of women, the less gallant Collins contending that education was beyond feminine capacity, and pouring out on his adversary such a flow of language that he silenced him "more by volubility than by the force of his arguments." The boys carried on the dispute in a series of letters, which fell into the hands of the elder Franklin: "Without entering into the merits of the cause, he embraced the opportunity of speaking to me upon my manner of writing. He observed that though I had the advantage of my adversary in correct spelling and pointing, which I

DRAFTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. THE COMMITTEE—FRANKLIN, JEFFERSON, ADAMS, LIVINGSTONE AND SHERMAN.

owed to my occupation, I was greatly his inferior in elegance of expression, in arrangement, and perspicuity. Of this he convinced me by several examples. I felt the justice of his remarks, become more attentive to language, and resolved to make every effort to improve my style."

As a means to this end he began the study of grammar, and shortly after changed his mode of argument, modeling after the manner of Socrates as a

result of reading Xenophon's work "Memorable Things of Socrates." The disputatious style of John Collins so displeased him that he expresses his belief that "intelligent and well-meaning men" diminish their power of being useful when they express themselves "in a positive and presumptuous manner—defeating every purpose for which the faculty of speech has been bestowed on man."

STATUE OF FRANKLIN, BOSTON.

About this time an odd volume of the *Spectator* fell into the boy's hands, and he found it of such absorbing interest that he bought the volume, and made diligent efforts to model his style after the contributors to the *Spectator,* spending his leisure in reading, memorizing, and writing out articles and poems, until he had acquired much fluency of expression. In such ways he unconsciously prepared himself to be of still greater service to his brother, who in 1720 or 1721, began to print *The New England Courant,* which Franklin speaks of as the second paper published in America. The first was *The Boston News-Letter,* and friends of James Franklin tried to dissuade him from entering into competition, deeming the field already fully occupied "A single newspaper being in their opinion sufficient for all America." On which Benjamin Franklin makes the comment, "At present, 1771, there are no less than twenty-five."

Heedless of advice the publisher car-

ried out his project, and presently the apprentice, not content with the tasks of helping to get out and deliver the paper, became a contributor: "Having written an anonymous piece, I placed it at night under the door of the printing house, where it was found the next morning. My brother communicated it to his friends, who read it, commented upon it within my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure to find that it met with their approbation. . . . . I wrote, and sent to press, in the same way, many other pieces, which were equally approved, keeping the secret until my slender stock of information and knowledge for such performances was pretty completely exhausted, when I made myself known."

The result was that the youthful contributor gained in the esteem of his brother, who, however, continued to use him with indignity.

The insertion of a political article that gave offence to the Assembly brought a crisis in the affairs of the brothers. The elder was sent to prison for a month, and an order issued that "James Franklin should no longer print the newspaper entitled "The New England Courant." The imprisoned publisher, seeking to get the better of the law, cancelled his brother's indentures, and continued to publish his paper with Benjamin as the nominal head and proprietor.

The next step in the youth's career was, he admits, in the wrong direction. He took advantage of the cancelled contract to leave his brother, who in turn showed his resentment by dissuading all the master-printers from giving employment to the boy. The nearest town in which there was a printing-office was New York, and there the discredited apprentice decided to go. He avoided family opposition by keeping his plans to himself. The sale of some books procured a small sum, and aided by his friend, Collins, he secured passage on a sloop, which "by favor of a good wind" brought him to New York in three days. Being told that Philadelphia offered better opportunities, young Franklin determined to go there. After enduring hardships, incredible in these days of luxurious transportation, he arrived in the town.

Applying to Andrew Bradford for work at his trade, Benjamin was given a lodging, and a promise of future employment. In the meantime he was advised to try another printing house, newly settled in the town. His account of this place is interesting: "I found Keimer's printing materials to consist of an old damaged press, and a small fount of worn-out English letters, with which he was at work upon an elegy on Aquila Rose. . . . . Keimer also made verses, but they were but indifferent ones. He could not be said to write in verse, for his method was to set the lines as they flowed from his muse; and as he worked without copy, had but one set of letter cases, and the elegy would probably occupy all his types, it was impossible for any one to assist him. I endeavored to put his press in order, which he had not yet used, and indeed of which he understood nothing; and having promised to return and work off his elegy as soon as it should be ready, I returned to the house of Bradford, who gave me some trifle to do for the present, for which I had my board and lodging."

A discouraging prospect truly! Philadelphia at that time seems to have been poorly equipped for printing. There were only two printing houses, and the masters were far from proficient. Bradford was illiterate, and had no knowledge of the trade; Keimer was a compositor, but no pressman, totally ignorant of the world, yet "a great knave at heart." He procured a lodging for Franklin at the house of Mr. Read. There is a touch of pride in the Boston

boy's recollection of that time: "My trunk and effects having arrived, I thought of making, in the eyes of Miss Read, a more respectable appearance than when chance exhibited me to her view, eating my roll, and wandering in the streets." That he succeeded in impressing the young lady favorably is a well-known bit of history.

Keimer set his elegy, and the boy printed it, after which he was put to work on a pamphlet. But he did not remain long with his new master. Sir William Keith, the Governor of the province, beguiled him from his position, under promise of his support in establishing a printing house that should eclipse anything yet attempted. He even urged the youth to go to London to buy the outfit. Before taking this step, however, Franklin made a visit to Boston, after an absence of seven months. He was joyfully received by his family, with the exception of the brother who had been his master. The Autobiography describes their meeting:

"I went to him at the printing house. I was better dressed than I had ever been while in his service; I had a complete suit of clothes, new and neat, a watch in my pocket, and my purse was furnished with nearly five pounds sterling money. He gave me no very civil reception; and, having eyed me from head to foot, resumed his work."

The workmen were more enthusiastic, plied him with questions, and were deeply impressed by the display he made of silver money. "I failed not after this to let them see my watch, and, at last, my brother continuing sullen and out of humor, I gave them a shilling to drink, and took my leave."

Beyond the pleasure of the reunion the young Franklin derived little profit from his visit. His father disapproved of the scheme suggested by the Governor, and refused to advance funds, basing his objections on the youth of his son, and his lack of experience for such an undertaking. Nothing daunted by this discouragement, Franklin returned to Philadelphia, and finding the Governor still anxious to establish the printing house, he made out an estimate of the cost of a small office, about one hundred pounds. Keith approved his work. There is much quiet humor in Franklin's narration of this chapter in his life story, particularly where he speaks of the Governor's solicitude that he should go to London to select the type, and see that every article was good in its kind. "You will also be able," said he, "to form some acquaintance there, and establish a correspondence with stationers and book-sellers. This I acknowledged was desirable." The intrepid Bostonian sailed for London, and during the passage became acquainted with a Mr. Denham, who did him the friendly service of exposing the Governor's character, stating that no one who knew him relied on his word. "He laughed at my credulity in supposing the Governor would give me a letter of credit, when he had no credit for himself. As I showed some uneasiness respecting what step I should take, he advised me to get employment in the house of some printer. 'You may there,' said he, 'improve yourself in business, and you will be able to settle yourself the more advantageously when you return to America.'"

A suggestion of the distress that seized upon the lad is evident in these words, written after the lapse of many years: "But what are we to think of a Governor who could play so scurvy a trick, and thus grossly deceive a poor young lad, wholly destitute of experience. It was a practice with him. Wishing to please everybody, and having little to bestow, he was lavish of promises."

Franklin was fortunate enough to be engaged at Palmer's, a noted printing-place, where he remained for some time, forming numerous acquaintances, and

acquiring habits of which he speaks with deep regret. With the severance of such associations came an upward movement, prompted in the first place by the desire to lay by some money. He sought admission to a still more important house, and was accepted, continuing there during his stay in London. "I drank nothing but water," he says. "The other workmen, to the number of fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed their hands to carry one. They were surprised to see by this and other examples that the American Aquatic, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again at about six in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work." The force of abstemious example prevailed with several, but the majority continued to drink, borrowing from the sober, when they had squandered their own money.

From the press-room to the composing-room was the next change made by the American boy. "My extraordinary quickness in composing always procured me such work as was most urgent, and which is commonly best paid, and thus my time passed away in a very pleasant manner."

Notwithstanding this satisfaction with his position, Franklin was inclined to consider favorably a project made by a new friend, one Wygate, who tried to induce him to make a tour of Europe, working long enough in each city to secure funds for farther travel. Fortunately the boy listened to the advice of Mr. Denham, who dissuaded him from going to Europe, and directed his thoughts to America instead.

"He told me that it was his intention to carry back with him to Philadelphia a great quantity of goods, in order to open a store; and he offered to take me with him in the capacity of clerk, to keep his books—in which he would instruct me—copy letters, and superintend the store. He added that as soon as I had acquired a knowledge of mercantile transactions, he would improve my situation by sending me with a cargo of corn and flour to the American islands, and by procuring me other lucrative commissions; so that, with good management and economy, I might in time begin business with advantage for myself."

The salary fixed on was fifty pounds a year, less than his wages as a compositor, but the difference was offset by the fair prospects. "I took leave therefore, as I believed forever, of printing, and gave myself up entirely to my new occupation, spending all my time in going from house to house with Mr. Denham to purchase goods, or in packing them up, expediting the workmen, etc." After eighteen months spent in London the wanderer found himself once more in Philadelphia, happy in the thought of a prosperous future, but death intervened in the carrying out of Mr. Denham's plans. That wise and honorable man, the truest friend that Franklin made, was taken ill, and died, leaving his clerk a small legacy, as a mark of his regard.

Cast once more on his own resources, Benjamin thought of Keimer, his former employer, who "had taken a more considerable house, in which he kept a shop, that was well supplied with paper and various other articles. He had procured some new types and a number of workmen; among whom, however, there was not one who was good for anything; and he appeared not to want business."

There was urgent need of a capable

man in such a house, and Keimer offered Franklin a considerable sum to take the entire management. The offer was accepted, though not with any great degree of pleasure or confidence:

"I soon perceived that Keimer's intention in engaging me, at a price so much above what he was accustomed to give, was, that I might from all these raw journeymen and apprentices who scarcely cost him anything, and who, being indentured, would, as soon as they should be sufficiently instructed, enable him to do without me."

The complaint of lack of skill in his subordinates was well founded. The staff was made up of a Pennsylvania farmer, fond of reading, and addicted to drinking; Potts, a young rustic, just out of school and given to idling; two redemptioners — one an Irishman, the other a starving Oxford scholar, — and the latter's apprentice, a country boy. The need of type to supply the office made Franklin experiment in letter-moulding. There was no such trade in America, but he had seen the process in use in London, and from his observations contrived to make a mould. "I made use of such letters as we had for punches, founded new letters of lead in mattrices of clay, and thus supplied in a tolerable manner, the wants that were most pressing. I also upon occasion engraved various ornaments, made ink, gave an eye to the shop—in short, I was in every respect the factotum. But useful as I made myself, I perceived that my services became every day of less importance, in proportion as the other men improved, and when Keimer paid me my second quarter's wages he gave me to understand that they were too heavy, and that he thought I ought to make an abatement. He became by degrees less civil, and assumed more the tone of the master. He frequently found fault, was difficult to please, and seemed always on the point of quarrelling with me."

This point was reached before long. Keimer publicly reproached his foreman for looking out of the window, upbraiding him with much bitterness. The quarrel became warm on both sides, and the master gave Franklin three months' notice, at the same time expressing his regret that he was obliged to wait so long to get rid of him. "I told him that his regret was superfluous, as I was ready to quit him instantly; and I took my hat and came out of the house, begging Meredith to take care of some things that I left, and bring them to my lodgings."

Though conscious only of injury, Franklin had now reached the turn in his affairs. Meredith, the Pennsylvanian, forsaw the decline of Keimer's prosperity, and proposed to Franklin that he remain in Philadelphia to take advantage of the chance to secure the printing-house when Keimer should be forced out of business by his ignorance and indolence. He unfolded a plan of partnership, promised that his father would furnish the necessary capital, and proposed that Franklin supply the skill and business management, the proceeds to be equally divided. The elder Meredith agreed to finance the venture, and the order for printing materials was given. While waiting, Franklin tried to get another place, but none was vacant, and after some days he returned to Keimer, who had importuned him to forget their disagreement, and aid him in getting out an important order. This business led him to Burlington, where he formed a large acquaintance with "the principal personages of the province," who showed their appreciation of his learning and agreeable manners. His master suffered by contrast, and one day a "shrewd and subtle old man," said to the youth, "I forsee that you will soon supplant this man, and get a fortune in the business at Philadelphia."

On his return to that city, Franklin severed his connection with Keimer, and

entered into business with Meredith. The printing outfit, ordered from London, was soon set up, in a house near the market, and the new firm anxiously waited for trade. Their first patron was a countryman. "The five shillings we received from this countryman, the first fruits of our earnings, coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any sum I have since gained."

All the callers were not as pleasing to the young partners. Thus Samuel Mickle, unknown to them personally, took the trouble to call at the door: "He asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing-house. Upon my answering in the affirmative, he said he was very sorry for me, as it was an expensive undertaking, and the money that had been laid out upon it would be lost. . . . ." Much other information was volunteered, "And," says Franklin, "if I had met this man before I entered into trade, I should doubtless never have ventured."

The formation of a club was the next public activity in which he engaged, "to improve our understandings," he explains, "and also as being one of the means on which I had to count for success in my business, every member exerting himself to procure work for us. Breintal, among others, obtained for us, on the part of the Quakers, the printing of forty sheets of their history."

The price for this work was extremely low, and the execution was by no means masterly: "It was frequently eleven o'clock at night when I finished my distribution for the next day's work. I was so determined to compose a sheet a day, that one evening, when my form was imposed, and my day's work, as I thought, at an end, an accident having broken this form, and deranged two complete folio pages, I immediately distributed, and composed them anew before I went to bed."

Industry won its own reward. Merchants discussed the new firm at their club, the majority affirming that it must fail, but Dr. Bard was of different opinion. "The industry of this Franklin," said he, "is superior to anything of the kind I ever witnessed. I see him still at work when I return from the club at night, and he is at it again in the morning, before his neighbors are out of bed."

The publication of a paper next occupied the mind of this "Captain of Industry" of a past century, but his indiscretion in revealing his project before the plans were matured gave Keimer the chance to anticipate his action, and start a paper in opposition to *Bradford's Journal,* "a paltry thing." A run of nine months and a subscription list of ninety names comprise the history of this paper under the Keimer management. It was offered to Franklin for a mere trifle: "I had been for some time ready for such an engagement; I therefore took it instantly upon myself, and, in a few years, it proved extremely profitable to me."

Franklin's editorials upon the dispute between the Governor of Massachusetts and the Assembly attracted much notice, increased the subscription list, and were of service in securing government contracts. His partner proving hopeless in regard to the drinking habit, an amicable dissolution of partnership was agreed upon, and Franklin began a single-handed combat with fortune, finally acquiring the bulk of the printing business in Philadelphia. His success did not turn his head, nor was he unduly flattered by the notice he had begun to receive. Probably it was the contrast between the attitude of the public towards the successful publisher and that it assumed towards the hungry, rain-drenched apprentice of other years that made Franklin utter such gentle cynicism as characterizes Poor Richard. "Now that I have a sheep and a cow," remarks that individual, "everybody bids me good morrow."

THE BETTER ARGUMENT.

BY CHRISTINE SEVIER.

"May success always be yours," said an old professor of the Sorbonne to Etienne Deschamps who had come to take leave of him according to his invariable custom whenever he left the city for any length of time; "you are going in the spring, at the awakening of nature, and you have the long summer months in which to complete what will be your greatest book. But a few years have passed since I numbered you among my students and to-day you are a member of our Academy. Your success has indeed been very rapid. But now I must not detain you. Adieu."

Deschamps and his friend, Henri Laplace, hurried down the steps of the University, as the hour for the departure of the train scheduled for Ronceverte was approaching. Crossing the boulevard they heard a childish voice crying "Fleurs de printemps! Fleur de printemps!" while a childish hand lifted a bunch of cool, wet violets, only to be refused, almost with brusqueness, by Deschamps.

"Why so harsh with the little fellow?" asked Laplace. "Was it necessary?"

Deschamps shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"You ask me why I refuse these flowers? I will tell you if you wish to know. This gamin perhaps needs the few sous I would have given him, but my first duty is to myself. The act prompted by sympathy would unconsciously have weakened my resistance to another appeal, probably not quite so meritorious. I do not need them, but they please me; now if I purchase them another link is forged in the chain of habit, by which I naturally seek the pleasing. No, we can never over-estimate the influence of any trifling act, and remember, Henri, the very title of the book, to finish which I am leaving Paris, is, 'The Influence of Principle on Individual Action.' I wish to demonstrate that all action must be traced beyond and above all influences to the source of all human action — principle — that in so far as the truth of a principle is recognized, it indirectly moulds the entire life, of thought, and of action. Of course, I am not speaking of the majority, of those who are blind to everything save their material interests, but it is true that to a certain class, every action, considering its relative consequences, is carefully deliberated on, even as I have reasoned on the hasty refusal to purchase a few flowers."

They had now entered the station.

"This is neither the time nor the place for me to answer you at length," said Laplace, "yet have you ever considered that the supreme exaltation of self narrows the interests and affections and places you apart from humanity? Your train is leaving. My compliments to the Curé whom I know you will like. *Au revoir, mon ami,* and may your principles not change, but become higher, while you are alone in Ronceverte."

The departure of the train was followed by the usual rush of luggage and belated travelers. The excitement made Laplace glad to leave and as he retraced his steps he thought, perhaps sadly, of his absent friend. They had been friends since boyhood. Difference of taste, of disposition, had only united them the more, and divergence of religious belief, in some cases leading to disunion, had but strengthened their regard; for each was confident of the other's sincerity of action and of the motive which prompted the action. It is this belief in another's sincerity which is the very illu-

mination of friendship; for it is to believe so strongly in another's high purpose, that were all to condemn, urging proof on proof, this star of certainty would rise far above the voice of men, dispelling all doubt by its radiance.

* * * * *

The scenery from Paris to Ronceverte, as seen from the train, is especially beautiful to those long accustomed to city environments: waving plains, scattered hamlets, and distant hills. Deschamps, as he had stated to Laplace, was making this journey to complete a treatise which, as soon as published, would be pronounced by the great continental reviews a masterpiece of profound thought. He would merit the verdict, for his life had ever been essentially one of thought; he had always striven to abstract the spirit from its material environments, and as a consequence he abhorred forms. This tendency had separated him much from the human element in motive and principle, for his whole life had been, as it were, focused in a passion for learning. He looked forward now with pleasure to the months of quiet in the country, and it was with interest that he alighted at Ronceverte and followed the direction of the guard, to the low white cottage which was to be his home for an indefinite period.

Ronceverte is one of the smallest villages in France, chiefly composed of a few farm houses; on its borders is a simple church — "Notre Dame de Bon Secours" — whose white steeple can be seen for miles. It is surrounded by broad fields, bordered by forests, and is in every way secluded from the marts of traffic. It was especially adapted for the period of concentrated thought in store for Deschamps; the simplicity, the unity of this country life, brought with it an atmosphere of peace, most soothing to a mind wearied of the complex occupations of the city. He gave himself up to a very luxury of feeling, the first night of his arrival. The breath of the fields, the murmur of the trees, the scene flooded with moonlight, aroused in him a joy of living which he had never before experienced; the joy above all of possessing the conscious susceptibility of entering into a moment like the present, of worshipping beauty.

The following days were spent by him in almost incessant labor. He had the artist's satisfaction of seeing his work develop, of beautifying and retouching. He felt also the thrill of successful endeavor which certifies that life's ambition has not been in vain.

A week passed before he remembered the letter of introduction from Henri Laplace to the Curé of the village, M. de Viron, which he had given him a few days before his departure, with the words "I have known him long. He is a true priest with his ardor and enthusiasm. He has not long to live, perhaps you will be with him during the last months of his life. It is that dread disease, consumption. He was given the quiet parish of Ronceverte a few years ago on account of his delicate constitution."

Deschamps approached the rectory one morning, half with reluctance, going principally on account of Laplace, for he deemed it an almost unnecessary invasion into his quiet life of study; perhaps more than all because a priest, least of all a country priest, held no attraction for him, as he regarded priests as mere adherents of a system, a form. Not that he had never known them. When very young he had been a Catholic, but he had left the Church, feeling that he could not bear the imagined constraint it placed upon his mind; he demanded an unqualified freedom, with no direction. It happened at that period of youth when the mind is first realizing its own power, when youth in all its vigor feels the strength to accomplish whatever it un-

dertakes, and a reluctance is felt, a distaste, towards submitting, keeping within rule. With Deschamps it had been a gradual change, dating from childhood, manifested first in disregard for the exterior forms of religion, gradually resulting in total separation. He now considered himself extremely happy; much fame had rewarded his years of study, and he was proud in the assertion that nothing claimed him but his books, that he wished for little besides their companionship.

He looked forward now to his visit with the Curé as something distasteful but quite unavoidable, which, however, would soon be over. But as he neared his destination, his æsthetic sense envied the habitual residence in such a spot, over which a spirit of tranquillity seemed to preside. A high white wall partly surrounded the garden about the rectory, the tasteful arrangement of which pleased him as he entered the gate. The house was covered with heavy vines, and was approached by a short covered arbor, on entering which he rejoiced at the cool shade it afforded after the dusty road. Imperceptibly he forgot his impatience at coming, as he entered the study, after being admitted by an affable peasant matron to whom he had given his letter of introduction. It was a long room with a large bay window, through which could be seen the still level of the fields. It contained little furniture other than a desk and bookcases; on the walls only one engraving of a masterpiece by a German artist, representing a young Franciscan at an organ in the choir of an old monastery, with head uplifted as though his thoughts ascended with the music he played, while the sunlight streaming through the arched window rested upon two angels drawn as it were from the celestial choir by the music of this pure heart. Deschamps looked upon it, admiring the composition, but judging the scene as ideal, and beyond realization. Yet words heard long ago flashed across his mind, "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God." He quickly turned to the bookcases, where he found evidence of great literary discernment in the varied selection before him; there were no assorted sets as seen so often in modern libraries, but every book seemed as if bought and retained for itself alone. Criticism, history, poetry were there, representing the thought of many ages and countries.

His examination was interrupted by a cordial voice greeting him. He turned, annoyed at his scrutiny of a stranger's property, with words of apology, to see beside him a tall young priest, smiling with a friendliness which drew him in spite of himself. It was an ascetic face on which he looked, bearing the undefinable imprint of suffering, with eyes which seemed to look always beyond the veil of the material. Deschamps thought of his malady and pitied him as he took the extended hand.

"A Frenchman always considers it an honor to greet a member of our great Academy. I know you already by your works, but better still, through our friend Laplace, to whose kindness I am indebted for the pleasure of meeting you," said the priest.

"You honor me," Deschamps answered rather stiffly, "I trust you will pardon my tardiness in paying my respects to so dear a friend of Laplace."

The priest seated himself at his desk, motioning his visitor to a chair nearby. "So this is your first visit to Ronceverte, monsieur? The contrast to Paris must be great. I hope you do not find it lonely here?"

"Not at all," he answered, "I need the quiet, and am not alone since I have my books."

"Thou art never less alone than when alone," laughed the Curé.

"Men of all ages have sometimes wished to withdraw from their kind. Is

it surprising in this century?" Deschamps answered, annoyed.

A few more commonplaces and he rose to go.

"Will you come again at your leisure," asked M. de Viron, "a visit from you will always be welcome."

Deschamps looked for the second time intently at the speaker. "I shall be glad to," he said formally, and was soon gone, across the garden, walking over the fields to his cottage.

So this visit, long delayed, was over. He had been fettered by the thought of it, and now he was free. He knew that he had hardly been courteous, had been quick, abrupt; but he was accustomed to have his acquaintances adapt themselves to his moods, little considering their own inclinations, so he wondered why he kept wishing he had not been more affable, more at his ease; why he had not treated the priest with ordinary courtesy, and then banished him from his thoughts.

To his own surprise, often, as he was writing, he saw before him those eyes filled with the light not of this world, and again the words arose in his memory, "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." A text of Scripture! — Why did he think of Scripture? What were those pages to him? They signified nothing.

Days passed. He tried to write, but the concentration of the first week was lacking, the charm of solitude was broken; he needed some one with whom he could interchange ideas; but whom could he find in this village?

Early one morning, when the dew still glistened on the grass, he resolved to call again on the Curé, to remove this new sense of self-reproach which annoyed him. Once determined, he went quickly, not slowly as before, admiring the glories of nature, listening to the songs of birds, with no interest for what awaited him; but hurriedly, as though fearful that his determination would waver. He realized that he feared he would turn back, and the thought irritated him. Why could he not calmly approach this village pastor? he whose *savoir faire* had always made him master of any situation, leader in any conversation, he who had associated with the first minds of Europe? Yet he found himself wondering if this priest would be glad to receive him, and what his thoughts would be when the peasant woman announced him.

"If I had been courteous at my first visit, I should not be here now," he thought, as he again entered the study, justifying his coming as an expiation. "Yet why should I think to make amends?" he asked suddenly, walking hurriedly up and down. "It would signify that I owe him something, and what do I owe this priest?" He looked again at the picture which he had noticed before, the Franciscan playing the organ, alone in the rays of the sun, playing so earnestly that he saw not the angelic forms watching, saw only, as it were in shadow, the great White Throne. "What an unnatural life this picture represents!" Deschamps thought. "We were born in the world, we must live in the world." He turned towards the door, determined not to be again surprised in pre-occupation. And, as he turned, a quick step sounded in the hall, and the Curé entered eagerly, as though hurrying to greet him.

"I trust I have not disturbed you or intruded upon your leisure," were Deschamps' first words, forestalling any expression of welcome.

"Ah, Monsieur! when I first heard of your coming, I hoped to see much of you, the friend of Laplace. I received a letter from him yesterday, asking if I had seen you. He said you were to be much occupied, writing a book."

They seated themselves near the win-

dow where they could breathe the breath of the fields.

"May I ask the title of your book," enquired the Curé. "I have read your 'Age of Louis XIV' and your 'Essay on the Poets of France?'"

"This will be entirely different," said Deschamps, unconsciously glad to again have a listener. "The title indicates the subject 'The Influence of Principle on Individual Action!'"

"Ah! a wide subject," said M. de Viron, "capable of many interpretations."

"Only of one, as I see it," said Deschamps, "all who lift the veil which covers truth should receive the same impression."

"It depends on what they consider truth."

"That is the unfortunate cause of so many failures," answered Deschamps. "Prejudice, inclination, even cowardice cause truth to be ignored or shunned. We have touched at once the very motif of my book, the supreme influence of principle. I have become convinced that the individual exists almost solely for the individual, that is, each man for himself; and that, in as much as he realizes the eternal exaltation of his personality, he will exclude the cause of the many demands which draw him out of himself, such as love, sympathy, curiosity, and the like. Now in my book I place before my readers the many trifles for which the multitudes sigh and show that, far beyond their immediate inclination, principle guides their action, and leads them to ultimate good or evil. Hence the great significance of principle on action, hence the necessity of living for one's self alone, to escape much degradation and suffering. Of course, it would take forever to enumerate the many different principles, but my object is to try to discover which principle can bring to each individual the most happiness. I conclude that it is the principle of self."

"The world would suffer from a practical application of your theory," the priest answered. "You yourself would suffer with the crowd. But convert your theory, leave out the exaltation of self, and exalt the cross; extol the spirit of self-sacrifice instead of the principle of selfishness, and you will spread light, not darkness."

Deschamps listened, then rose. "You speak as a priest," he said; "you cannot speak otherwise. You say immolate Self; I say exalt Self. Your soul bids you crucify your nature on the Cross which you bid me exalt. My mind tells me such teaching is wrong, a misinterpretation of the value of life. I have long lived apart from Catholicism. It is a bondage."

The eyes of the priest, looking as if they saw beyond the world, its joys, its glories, turned on the speaker, but he said nothing. And Deschamps left, annoyed now, not at himself, but at the Curé. To speak to him as though he were in the wrong! It was almost an affront; no one else would have dared, though they would argue. This priest did not argue; he corrected, he affirmed. "He speaks of self-sacrifice," cried Deschamps, "let him sacrifice himself to the death, and I will believe him!"

Deschamps now gave himself entirely to his work. He determined to win the applause of the philosophic world, of which this country pastor did not form a part. He revised, corrected, amplified, assiduously; sometimes the pale morning star found him engrossed in thought. On such occasions he would watch the grey clouds of the dying night become tinged with gold, till the sun arose, and he would bow before the Infinite in the great temple not made by hands, and he felt in his heart the freedom to adore as he would, regardless of dogma. In his walks he persistently avoided the direc-

tion to the rectory. He turned rather to the outskirts of the village, and would sometimes converse with the peasants at work. He placed himself in the attitude of a comparative observer, contrasting this simple country life with the complex life of the city. Everywhere there was praise for the Curé, his goodness, his kindness, his love for children. "From the lips of his level, if not from philosophers, comes his eulogy," thought Deschamps with some contempt.

Late one afternoon, as he was returning from a long walk, an exercise which never tired him, he saw the Curé in the centre of a group of children, to whom he seemed to be speaking. He held in his hand a bunch of wild flowers, evidently gathered and given him by one of these little ones. Deschamps thought of his harsh refusal to purchase the flowers from the small gamin the day he left Paris. "Why should such a paltry incident return to my memory?" he queried with disgust. But his eyes returned to the group before him. The background was a hedge of white lilacs and the bright rays of the setting sun shone upon them. One child held up a doll to be admired, a boy showed a boat, the result of his skill, while the Curé held his hand on the little curly head of one, hardly more than an infant, who had been crying: childish voices telling childish joys and sorrows to this priest, their common father. Suddenly their voices were stilled, for softly from the distance the Angelus bell could be heard. The priest and children bowed their heads, the soft summer breeze bringing the words of the great message to Deschamps; the face of priest and children reflected the same look of love. Again the text returned to him, "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

The group dispersed, running and laughing merrily, and Deschamps would have also turned away, but the Curé had seen him watching intently, and was advancing towards him. There was no alternative but to accept the spontaneous greeting;

"Ah, how is M. Deschamps?"

He was sorely tempted to resort to some conventional response and make his escape; but the man in him conquered the cowardice of culture which the world had instilled.

"M. le Curé," he said impulsively, "when I last saw you, I spoke hastily. Will you pardon me?"

"Don't speak of it. Come, walk back to the rectory with me," said the Curé, taking a few steps, Deschamps following involuntarily; "and old Marie, my housekeeper, will serve us with some strawberries, the like of which you have never seen in Paris."

The walk was short through the village, but the priest paused often to speak to some passing laborer or peasant woman, seeming, in every instance, to make the remark which pleased them, made them feel as though they were speaking to one interested in their welfare, and once a little boy came running after them, wanting Monsieur le Curé to make the sign of the Cross on his forehead. Deschamps wondered how he could be so personally solicitous of persons with such narrow lives and comparatively no mental horizons. He was beginning to appreciate the fact, that, after all, the Curé was above their level.

The sky was brilliant in the west as they entered the rectory garden, though the shadows were falling upon the earth, upon the flowers so faithfully cared for by old Marie, which now seemed to bend their heads, as though craving rest. There were roses, lilacs, tulips, and pansies, forming a great wealth of color. The air was fragrant, and for a time the priest and his guest walked about, in total accord in their love for nature.

"I often think when my worldly career is approaching its end," said Des-

champs, "that I shall come away from the scene of my life's work, perhaps with a congenial friend, and dwell in the country."

"The joys of which life, to one also enamored of it, Victor Hugo so well depicts," answered the Curé. "A small garden to walk about in, and immensity to dream in, at his feet what can be cultivated and gathered, over his head what can be studied and meditated; on the earth a few flowers and all the stars in the heavens!"

"Truly, we should never allow the voice of the world to deaden all other sounds," said Deschamps. "Praise is good, but we must never depend solely upon it, permitting it to become a necessary happiness, for thereby we lose something of our independence, even of our power of concentration, and we could never in ourselves realize the life so well depicted in your quotation. Solitude would be a monster, instead of a vision of peace; and Goethe affirms that genius develops itself in solitude."

"Yet, though I live in the country," said the Curé, "and love it, the city attracts me with its many activities, even its manifold miseries to be relieved."

Noticing his companion's unconscious gesture of impatience, he added quickly: "Perhaps we had better go into the house, it is almost dark."

They entered, the Curé leading the way to the dining-room, where old Marie, seeing that her master was accompanied by a guest, had amply manifested the culinary skill for which she was famous in the neighborhood. Deschamps thought of the many banquets he had attended in Paris, where beautiful and brilliantly gowned women strove for supremacy, where the men were gay and given to compliments, of the tables, glittering with silver and banked with flowers, over which glowed softly shaded lights, — sumptuous events representing the beauty, the elegance, the wit of Paris. And now he saw before him but this small table, simply set with flowers in the centre, and near him a priest with face pure as the very flowers. Deschamps marveled at the diverse influences which could form such widely different lives; perhaps especially at the contentment evinced by this priest in his narrow environment. They spoke of many topics of current interest, the government, affairs in the colonies, the latest books. Time passed agreeably, and it was long before they rose, going then into the study.

Deschamps again approached the bookcases which he had hurriedly glanced at on his first visit, expressing his admiration at the selection.

"Yes, I have always loved books," said M. de Viron with enthusiasm, "for how wonderful is the contact in spirit with the great, when like emotions stir within, and you feel that perhaps you could have wrestled and struggled with the same hopes and fears, and conquered as they did."

"Truly, how few realize the charm of books," added Deschamps. "How few know the supreme gift of having all personal feelings vanish as silently as shadows, when the pages are opened, when the present is forgotten, and the past the only living reality."

They both laughed. "I think we are in truth still young," said the priest. "We can still feel enthusiasm."

This pleasantry removed any remaining restraint, and conversation flowed freely till a late hour. As Deschamps was leaving his attention was drawn to the picture of the Franciscan which had irritated him.

"The life that picture portrays," he said, "is entirely contrary to the natural order of things, and is injurious to society. What abiding attraction can any sane mind find in it, and what motive can possibly justify it?" he asked, curious of what the Curé would say.

"Only the attraction of holiness and the motive of love," gently said the Curé. "You know the English Tennyson's poem, The Holy Grail, where it is told that Sir Percivale, called the Pure, passed into the silent life of prayer and he is asked by a fellow-monk,

"'Tell me, what drove thee from the Table Round,
My Brother? was it earthly passion crost?

And in his response lies the answer to your question.

"'Nay,' said the knight, 'for no such passion mine,
But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vain glories, rivalries
And earthly heats.'

Yes, that is why through the darkness of sinful centuries, a vast white throng lift their hearts above mortal aspiration, each crying 'My hope is beyond the stars!'"

The Curé had accompanied Deschamps to the porch, and for a moment they stood silent, awed by the solemn stillness of night.

"Mea spes supra stellas!" murmured the Curé, forgetting his companion, who now came nearer as he heard his voice. "Yes, Monsieur," he said, taking his hand in parting, "there only is happiness, — beyond the stars!"

Deschamps chose the direction across the fields for his return, the solitude and stillness making the Infinite seem nearer, and he began to realize, for the first time in his life, how totally he was bound by the visible, by the pride of his reason. The Curé's words followed him like strains of heavenly music, "My hope is beyond the stars, beyond creation, resting in regions of immortality." As the Curé had spoken, in his eyes had come a look of longing, over his face an expression of love and faith which he had never before seen. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God," the silence seemed to re-echo. He began to walk hurriedly. "I have come to Ronceverte to write, not to be made a monk of," he said aloud, "nor to lose my freedom. I shall not see that priest again." But the vision of the pure face followed him, and he was troubled. His own heart was clean, but for the supreme love of ambition, of the exaltation of self.

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The resolve not to see the Curé again, however, did not last. He was the only one in the village with whom he could converse. Brissot, the historian, Lamballe, the scientist, Laplace, the confidante, were in Paris; so Deschamps told himself, that it was inevitable that he should see the Curé. He must forget the black soutane and what it represented, and see but the mind. Unconsciously he grew to like him, grew to wish to be with him, grew almost to defer to his views, for fear of the quick answer and of the self-reproach which followed. It became a habit for them to take long walks together, sometimes daily, in the village, in the fields, or by the borders of the Loire.

Deschamps began to recognize in the Curé one of those rare natures which combined much learning with much simplicity, broad views with great faith. Hidden in this little village, away from worldly ambition or the pursuit of recognition, yet with the ability to win any honor, he passed his life among these peasants, uplifting them to a knowledge of their possibilities. He seemed as an ideal priest, who sought not the praises of men, or even their society, but only on earth the way of the Cross.

The time Deschamps had set for the termination of his stay in the country passed, yet he could not decide to leave. He was feeling a great attraction for this priest, mingled with sadness, for the disease with which the Curé was afflicted had gained rapidly as the summer advanced, and it was necessary for

the pastor of the neighboring village to often assist him in the discharge of his parochial duties.

Deschamps was constantly with him now, and a great change was coming over him. He was commencing to view M. de Viron as a direct contrast to himself; one, knowledge had made gentle, the other, stern; to one knowledge had been as a light leading to love of God, to the other a light leading to mere acknowledgment, for Deschamps' mind, not his heart, worshipped.

One evening, he called on the Curé, and on being told that he was in the church, determined to await him there. The soft summer twilight lay over the land as he entered; it came through the windows as a soft shower of gold, crowning the bowed heads of the congregation. The air was filled with the perfume of incense, as if the many prayers which had arisen here had left their aroma. It was the feast of the Assumption, and the choir were singing the anthem "Assumpta est Maria in coelum," which grew softer and softer at each refrain, till the last seemed whispered in heaven to the Queen of the celestial choirs. But Deschamps saw only the priest at the altar, saw him, as learned as himself, kneeling in utter self-abasement. Though weak and ill, near perhaps to death, he seemed strong with a truer manliness than Deschamps possessed in all his strength and vigor. The golden ostensorium was uplifted, while a clear boy voice sang:

> Tantum ergo Sacramentum,
> Veneremur cernui,
> Et antiquum documentum,
> Novo cedat ritui.

Deschamps hurriedly left the church, to quell the prayer that rose within him. It was refusal to submit at first, and this fierce pride had grown with years; but now came the thought — Had false principles after all guided his life? — a question which grew in significance as he thought of the famous savant, Moreau, who had recently lost his mind. What was the conclusion? either that nothing is worth while, or all must be in utter submission to God. Deschamps did not reason now. He saw dimly in the distance the altar of self-sacrifice shown to him in the life of this village priest, whose example was slowly undoing the work of years, leading him from the mist of self; he in whom there was such a measure of the human, where the spiritual alone should be.

Late the next afternoon, when the shadows had commenced to fall, and that peace had settled over the earth which seems as the whisper of another world, he sat on the porch of his cottage, writing. After a time, his pen ceased to move, and his mind quietly reviewed the past months, spent so happily in this simple spot. The stillness was suddenly broken by the faint sound of a silver bell. It was nearly sunset, when the light lingers over the hills as though willing to remain and illumine longer a world so soon to be in darkness. There is a solemnity peculiar to this hour of completion, of the end of day, which, when experienced, brings with it feelings of awe, for the visible grows dim, and the invisible seems nearer. Still the silver bell sounded, and Deschamps knew the Curé was approaching a bed of death, at the very hour at which the disciples had long ago entreated: "Stay with us, Lord, for the day is far spent and the evening approaches." How silent everything had become, save for the murmur of the leaves and the music of the bell. Sadness filled the heart of Deschamps, thinking of the Curé's illness, and of the long separation so soon to take place.

The following weeks were perhaps the bitterest in Deschamps' whole life. "How long will the Curé live?" he asked the doctor. "How can I say? Perhaps even till November. He will be active almost till the end."

The simple peasants tried in every way to show their love for their pastor. The church was more than ever thronged, "for it pleases Monsieur le Curé." They seemed as a large family soon to be deprived of their father; the fact was painfully clear to them. This outburst of devotion pained Deschamps. He saw that the priest knew and that he was touched by their love, a universal benediction which arose from the hearts of the poor and simple. He knew that his affection could not be proven by any simple act. The test was a secret struggle between the priest's influence and the teachings of his entire previous life. With his quick intuition, he knew the unspoken wish of the Curé; destruction or total change of his book, and the strong arguments of his pride, his reason, and his self-love made it impossible. The fact, however, grieved him. Often as he saw the slight, tall, figure, not as erect as formerly or as quick, but with the same impulsive kindness in his manner, the same lingering look of an invisible longing in his eyes, which seemed to uplift Deschamps into regions where there were no shadows, he would be moved to make this sacrifice, moved to advance and tell this priest that his example had dispelled his theories, but he could not. He could not voluntarily renounce the new laurels with which Fame was to crown him. Yet often his sincerity would question, "Could he now maintain his theories with like ardor? Did he believe in them as much as formerly?" He was uncertain, and sometimes the cynical, doubting disposition which had long been his, would assert itself and question whether the Curé's character was not after all more the result of habit than of sustained principle. Then he would remember, with sorrow, his former exclamation of impatience, "Let him sacrifice himself to the death and I will believe him."

The villagers of Ronceverte direct the traveler, with pride, to the remains of an old feudal castle a few miles away. Deschamps decided early one morning to go there alone. He advanced slowly, enjoying the road through the forest, through the tall trees which arched above him. He paused often to admire the wild flowers growing prodigally by the wayside and to hear the music of the call of bird to bird. On leaving the woods the ruins of the castle could be clearly seen — a portion of the turret and the remains of a wall covered with moss. Deschamps had often seen similar remains of vanished glories, in the course of his travels, and had always regarded them as a necessary result of the hand of time; but now, from these ruins, from which all intrinsic beauty had departed, the spirit of life seemed to arise, upwards, away from mortal vision. "My hope is beyond the stars," the Curé had said.

After a time Deschamps turned to leave. Unobserved by him a storm had been gathering; the distant clouds were black, though the sky above him was clear. He thought by haste to cover at least part of the distance between him and the village before the storm commenced, so hurried onward. A high wind had now arisen, which swept moaning through the trees, scattering the loose leaves before it. Suddenly the storm broke in torrents of rain, while heavy peals of thunder alternated with vivid lightning.

On reaching the fields, after leaving the woods, he hoped to encounter some peasant's cart, but nothing was in sight; only a man who evidently had also been surprised by the storm. Deschamps recognized the Curé. He forgot his personal discomfort in realizing the inevitable consequences of this exposure, to one already so ill. He hurried to him, words of angry protest on his lips that he should so expose himself, but when he reached him, he could not utter them.

He simply took his arm gently within his own and said nothing. The rain continued to pour down upon them and the Curé leaned heavily on his companion, completely exhausted.

At last they reached the rectory, the old housekeeper meeting them with frantic expostulations at the Curé's risk, answering herself Deschamps' hitherto unspoken question. "An old man living alone with his son near the forest sent to le père a few hours ago, for he was dying, and," she continued, "I know he only left him to bid me return and nurse him; but it will be he himself who will need the nursing now."

Late that night, when the storm had passed away, when the silver light of the moon struggled through the parting clouds, Deschamps bitterly remembered his own challenge; "Let him sacrifice himself to the death and I will believe him." He had demanded a personal proof before he renounced his theories, and now one had been given him; a light which he now comprehended. Page by page he destroyed the manuscript, the consummation of which was to have brought him such renown, for he knew now that the truest exaltation of self was to be crucified by the sacrifice of self, and thus truly exalted by the suffering which leads to immortal joy.

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At the break of day he hurried to the rectory. It was as he had feared; — a chill resulting from yesterday's exposure, with fatal results. "No hope," said the doctor, "to-morrow? to-night? I cannot tell."

The words spread quickly through the village and all knew that the Curé was dying. The following afternoon work practically ceased, and many gathered together to await the news they dreaded to hear.

In the sick room all was stillness; only the Curé of Belvoir, the doctor and Deschamps were there. *"Introibo ad altare Dei,"* murmured the dying priest, his mind returning to the altar he had so loved, so worthily served, he who so soon was indeed to stand before the eternal altar of the God Who had "given joy to his youth," to his entire life; Who was to be his joy throughout an endless eternity.

Quickly the end came. While the kneeling priest recited the *Miserere*, the spirit went forth as it were with eagerness; the hands which had so often blessed were still forever, and the lips, so often opened to speak of the Infinite Mercy, would never speak again.

A soft ray of light illumined the features, so still, so peaceful. He had "fought the good fight" and now angelic hands were bearing to him the crown of immortality. Fittingly had his spirit gone forth at the close of day, even as the shadows were falling — to wake in the region where there "is no need for the sun or moon to shine," for "the glory of God enlighteneth it and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

Unutterable sorrow filled the heart of Deschamps, but even as he sorrowed, the light of that sacerdotal life filled his soul, and standing by this soldier of the Cross, his proud and selfish principles were surrendered to Him to Whom alone the act of surrender does not signify defeat but victory.

Truly had the Curé fulfilled the mission of the true priest, as written in the great psalm of the priesthood, the Benedictus; for "he had enlightened him that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, and directed his feet in the way of peace."

(Photographs of "The Fool's Bauble" by Byron, New York.)

"THE FOOL'S BAUBLE"

Act 1. The Fool is Banished from King Rene's Court.

A FEW CATHOLIC PLAYWRIGHTS.

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The precise dramatic condition in New York and in the country can never be learned from the dramatic critics, the current drama, or the theatrical world, which are but varying expressions of a vital principle at work in society. Occasionally the critics take themselves seriously and send forth prophecies by the barrel; again, moralists talk of the stage as a force more powerful than the pulpit, or more villainous than the saloon; and the little world of the theatre is by turns regarded as the centre of the social universe and the foyer to Hades. Time proves that these things are not elemental, but merely the moods of that deeper thing which always remains with man, the innate desire for dramatic expression; which survives the condemnation of the would-be moralists, and plays with dramatists, actors, and critics, as the ocean with its ships; whose expression is most varied, and very often so obscure, in its most important moments, that the interested miss it as thoroughly as the Elizabethan world did Shakspeare. The deep waters lie far from the surface; the froth and the scum and the transient sparkle have the stage to themselves.

These reflections were suggested by the minor incidents of a dramatic season in New York. Early in the month Madame Selma Kronold secured for her Oratorio Society a lecture from Mrs. Craigie. The distinguished novelist volunteered her services in aid of a most deserving work. A representative audience gathered to hear the lecturer, and on the platform sat Archbishop Farley and the most distinguished of his clergy. The compliment of their presence was given

"THE FOOL'S BAUBLE."

Act II, Scene II. The Vigil at Arms.

to Mrs. Craigie, but the object of their presence was the proper development and success of the Oratorio Society, established over a year ago by Madame Kronold, who is a singer of repute and a convert. The aims and purposes of the society are, "to produce dramatic representations of celebrated events and personages, chosen from Bible narratives and the history of the Christian era; and to give opportunity to Catholic men and women to develop their musical and dramatic talents under influences in keeping with these sacred subjects."

Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, during his stay in the metropolis, played at the Bohemian church in East 72nd Street, and gave a recital to the Archbishop and members of the clergy at the episcopal residence. At the Jesuit college of St. Francis Xavier, a member of the Society presented an original drama, not as last year, on the lines of the miracle play, but in modern fashion. The young men of the Catholic Club for some years have been developing a dramatic company under the name of The Mummers, which has achieved local fame for good work, and seems destined to the best that can be attained by amateurs. Finally, at the grand bazaar held in the ballroom of the Waldorf this month, the Catholic Summer School of America had an exhibit of the Catholic stage: the photographs of the living actors, managers, and playwrights who profess the Catholic faith in this country; on the same level with the exhibit of the Catholic journalists, Catholic authors, and Catholic artists, which also distinguish this novel affair. From the popular point of view these are all minor incidents in the progress of the drama. Huneker and other wild critics, more eager for fame than for justice, would not waste on them a minute of the precious time which they lavish upon Ibsen and similar freaks of the dramatic spirit. Yet from these obscure but vital forces the drama of the next generation must spring; a generous and healthy drama, founded on the true life and real destiny of man; the

very opposite of that lunacy portrayed by the warped and diminished intellects of the modern school, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, and Sudermann, and sneeringly named real life by some of the critics.

Mrs. Craigie is known to readers by her pen-name of John Oliver Hobbes, and her return to her native country has brought a revival of interest in her fine novels, *The School for Saints* and *Robert Orange,* which a few years ago set Catholic life in a new point of view for the general reader. Her coming has also served to revive her play, *The Bishop's Move,* which did not prove a success at its first presentation, but under the title of *The Bishop,* with William Thompson in the title-rôle, is making another attempt for public favor. It is a charming comedy of clerical life, more American than European in its drawing of character, witty and natural, and highly entertaining. Thompson takes the part of the bishop with all the power and grace peculiar to that remarkable actor. The drama lacks force and forceful scenes. It is too placid in expression as well as incident. Chiefly it demonstrates Mrs. Craigie's ability to write a fine play. The transfer to the stage of the qualities which have always marked her writing, wit, delicacy, point, originality, would be a great service to the public. She has all the indifference of the talented writer to the subject which wins the crowd. Her novels have appealed mostly to clever and practiced minds, as well in the subject as in the method. One cannot imagine the people who read *The Masqueraders* taking any pleasure out of *The School for Saints,* any more than one can imagine Mrs. Craigie dealing with the former subject. Her ideas and language are more definite than those of Henry James, and her power of characterization so superior to Mrs. Humphry Ward's, that the succession to George Eliot will never fall to Thomas Arnold's daughter. The same spirit which breathes in Madame Kronold actuates the dramatic work of Mrs. Craigie. Quite significant was the scene which

"THE FOOL'S BAUBLE."

Act II. Scene III. The Fool Seeks Sanctuary.

(*Photographs of "The Mystic Rose" by Lawrence McGovern, Boston.*)

"THE MYSTIC ROSE."

"THE MYSTIC ROSE"
Act II. Faustina: "She lives, O God! eternal be Thy praise."

brought them together; the idealist musician and the accomplished, alert woman of the world, surrounded by the highest society of the time, sustained by the representatives of the Church, in their struggle to give the Christian spirit adequate expression in dramatic art.

This struggle is going on in the college and in the parish as well as in the salon. Two recent examples were the presentation of a play by a Jesuit scholastic in New York, and of a scriptural drama by a Redemptorist priest in Boston. The New York play was given in the college theatre of St. Francis Xavier during Christmas week. Mr. John D. McCarthy, the author, earned distinction last year by writing and staging a really fine modern miracle play with the title of *Telemachus*. It told the tragic story of that monk whose picture is so familiar in the art stores, as he stands in the arena between the fallen gladiator and his conqueror, and protests vigorously against the wanton shedding of human blood. The life purpose of Telemachus gave consistency, connection, strength to that play, whose incidents were widely separated both in distance and in time. Although the hero had to die to win, his success in abolishing the combats of the arena robbed the play of the gloom of tragedy. It was a true success.

The present play, *In The Fool's Bauble,* is of a different mould. The characters are of the mediæval time, the ideas almost as modern as the form in which the author cast the play. The simplicity of the miracle play gives place to the more involved situations of the modern drama. Count Armand, the pious prime minister of the King of Provence, is the hero. He is dreaming of withdrawing from the court and devoting his life to religion, about the time that Count Tartarin, leader of the army, has made up his mind to sell out King Rene to the crafty Louis XI of France. Here is the first idea of the play: the soul and the world in conflict. Count Armand is surprising

his friends by his indifference to the court revels, his love for solitary and nightly wanderings; Count Tartarin is dealing in nocturnal embassies with royal emissaries, and finds himself under suspicion; the designs of the two men finally converge in the Castle of Charolet, and result in the proper dramatic discord. Count Armand has bought the old, deserted, haunted castle, and retires there for his secret devotions; Count Tartarin makes it the place of rendezvous with King Louis, for the consummation of his treason. All these characters meet in the little chapel shortly after Count Armand has written out his resignation. The dramatic contrast is fine: the great noble giving up all to God as the other surrenders honor and virtue to King Louis for gold. To make the contrast still stronger a singular use is made of the document which contains the resignation of Count Armand. Upon it Count Tartarin is tricked into signing an acknowledgment of his own treason, and the strange paper becomes the hinge of the play's denouement. Count Armand is charged at the last with treason to his king, and the villain is about to suceeed in his design when the evidence of his crimes is taken from its place of concealment, the mouth of the fool's bauble, and given to the deceived King Rene. Then is virtue rewarded and vice punished; as the prime minister takes a firm place in the King's regard the traitor marches to the scaffold.

"THE MYSTIC ROSE"

Act III. Afra: "The wrath of all the gods is stirred up strong against us."

Very clever is this combining of place

"THE MYSTIC ROSE"

Act IV. Rubia: "I am a Christian."

and character to bring the plot to its crisis. It is not often made use of by dramatists and novelists, therefore the instances become notable; such as that of Sienkiewicz, in his novel of *The Deluge*, where the fortunes of Poland and the career of the disgraced hero converge at the shrine of Our Lady of Chenstohova, and from that moment retrieve themselves, at the siege of the shrine, and rise to everlasting glory. Naturally the characterization of the play, in order to carry out the plot well, is varied and interesting. Its highest effect is reached in the Jester, upon whom devolves the task of resolving all difficulties. His ability to mimic others, and in particular Louis XI, enables him in the scene at Castle Charolet to deceive the villain into signing the admission of his own treason, on the paper which contains the hero's noble sacrifice of high station. At the right moment the Jester produces the document and thus secures the reward of virtue and the punishment of treason. The hero is somewhat conventional, but distinct and noble; the two kings are familiar in their historic features; the minor characters are all excellent, having each his individual note, so as to be well presented by the players. The interest began with the opening scene and never failed until the curtain fell, a success due both to the play and the clever acting of the college company.

Compared with *Telemachus* the play shows a marked advance in every way on the author's part. The theme was more difficult to handle, the means more varied, the situations more complex. Had Mr. McCarthy chosen a subject as commanding as Telemachus, a theme as lofty and inspiring, and worked it out with the characterization displayed in *The Fool's Bauble,* his success would have been more evident to his audience. In the miracle play the theme stood always before the audience in the person and utterances of the monk; every step he took was a nearer approach to the consummation of his scheme; and the religious character of his lofty and hopeless aim left an immense impression. In the other drama, as in real life, the theme

"THE MYSTIC ROSE."

appeared by degrees, was taken up by many characters, carried on by many incidents, suggested by a thousand subtle touches rather than by single broad declarations. Here lies the difference between the ancient and the modern drama. It becomes all the more necessary therefore in the modern play that the theme be as bold and powerful as possible in order to reach an audience promptly. As the author of *Telemachus* will probably write many plays in his lifetime, one may offer the suggestion that his next drama should combine the clear and lofty theme of the miracle play with the variety of the modern drama. He has proved that he can use both forms admirably, even if the later play did not make as deep an impression as the simple tale of *Telemachus*. It has helped him in his study of technique that he had to train his company and stage the play. A very remarkable company it is, college boys, sufficiently skilled in dramatic art to present a play without that prime convention of the modern drama, a love story. No manager will stage a play without this convention, and no audience will attend a play if it learns beforehand that love and marriage are absent from it. The college drama is proving that a play can be vitally interesting without the presence of lovely woman or the theme of love.

The task which Father Kenzel set himself in his play of *The Mystic Rose*, — more widely known as *"Pilate's Daughter"* — was of the most delicate nature. The average dramatist is willing enough to undertake it for the popular stage, but so far the American public has refused him permission to deal with sacred subjects. The single exception is *Ben Hur*, in which the presence of Christ is indicated gracefully and with some power, in a single ray of light falling upon the lepers. James O'Neill had the honor of playing the Christ for a week or so in California, but the play was suppressed. The parish stage has therefore a splendid field of usefulness, in reproducing with reverence scenes from the Scriptures and from the history of the Church. In Europe parish plays have long been established, and the Italian colony of New York City lately ventured to give a few in the metropolis; but they were rude dramas, in which the devil as the low comedian suffered frequently from the blows and cuffs of the Apostles, to the intense delight of the audience. *The Mystic Rose* is a parish drama in modern form, as *Telemachus* is a modern miracle play; the subject is the romantic career of Pilate's daughter; the method of presentation is that common to the plays of the time. The surprise is that the Redemptorist priest should have at his command the technique of the modern drama.

In the first act he had to introduce his heroine, begin his story, and indirectly describe the bitter Passion of Christ. His instinct must be unerring, for no skilled dramatist of the secular stage could have done it better. The scene is a room in the palace of Pilate, overlooking the city and the surrounding country. Roman ladies discuss the ferment in Jerusalem over the arrest of Christ; two Jewish servants, one a follower of the Master, the other an adherent of the Pharisees, display the public temper towards the Messiah, in their speech and actions; and by degrees the audience is made acquainted with the tragic events impending in the city, through the fervid interest of the actors. The leading personages in the act are Claudia, the wife of Pilate, her little daughter, and the two Jewish servants, Leah, a partisan of the Pharisees, and Rebecca, a disciple of Christ. The scenes are vivid, almost over-charged with emotion, following one another with the speed and force of a one-act tragedy. Rebecca's story of the mission of Christ, in particular the raising of the son of the Widow of Naim,

who is now her promised husband, deeply affects Claudia; the incident of the rose, which her child had flung to Christ as He passed out of the palace, and had recovered unharmed from the trampling feet of the mob, adds to her emotion; and when later she falls asleep her dreams are troubled with thoughts of the unfortunate Nazarene. These thoughts are given objective form by the author, and three ghosts pass before Claudia, like the ghosts in the tent of Richard III, and announce to her woe for her husband's criminal weakness, and joy from the mystic rose. Awaking she does her best to encourage Pilate and to save the Lord, while Leah is doing her utmost to have Him condemned. The act ends with the triumph of the Pharisees. The terrified women of Pilate's house witness from the balcony the scenes of the crucifixion. The first act is a play in itself, complete in detail, fine in its incidents, powerful in its presentation of character.

The rest of the play is devoted to the career of the mystic rose. The second act embraces a scene in the woods near Rome, ten years later, with Pilate's daughter, another Claudia, Leah and Rebecca, as the chief personages. Leah has gone mad with hatred of the Christians, and pursues them vindictively, seeking Claudia in particular. On this night a little body of Christians gather in the Alban woods to bury a child; Claudia utters the prayers and gives the homily of the occasion; in the shadows lurk Leah, and Afra, a sorceress, observing the scene. The mother of the child beseeches Claudia to use the mystic rose on the dead body, and to the joy of all the child is restored to life. The third act is devoted to a scene among the vestals of Rome, in which Rubia learns from Afra of the arrest of her friend Claudia, and hastens to her rescue. The fourth act sees the Christians in prison awaiting death. The mystic rose brings them comfort and strength. Its touch upon the rock produces a spring of water for their refreshment, and a manifestation of its power makes a Christian of Rubia, who has visited the prison to save Claudia. The last act brings the Christians before the Empress Agrippina, and the last work of the mystic rose is to heal the wits of Leah and bring her repentant to the feet of Christ. Claudia dies by the dagger of Afra at the command of the Empress, who in turn succumbs to the poison of the sorceress.

It will be seen from this description that the four acts after the first are a series of episodes bound together by the mystic rose. Lovely and impressive are the various scenes; the little funeral in the moonlit Alban woods; the heart-weariness of the noble vestal virgins in their magnificent but arid palace; the sublime faith and patience of the Christians in prison; and the tragedy of the court of Agrippina. From the literary and dramatic standpoint the excellence of this play lies wholly in the fine dramatic form of the first act, and in the beautiful, poetic, rhythmic language. Its popularity was attested by a run of several weeks in Boston. The rich religious tone of the drama and the noble scenic setting would make it popular anywhere.

The development of the college and parish drama, which is striking deep roots into our social life, will receive a large impulse from the fine plays of Father Kenzel and Mr. McCarthy. Considering the number of college and parish dramatic societies there is no reason why these dramas should not have a universal presentation. The stuff ordinarily dealt in by amateurs is harmless, vulgar, or ridiculous, because the amateur stage can get nothing better. Plays like these just described would not only do much to uplift the popular taste and imagination, but would in time have a good effect on the general stage, which must depend upon outside movements and individuals for an occasional uplift out of its own ruts.

THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE.

BY MARY E. FITZGERALD.

Mr. Hedges, general superintendent of the great steel mills, descended from his automobile in front of the public school, and, followed by an exceedingly battered-looking boy, made his way to the office. The principal arose in a flutter, and gazed with mingled pity and horror at the wreck before her.

"Why, how in the world did Harrison ever get into such a condition?" she exclaimed.

"Fighting," said Mr. Hedges, grimly, as Harrison looked up from his unbandaged eye.

"I didn't think him — pugnacious," she said, after a slight hesitation.

"He's not," said Mr. Hedges. "He was taught in the private school that he attends in New York, the enormity, the savagery of fighting, until he looks upon it as we do, — as the pastime of brutes."

He spoke as if under severe restraint.

"My wife is ill in a sanitarium. I was obliged to come to Chicago, and Harrison pleaded so to come with me that I consented. I thought it would amuse and interest him to come here to school, where he could be near me, and come and go with me. I supposed the corps of teachers had authority enough to prevent any child from being almost killed."

He looked at the principal severely.

"Well, indeed, then, if I understand it rightly, and me Jimmie always tells the truth — if it was Eddie, I'd have me doubts — it was himself begun it," said a voice at the door, and, pointing at the battered Harrison, a shabbily-dressed man, also accompanied by a damaged specimen of the genus *boy*, came in and seated himself.

The two men glared at each other a moment with undisguised antagonism.

"As *I* understand it," said Mr. Hedges cuttingly, "he didn't. Harrison doesn't lie, and he says your boy began it. But the one I hold most responsible," he said, turning to the principal, "is the teacher, who walked by on the other side and allowed two boys to indulge the most brutal instinct of their nature. I shall make it a point to report her to the superintendent and have her removed. What kind of teachers does this city employ? What kind of women must they be to shut their eyes deliberately to such proceedings?"

"He began it himself," said the shabby man, doggedly.

The principal looked helplessly from one to the other.

"I hardly think Miss Reid would encourage fighting," she said deprecatingly. "But there she is now. She'll explain." And, much relieved, she took her seat behind the desk, as a brisk, smiling young woman came in and took her keys.

"Miss Reid, come here a moment, please."

Miss Reid came into the enclosure around the desk, and to the highly indignant Mr. Hedges it seemed as though there was a flash of amusement in her eyes, as she looked at the combatants.

"The warriors look pretty well matched," she said, after greeting the men.

"I understand," said Mr. Hedges, haughtily, "that you saw Harrison set upon and did not interfere."

"His boy began it, Miss Reid, and my boy fit back. I'd give him a bating if he didn't," said Mr. Welch.

"You mean, Mr. Hedges," corrected she, paying no attention to Mr. Welch, "that I saw Harrison set upon Jimmie."

Mr. Hedges was astounded.

"Didn't you tell me you did not begin

it?" he said sternly, turning to his son. Mr. Welch and Jimmie were mildly triumphant.

"He did!" exclaimed Harrison, energetically. "I wasn't doing a thing and he—" His father stopped him.

"I told you he begun it," said Mr. Welch. "Me Jimmie never lies."

Jimmie looked subdued, and as much imposed upon as his bandages permitted.

Mr. Hedges was bewildered.

"Aren't you mistaken, Miss Reid? Harrison has always been truthful, at least we always thought him so."

"Me Jimmie doesn't lie; and if he did, he'd rather say he did than he didn't begin it. He's a born scrapper, but he sticks to it that the new boy begun it."

"You did begin it, Jimmie Welch, you know you did," said Miss Reid, reprovingly.

At this sudden change of base both men looked at her with amazement.

"It was this way," she began;—"but both boys had better go into the hall. I think they may be trusted together, under supervision," she added with twinkling eyes. "Well," she began again, "it was like this. The boys didn't quite like the set of Harrison's tie; you know sweaters are all the rage here; and then they objected to his name. But more than all else, these free-born Americans objected to his manners, which were a trifle too deferential. He picked up a pencil for a little girl, for instance, and so from 'sonny' they changed his name to 'sissy.'"

"But why didn't you exert your authority?" asked Mr. Hedges.

Miss Reid looked at him a moment in silence, and then said, "Don't you know, Mr. Hedges, that no boy, except one with a fighting record, can stand being 'teacher's pet?' I didn't care to swell the list of Harrison's enormities in their eyes by adding that one to his long list of offences. They teazed him in every way known to twelve-year old ingenuity. I was indignant, but powerless."

"Why didn't he complain to me?" said his father.

Miss Reid smiled.

"Because he has grit. I knew he had from the flash of his eye, and I knew the torment would come to an end as soon as he made up his mind to have a good square fight; and after that (you see I didn't take into consideration that you didn't know that a new boy must show his metal)"—she smiled at Mr. Hedges—"After that everything about him,"—she went on—"his tie and his manners and his polished shoes and smooth hair and handkerchief would have an excellent effect. It would teach them that good clothes are sometimes worn by men who are worthy of respect for other reasons besides monetary ones."

He looked at her a little more kindly.

"But you said Jimmie began it," said Mr. Welch, who had been twirling his hat in his hand. "Was he one of them that called him names and plagued him?"

"The very worst one," said Miss Reid, emphatically.

"Then he deserved all he got. I'd ruther be struck with a brick than tanted myself," he explained confidentially.

"I think they punished each other quite enough, so don't take a hand this time, Mr. Welch. Well, Jimmie was in a crowd, throwing all kinds of teazing remarks at Harrison, until flesh and blood couldn't stand it any longer, and he pitched into Jimmie in a way that delighted my heart. I might have stopped them until I got by."

She looked apologetically at Mr. Hedges.

"But I knew they'd begin again the minute I was out of sight."

"Well, perhaps under the circumstances," said Mr. Hedges, "it was excusable in both you and Harrison." He smiled for the first time during the interview.

"But I still think he should have complained, and I would have taken him from school. The brutality of it!"

He looked disgusted.

"O, Mr. Hedges, if you'll pardon me, you don't look like a man who would allow yourself to be trampled upon, and I know you must have had many a fight when you were a boy. Why, how can boys learn to fight for the right when they grow up if they don't begin young?"

"Well, there is something in that," admitted Mr. Hedges.

"Me Jimmie fights from mornin' till night," said Mr. Welch, proudly.

"Well, I should think he did!" exclaimed Miss Reid; "and if I were you, I'd punish him for it, Mr. Welch, or you'll have a heap of trouble on your hands. To fight when you're imposed upon, and to fight on every and all occasions as he does, are two entirely different things. Why, Jimmie can't pass an Indian cigar sign on the street but he doubles up at it. I'd put him to sawing wood to get rid of some of his energy, if I were you. He used to try to fight me — "

"He did," exclaimed Mr. Welch. "Well, if I knew it — "

"O, not with his fists," laughed Miss Reid. "But we get along beautifully since he has learned I'm a pretty good fighter myself. Now that the boys know Harrison can fight, Mr. Hedges, he won't have to, unless he wants to. Is there anything further?"

"No, if you say it was as much the fault of one as of the other, I can't see that there is anything more to be said or done," said Mr. Hedges.

"Then I'll call the boys in and give them a little lecture in your presence. It's always more effective."

Jimmie and Harrison at her call came in promptly.

"Now, Jimmie Welch, I think perhaps you'll be careful after this about calling a boy names when his tie and collar do not suit you. You see now that he can fight all around you."

Jimmie looked up quickly and gasped, but said nothing.

"Why, it's very evident the reason he didn't fight you before was that he knew he could whip you, so he wouldn't touch you. He was sorry for you."

Two eyes could never express more indignation than did the one of Jimmie. Mr. Hedges concealed a smile behind his handkerchief, and Mr. Welch looked preternaturally grave.

"And Harrison, you must learn that names do not hurt, and — "

"Yes, Miss Reid, they do; they hurt me dreadfully," said the boy quickly. "You wouldn't like to be called a 'sissy' yourself, if you knew you could play base ball better than anybody else; anyhow better than anyone in New York."

"Well, anyhow," said Miss Reid, lamely, trying to suppress her smile, "you know, — well, you mustn't be too ready to fight."

"I'm not," said he, blinking up at her. "I truly am not."

"No, you're not," she said heartily, her high moral tone giving way. "You kept out of it longer than almost any other boy would, and I'm very sorry you're going away before you have a chance to find out that the boys here are pretty nice, — all-around little fellows."

"O, papa, must I go? I don't want to. Jimmie says if I get a mitt, I can be pitcher in their team. My eye doesn't hurt much," he said anxiously.

"A mitt?" said his father. "What is a mitt?"

"There's one," said Miss Reid, nodding toward a boy whose diminutive form was almost covered by the enormous leather mitten pinned to his belt.

"Oh! Well, I think we can manage a mitt. And you think you'd like to stay? They might kill you next time. But if

you must, I'll leave you here. Good morning, Miss Reid," — taking her hand. "You must have been a boy yourself in a previous state of existence, you seem to know them so well. If you are a type of public school teachers, I shall send my boy to public schools after this. But I suppose there are not many like you."

"Every one," she declared, laughing. "I'm glad you decided to let him stay. I think you will find that it will do him good, and as I said, my boys will learn lots from him. Good by."

They shook hands cordially.

"Too bad you stayed away from work, Mr. Welch. Tell Mrs. Welch I'm coming over to see the new baby, Friday."

The man's face fell.

"I'm not working, Miss—the boss—"

Miss Reid had gone to the window, attracted by the noise outside, and saw Mr. Hedges the centre of an interested mob of boys to whom he was explaining the mechanism of his automobile.

"Not working!" Her bright face clouded. She turned suddenly and tapped on the window to attract the attention of Mr. Hedges, who was about to step into the machine. He turned and re-entered the building.

She met him in the hall. "Mr. Hedges," she said eagerly, "you employ a great number of men at the mill. Couldn't you find room for one more? Mr. Welch is sober and industrious, but hasn't a bit of push. If he only had some of Jimmie's fighting qualities, he'd be better off. He's so willing, too, and they have a new baby and seven others."

Her eyes were filled with tears, as she followed Mr. Hedges into the office.

"Do you know anything about horses?" he said to Mr. Welch.

"I was raised among them. I was a car driver once," replied the man, surprised at the re-appearance of Mr. Hedges and his sudden question.

"Well, come along with me, and I'll see if we can't find something for you to do," and they left the office and entered the automobile together.

"High and low she puts her comether on them all," said the privileged old janitor, who had come in, ostensibly on business but who was an interested observer of the transaction. "She bates the world. She has a heart as big as an ox, Lord love her! I must see if she doesn't want some more shelves."

"She has shelves enough for a museum now," laughed the principal.

"I wish he'd get me just one," said a teacher who came in. "But what has Miss Reid been doing now?" She smiled as if sure of being amused.

"Just making things go her way, as usual," said the principal. "Mr. Hedges came in with the express intention of having her discharged, and went away reconciled to fighting — in moderation, — and is playing the good Samaritan, at her request, to the father of the boy who 'did up' his son."

WHITTIER AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY THE REV. HUGH FRANCIS BLUNT.

The writing of a biography is a task generally undertaken by a sympathizer. In such a case it is only natural to expect partisanship, gently colored by not unkind criticism. Nor should it be surprising. It is hard, quite impossible, indeed, for one of like views political, social or religious, to deprecate such persuasions in another, no matter to what extremes that other be carried. In biography, position, or point of view, is everything. What is subject for laudation to an admirer is proof positive to one of different convictions of a bias or weakness of character which merits only condemnation. It is like a Parkman sneering unconsciously at the visionary Jesuit, — however else he may praise his heroism, — for his tireless endeavor to baptize the heathen Indian, through all those admirable sacrifices which manifest to the Catholic a soul endowed with the qualifications that avail to saintship. Hence it is that a Catholic's estimate of a man is necessarily very different from the estimate made by one who has little knowledge of and less sympathy with doctrines and rites which are all in all to the truly initiated. From such a standpoint the life and works of Whittier have been viewed but very little.

Partisanship has been evidenced strikingly in the panegyrics of him which are accumulating so rapidly as to be annual almost. In this we have an example of the perpetual pride of the New Englander in his favorite brothers, however great their shortcomings, which others, who deem such partisanship narrow, would do well at times to emulate. So far, so good. It is not to be expected that a Puritan mind should devote one of his chapters to "The Poet and the Catholic Church." Never has he read the poet with such a thought in mind; he takes it for granted in fact, that the poet's idea of the Roman establishment is the old orthodox idea, Protestant and indisputable. But what he omits in his review, we assume the right to insert, without feeling the need of proferring an apology. It matters little in truth what Whittier as a private individual thought of the Catholic Church, any more than of Methodism or Congregationalism. The mere reason of curiosity would be hardly a sufficient plea to take up a discussion of the subject. But Whittier was a public man who put down in books his views of men and things and churches, who formed and still forms the opinions of his readers on such matters, consequently his works are a continual challenge to those who disagree with him. It is well to remember that the written word is always the present word, as powerful to do good or ill as on the day when penned, and that the lies of history, abuse, and misrepresentation, spread their noxious influence the more they are suffered to remain undisturbed. The partisan does not see the indignity of such blots in the character of his idol, he may resent the imputation of unfairness, let alone bigotry, but the despised one who has been wrought against by such knavery must be excused if he fails to be foremost in incense and adulation, and considers it his duty and privilege to expose calumny, and resent it. If we suffer ourselves to be betrayed into the echoing of extravagant eulogies it is because we are afraid to be deemed unappreciative of what one literary circle, which sees these things in the light of family adoration, declares to be remarkable.

It requires great courage to plod one's

way through much of Whittier's downright stuff, and measured or unmeasured verbiage; consequently one who has read but "Barbara Frietchie," "Maud Muller," and the immortal "In School Days" has little idea of the modifications of his plain Quakerism which so often exhibited an animus to the Catholic Church as bitter, as unrelenting, as that which he delighted in manifesting toward the iniquitous slaveholder. The great difference is, that for his diatribes against the slaveholder he had reason on his side, though it is also true that the real history of slavery, vile as it is under any circumstances, remains to be written in contradiction of the exaggerations of Uncle Tom's Cabin and John Whittier's poetry; whereas for his violent wrath against the Catholic Church the only excuse that can be given, if it may be called an excuse, is the traditional bias, and ignorance of her doctrines and history. There is something heroic in Whittier's fight for the slaves. Personally he had everything to lose and nothing to gain, save a passing and uncertain acclamation of admirers, which was more than counter-balanced by the mob violence of those who did not appreciate such Christianity as his. However, here was laid the foundation of his literary reputation, and hard it has been ever since to measure rightly his poetry, on account of the memory of his anti-slavery mission which continually creeps into his lines and tinges them with a glory which of themselves, as literature, they do not possess.

"I set a higher value," said he, "on my name as appended to the anti-slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book," and there was to him a great consolation in knowing that he shared with Garrison's editorials and Phillips's speeches the honor of arousing a people against an iniquitous practice. Railing against oppression was one of the necessities of his mind; it was indeed, meat and drink to his system. It was the spirit of Freedom which we are told he had imbibed with his Quaker blood and training.

We have not to do here with the anti-slavery movement in which he took such a prominent part. Still, we cannot but mention it since it serves to explain much to us, inasmuch as the views of the poet in this instance are parallel with, perhaps in great part a cause of his attitude to the Catholic Church. He had no scruple, nay, he seemed to consider it a sacred duty, to villify her and her sacred ministers by words as cutting and abusive as any applied to the slave-driver standing with the lash above the quivering form of a condemned slave. Whittier was an opponent of slavery, and he looked upon the Church of Rome as a church of slaves, "a yoke of spiritual and temporal despotism," a combination of souls who knew not the freedom of trusting solely to the "inner light" of Quakerism, and of recognizing no spiritual authority but the Spirit:

> "Where He hath spoken liberty — the priest
> At his own altar binds the chain anew."

So had he sung his conviction that the priest is the spiritual slaveholder; and that he should attack Pope, priests and Church was a logical sequence of such conviction. Attack them he did, and bitterly. It is hard to find a justification of such conduct on the part of Whittier, for he was in a position to know better. In the early days when his books were few and prejudiced in tone, and there was little opportunity for his views to broaden, it was not strange if his mind was filled with perverted notions, but as time went on and he mingled more with men and books it would be natural to look for the passing of the old bitterness. The truth is that his animosity instead of decreasing became more intensified.

The religious nature was prominent in

the ancestors of Whittier, even as far back as the Huguenot Thomas, who came to Boston in 1638, a contemporary of George Fox, the founder of the Quaker religion. In the next generation we see the Quaker element entering the Whittier family, with all those peculiar ideas which counted so much in the development of the poet's character. A mere glance at the tenets of these mutual Friends is enough to explain the self-sufficiency, (despite the allness of the Spirit) conceit we were going to say, so evident in the religious mind of Whittier. Of all prides the worst is spiritual, and the doctrine of the individual inner light was apt to generate such pride. Though Whittier is considered a "firm but liberal Quaker," he was surely under the sway of a despotism as great as that which he believed to be a fundamental of the Catholic Church.

He had learned, he said, with John Woolman, to find no narrowness respecting sects and opinions, even though he obtruded his own sectarianism too frequently. But his words belie him, perhaps unconsciously, for to abuse the Catholic Church could be only logical with one whose whole life had felt the influence of the writings of Milton whom he delighted in referring to as his master in prose. If he modelled his prose after Milton he also modelled many of his views about Church and priesthood.

The priesthood of the Catholic Church always presented an object for his venomous attacks. The "pale priest of Rome" (pale is an indispensable qualification of the priesthood to him) was the begetter of a slavery, purely imaginary as we know, but apparently to Whittier a real evil of stripes and chains. "The proud and evil priest," the "haughty priesthood," "lying priest," "dreaming monk," "fraud of priests," "priestcraft," "hunters of men," "mouthing priesthood," are some of the expressive titles he has fashioned for the ministers of Holy Church. In a little cemetery, in one of Boston's prettiest suburbs, there is an epitaph, unequalled in its bold simplicity, "Hatred to Priestcraft." We cannot help thinking how suitably it might be carved on the tomb of Whittier. And yet he once remarked, "I am free to confess to a very thorough dislike of their (the Irish) religious intolerance and bigotry." That undefinable "priestcraft" caused Whittier to fear, like many others before and since, without knowing the real reason of the terror. It was as Cardinal Newman said in "Discussions and Arguments:" "Men of this age are full of their dread of priestcraft and priestly ambitions; and they speak and feel as if the very circumstance of a person claiming obedience upon a divine authority was priestcraft and full of evil."

Bigotry bred in the bone is not fitted to appreciate the sacrifices of Catholic "priestcraft." The wily Jesuit with his plans to undermine constitutions and sell his country to the enemy will never be liberated from the inferno of Protestant literature. This is ever the bed-rock for the flow of prejudice, and Whittier could not refrain from throwing his quota into the current. It is too much to expect him to value rightly Catholic heroism, he whose true heroes are the "Brave old English Confessors," consequently his portrayal of Father Rasle, unjust as it is, is not surprising. He tells us that he had wished to send "Mogg Megone" into oblivion, and we are sorry that the happy thought did not prevail. The Father Rasle of Whittier is not the saintly priest we know, who followed in the footsteps of so many of his countrymen and gave up all the world holds dear, for the spiritual betterment of the poor children of the forest. "The humblest and weakest follower of the meek and lowly Redeemer is more to be envied,"

says he, "than a Voltaire, a Rousseau or a Byron," provided, of course, he be not a sly Jesuit in league with French and Indian against the glorious English.

All hierarchy was condemned by Whittier. "Hierarchy of any sort," he says, "has very little in common with the fishermen and tent-makers of the New Testament." But the Catholic Church with its hierarchy was par excellence the scapegoat upon which the vials of his wrath must be emptied. The "domain of conscience is sacred" in his opinion and yet he must poetize to the effect that

> "Creeds, cult and ritual are at best but dreams."

The "poor creed-mongers" who "dreamed and guessed" over their "schoolman's creed," with its "monkish gloss," or its "garbled text and gloss of sin," are worthy of pity from him in his lofty spirituality, as he shuts his grave Aquinas fast. (This set us wondering how many articles of St. Thomas he had ever translated.) The same old needless pity which we poor benighted "Romanists" are receiving continually, despite the utter folly of pitying a Church which continues its triumphal procession amid the tombs of sects long since departed! In 1843 he wrote a letter which we quote at length because it gives a good idea of the poet's attitude to ritualistic religion. It was written on the occasion of that great movement in the English Church, which gave to us, by the grace of God, our own magnificent Newman:

> "The English Church seems ready to go over to Popery in earnest. Has thee noticed the general tendency towards the old trust in man, — in priests, sacrifices, and ghostly mummery and machinery. To me it seems to bid fair to swallow up everything, save Quakerism of the old stamp, which has this advantage, that its distinctive characteristic is the entire rejection of all ceremonial, the total disbelief in the power of pope, priest or elder to give a ransom for the soul of another. Well, let the world, sick of doubt and infidelity, go back and try once more the old superstitions which the Voltaires and Gibbons and Humes of the last century exposed to scorn and derision. Let the old tricks of monks and priests again deceive and amuse self-blinded Christendom. I have a strong faith — it seems almost like prophecy — that the result will be ere the lapse of two centuries, a complete and permanent change in the entire Christian world. Weary and disgusted with shams and shadows, with the effort to believe a few miserable worms of the dust the sole dispensers of Heaven's salvation,, men will awake to the simple beauty of practical Christianity. Love will take the place of fast, penance, long prayers and heathenish sacrifices. Altar, church, priest and ritual will pass away; but the human heart will be the Holy of Holies, where worship will still be performed, not in set forms and on particular occasions, but daily and hourly, a worship meet and acceptable to Him who is not deceived by the pomp and outward ceremonial, and who loves mercy better than sacrifice."

We see no signs yet of the prophecy being fulfilled according to Whittier's details.

To his mind the Church was a "pious fraud," an "outworn rite," a "bloated church" with "hollow ceremonials," with its cloisters for "idle genuflections and bead counting," its "cobb-webs of scholastic lore," perpetuated by

> "Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning."

Again it is an "evil faith," a "wizard spell" and his eloquence rolls and thunders in his "Lines to a Clerical Friend" when he bids him

> "Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear
> The Bible from the grasp of Hell."

"The just and moderate tone which usually marked his writings," as one of his biographers tells us, is sadly missing when there is question of priest and Church. And yet there is much of the ridiculous in the Quaker's railing about "hollow ceremonials," they whose code of discipline was most despotic, laying emphasis on dress, speech, and titles which made them a peculiarity among men, and in many things as ritualistic as those who received their heartiest condemnation.

When its priests are such oppressors of men it follows, as the night the day, that the Pope of Rome is the personification of despotism.

"How different is your Brookfield bull
From him who bellows from St. Peter's."

is a charming poetical bit of which any "liberal Quaker" should be proud. The figure changes and the bellowing bull becomes "Rome's harlot triple-crowned," while the saintly Pius IX becomes "the Nero of our time." It is in his abuse of this great Pontiff that Whittier has wounded most deeply the feelings of every loyal Catholic. His poem "To Pius IX," his "Dream of Pio Nono" in which St. Peter proclaims him Anti-Christ, "The Prisoners of Naples," are manifestly unjust as they are opprobious. "From Perugia" wherein one of his biographers discovers a touch of Browning and which may be called "Browningesque" inasmuch as it has no sympathy with Catholic ideals; and "Italy," with its "priestly cannibals," are not destined surely to make a place for Whittier in the hearts of those who look upon "priestly cannibals" as "dispensers of the mysteries of God."

Whittier's view of the Italian politics of his time was biased. He could not see the fatherly heart of Pius, he misinterpreted his actions, he could lend his pen only to an excoriation of what he pleased himself to interpret as tyranny and deepest-dyed villainy. He was not alone in his views though his words betoken more of the extremist. Mrs. Browning from her "Casa Guidi Windows" could see only the "hireling hands" of the Pontiff, and James Russell Lowell in his "Villa Franca" could see the spider swinging 'neath Gregory's throne, snaring the people for the Kings, but Whittier outdid them all in the casting of mud. Garibaldi was his hero, he looked to him for the regeneration of Italy. Perhaps he fancied that he was the great prophet who was to finish the work which Luther had begun of cutting down the "accursed tree," but the "accursed tree" still flourishes as of old and will continue to flourish when those who maligned her are forgotten. It is only another example of how little the Protestant mind can sympathize with Catholic ideals. Even Phillips who paid such glowing tribute to the work of the Church against slavery must talk of the "priestcraft" which "nightmares Rome;" and Lowell, as far back as 1864, could see the Catholic Church as a memory of the past. He gave his readers the assurance that "the Papacy lies dead in the Vatican;" while even Browning, who lived so many years amid Catholic customs and devotions, and could have seen, had he wished, the numberless beautiful lives effected by divine grace, must have been entirely blind to other than the human side of the Church. He misrepresents our ritual, and pictures as our ministers peculiar popes and priests whose influence for good he cannot discover.

Even more un-Catholic, I hate to say anti-Catholic, was Whittier. He was a strong hater where he did hate. His ignorance of the Catholic Church betrayed him into using abusive words which even his admirers must blush at. "As a Quaker Puritan should be, he was," says Carpenter, in his biography of the poet, "though tolerant in religious matters, a foe to the Roman Catholic Church of the time on its social side." We cannot bring ourselves to admire a tolerance which seems to delight in calling bad names.

His was a nature of extremes, and the conviction that "all men shall be priests and kings," blinded him to the fact that after all there might be something human, something Christ-like left in Rome.

He saw Rome, not as the benefactor of nations, the giver of civilization to his barbarous ancestors, the light to the

darkened Gentiles, but Rome the Anti-Christ, the harlot, the beast of the Apocalypse, whose will was to be drunk with the blood of Protestants. Such was his view of "Rome" and he wished nothing better than that it should pass away with all slavery. Yet, needless to say, for his life proved it, he was not a friend of persecution much as he deemed himself superior to the down-trodden child of Rome, he was always to the front, ahead of his contemporaries perhaps, in his defence of individual Catholics. He himself tells us that on more than one occasion he had "exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island." He describes a visit on a June day to the ruins of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, destroyed in 1834. "The stone," he says, "literally cries out from the wall, and the scorched timber answers it." Had he followed this line in the treatment of all Catholic subjects, like to his beautiful lines on "The Female Martyr," the Sister of Charity who died from her devotion to victims of the cholera, without delivering himself over to so much innate prejudice, the name of Whittier would not have for us the sting which must be ever there as long as his unjust tirades against our Church disfigure his pages. It is no palliation to say that many of the expressions herein pointed out were applied to other denominations as well as to us, and that he referred to their ministers also the terms which we have objected to. It does not lessen the indignity to me because others are maltreated likewise, and even so there is enough abuse, and the vilest of it at that, which applies solely to Rome. We recognize ourselves as the scapegoat and resent the contumely.

Apart from his animosity Whittier was of a religious mind. He could hardly be otherwise, with the teaching of his saintly mother. He loved the Bible which, says Stedman "is rarely absent from his verse and its spirit, never." His faith was strong in the immortality of the soul, and he wished that Emerson could have believed it. All this is good and beautiful, but it is not everything. It may be enough to win the eulogiums of a coterie of Puritan biographers, but it is not enough to balm feelings wounded so deeply by him. Whittier was a great man, but he had much, if not all, of the narrowness of his day, a narrowness which even now obtrudes itself in the guise of liberality, that maligns or ignores the Catholic Church because prejudice is innate, and keeps the heart from knowing the blessedness of the faith or the things which are the soul's salvation.

HER FAITH AND HER LOVE.

BY P. F. G.

For centuries the Ellwyns had been heroic Catholics. Far back in the reign of Queen Bess, the lord of Ellwynor had cheerfully submitted to the torture, and laid down his life rather than prove traitor to the Faith. An Ellwyn had fought on the side of James in 1688. In later times, a youthful scion of the house, as Papal Zouave, had been martyred at Mentana. But to Harold Ellwyn it had been given to conserve the traditions of his race in the New World. The atmosphere pervading his home was ideally Catholic, his wife, in the brief years of her wedded happiness, proving herself a youthful matron of the type of St. Elizabeth. Death indeed called her untimely away, but, with such pure souls, "all things work together for good." Her dying wish was that her infant daughter should be educated at a religious school.

The little Gwendolyn spent happy years at Ville Marie. The nuns might have wished to see less of self in their charge; but she was sweet of disposition, she loved her faith, and was proud of her ancestral traditions; for the rest, at times her gaiety developed into frivolity. Yet, Sister Lucie, who knew her best, averred that hers was a magnanimous nature, which needed only some spur of need or crucible of suffering to define it clearly.

After twelve years at Ville Marie, broken only by vacation spent with parent or friend, Gwendolyn was graduated with honors. Her father had not lived to witness her triumph. Death had again come to Ellwynor, one crisp March morning, and carried its master away. He was not unprepared, the crucifix and rosary had long been familiar to his hands. Gwendolyn's grief was deep, but the approaching graduation, the taking charge of Ellwynor as its mistress, the administration of her affairs — all caused her sanguine temperament soon to resume its accustomed vivacity. When the year of mourning had expired, she abandoned herself in all the *éclat* of her rare beauty and magnificent fortune to the round of gaiety. At twenty-one she was less free. She had given her heart to one whose blameless life had proved him worthy to bear away this "queen rose." Arthur Lowell, though not yet in his prime, had reached the zenith of social and political influence.

Late one spring afternoon, Gwendolyn stood in the drawing room at Ellwynor meditating the details of the June wedding, now not far distant. It had indeed cost her a sharp pang that she could not be married before the cathedral altar. A drawing-room ceremony for an Ellwyn! It was a terrible blot on the family scutcheon. How could the lion couchant on the keys rest calmly! But Gwendolyn's heart loudly protested that before long this high-minded lover of hers, led to knowledge of the truth, would become a Catholic. She would show him the beauty of Catholicity. Yet, strange self-deception! in the present it was the gown, the veil, the tour that engrossed her mind. Would Arthur like the ivory satin beneath the rose chandelier? Would not pale gold light have more pleasing effect? Busy with these thoughts, she had not perceived the entrance of the maid.

"Well, Jennie, has Mr. Lowell come?" she asked, at length, noticing the girl's look of curiosity.

"No, ma'am. But, if you please, there's a person in the vestibule waiting to see you."

"Who is it? A lady, you say, but no card. Just show her in, Jennie."

Once again Gwendolyn cast her eyes upon the details of the elegant room, then drew them away to place them upon — what!

A miniature she had once seen, enlarged to life — the same large brown eyes, lustreless now indeed but burning with hidden fire; the same golden hair, threaded slightly with silver, but burnished as in the painting Arthur had shown her, the square chin, the handsome mouth — a phantom of fear to the eyes of the bride-elect!

The new-comer noted Gwendolyn's look of dismay.

"I am not unknown to you, I see," she said, bowing with studied, mocking courtesy. "You are, I hear, an admirer of Arthur Lowell. I am his affianced wife."

The room reeled around Gwendolyn. Speech had deserted her. Involuntarily her touch sought the bust of Harold Ellwyn, at her side.

The stranger continued, merciiessly. "True, we had a lover's quarrel, a mere nothing, some years ago, but I have never released him from his troth. Here are his letters" — she held up Arthur's handwriting. "He still visits me. Look!"

Gwendolyn saw a ring set with pearls of antique design, which, only a few weeks before, her lover had shown her among his collection of family heirlooms.

The girl rallied. The Ellwyn pride was coming to her aid. She motioned her visitor away. "Please leave me. I have much to think of — much to do."

The large brown eyes regarded her sharply, the musical voice grew harsh.

"Think no more of marriage with Arthur Lowell, Miss Ellwyn. I warn you in time."

The next moment Gwendolyn was alone. Presently Jennie appeared, with a word of apology for coming unsummoned. "I thought you'd forgot Miss Gwendolyn. That person went out" — then catching sight of the girl's agonized face. "Miss Gwendolyn, what is it? Come to your room — do — and lie down. If I'd known she was goin' to bother you —"

"No, Jennie," said Gwendolyn, with an effort. "I — I'm going away for a few days — that's all. Please get my traveling dress out, and the light valise. Quick, Jennie, that's a good girl."

As the maid reluctantly departed, Gwendolyn went into the library adjoining, and, opening an escritoire, wrote hurriedly. Great tears fell, blotting the lines:

"You told me that Eleanor Spencer, was dead. I forgive you — more, I believe you only meant she was dead to you. I pity you in such bondage. She who writes this deserves no pity. She parted with the traditions of her fathers, was deaf to the warnings of religion — she is punished."

Hastily addressing the letter to Arthur Lowell, she sealed it, and, calling Jennie, directed her to have it delivered on the following morning.

Ten minutes later Gwendolyn, closely veiled, was making her way along a crowded thoroughfare. Where would she go? She cared not. Anywhere to get from within sight and sound of the world she had loved. She would go to some point on the coast and — she paused. Two Sisters were waiting for a car at the corner of the street. She recognized the garb. Why not hide herself under their roof? Who would seek for the fashionable Miss Ellwyn in a House of the Good Shepherd!

Acting on this thought, she took the car with the Sisters, and alighted with them at the gate of the House. A few words to the portress, and she was admitted to the grated parlor, to talk with the Poiress. Mother Victoria hesitated. The rule indeed permitted the taking of boarders, but, would a young lady of

Miss Ellwyn's standing, rest satisfied with the accommodation?

Gwendolyn speedily re-assured her. "I am of age, my own mistress. I will confer with my attorney. All I ask, you can give me here — death to the world — the only boon for a broken heart."

Her retreat was poor — one large room made as bright and attractive as the resources of the House would permit. There she ate, read, slept. For some days indeed she could only lie prostrate on the bed, refusing nourishment or solace. The nuns were much concerned about this new protegée whom Providence had drawn to their doors. Their prayers were at length answered.

One morning the infirmarian, Sister Helena, came to inquire concerning Gwendolyn's health. Hoping to divert the girl's mind, she told her that there were many sick in the children's infirmary, and added,

"Then there are the inebriates who are brought in occasionally, poor children. You would pity those most, dear Miss Ellwyn."

And Gwendolyn, rousing herself for the first time, began by questioning, and finally ended by volunteering her services as nurse.

In the infirmary she had the first glimpse of the misery which is the consequence of sin. The dark curtain of life lifted, she learned a dual lesson, gratitude for her own safe-guarded youth, pity for the poor waifs with whom sorrow had brought her strangely in touch. Not faith alone, but love — yes, now she saw how full of flaw her own pride-nurtured, immaculate, but self sole life had been.

Her voice grew tender, her touch caressing, as she moved around in the little ward.

* * * * *

"My dear, there's a new case," said Sister Helena, one evening, some months later, as Gwendolyn, in cap and apron, entered the infirmary. "While intoxicated, she fell down a flight of steps. It's not bad enough for the hospital, and the kind-hearted policeman thought she would do better with us. She's in the alcove; the doctor says it will be some time before she comes to fully."

Gwendolyn, having paid a brief visit to each bed in the infirmary, drew aside the curtain of the alcove. There, the once beautiful face plainly revealed, lay the woman who had wrecked her life. Faded, haggard, she was but the shadow of the Eleanor of the past.

It was a knife in the girl's aching heart. Letting the curtain fall behind her, she sank on her knees, burying her face in her hands.

The sharp struggle passed. The Angel of the Great Council had consoled. Yes, for His sake she would care for this woman as for none other. Aye, even make amends for the neglect of the past.

And in the days that ensued, from the light that gleamed again and again in the woman's eyes, she knew she was recognized. At first there was hate there, and bitter loathing; but, when the gentle ministrations of Sister and nurse would not be withheld, the outcast's heart was softened. As soon as she was able to speak, she motioned Sister Helena to bend near her. "I must send a letter at once. Will you write it?"

Sister Helena willingly assented.

The following morning, Arthur Lowell left his house to take his usual walk to the little French church Gwendolyn had been wont to frequent, and which he had grown to consider the dearest spot on earth. A messenger accosted him, and mechanically he took the letter. Tearing off the envelope, he read at first absently, then with deep emotion:

"Arthur, dear friend of my girlhood, the once-affianced husband of my idolized sister, Eleanor, for her sake, I beg, pardon the terrible wrong I have done

you. You already know I deceived your betrothed, the striking resemblance to my sister Eleanor enabling me to do so. You do not know, however, that it was but the frenzy of a moment, the fountain of bitterness which welled up in my heart when I first realized that another held the place of her whom I had loved with love surpassing a sister's affection. You do not know that when I saw — as a fatal consequence of my interference — that I had wrecked *your* life — yours, my friend — the thought of my ingratitude drove me to drown my remorse deep and more deep . . . But, thanks to God, it is not too late. I have knowledge of Gwendolyn. Come."

The name tremulously signed, was Jeannette Spencer.

And Arthur Lowell, on his way to the House of the Good Shepherd paused at the little French church to offer a wordless prayer of thanksgiving, and believing love.

* * * * *

In the gardens at Ellwynor is a little grotto honoring the Virgin Immaculate of Lourdes. Here one glorious September day, Gwendolyn, with the frankness of a happy heart, told me this true story. She culled for the shrine, herself, methought, an offering of beauty — the pale flower-face, the bright, flowing hair, the sheen of soft, silken garments. I glanced away to the arbor. Arthur Lowell, carrying a mass of glowing chrysanthemums, was hastening to join his bride of a week.

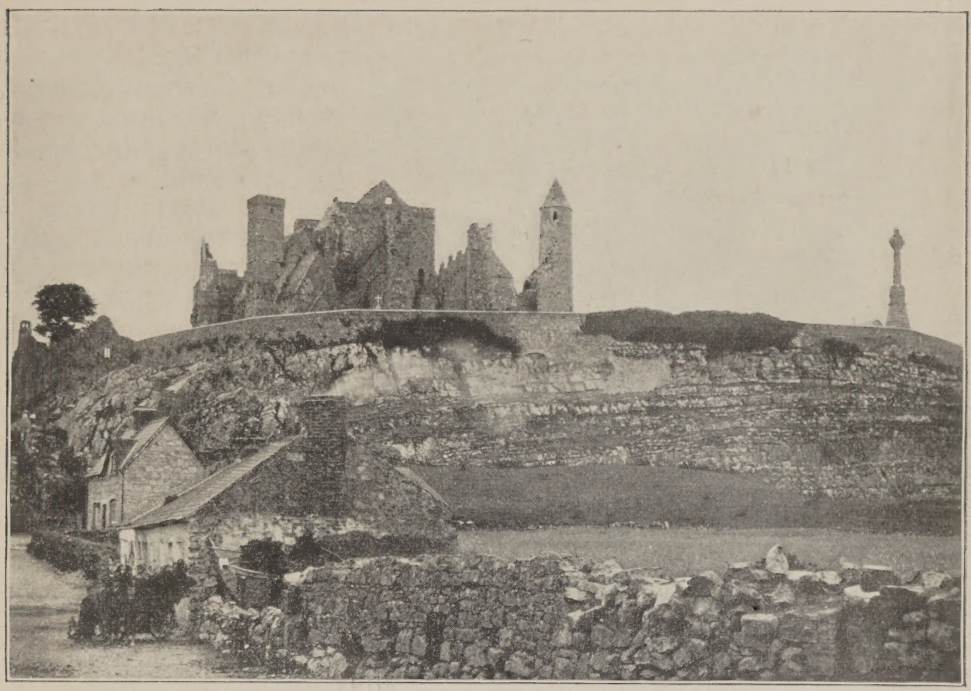
A WAYFARER.

BY MAUD REGAN.

Once on a time he trod a stony way,
I sometimes think, were life to live again,
We might do more to ease the smart and pain
And weariness from which he rests to-day.

We never guessed. Through noonday glare and heat,
He plodded ever with so brave a smile,
Upward and onward, mile on rugged mile
Till nightfall. Then we wept to see his feet.

The way is ended — fragrant ointment pour
Upon his wounds, spare not the pitying tears
That were withheld through all the lonely years,
They ease *our* sorrow, — *he* can feel no more.



THE ROCK OF CASHEL

Showing King Cormac's Chapel (date 901, disputed by some historians), King Domnal's Cathedral and Castle (date 1167), Ancient Round Tower (date unknown) and the O'Scoliadhe Cross.

"CASHEL OF THE KINGS."

BY HONOR WALSH.

I.

Last year when his Holiness, Pope Pius X, announced his precious gift to the people of the Ever Faithful Isle, — the canonization of the martyrs of Ireland, — there was rejoicing the world over, despite the scoffing dissent of the partisans of "England, right or wrong." The Froudists, agreeing with their apostle's complacent view of Cromwell as "a just master," prefer to regard the martyrs of Ireland as political offenders, rebels, "traitors." The unfair observers forget, or they pay no heed to the eternal verity in the consideration of Irish affairs — that, since the "Reformation," Faith and Fatherland have always been one and inseparable in Erin of the Saints, and that the persecutions raging with more than Neroic cruelty century after century were directed against the unhappy people, "not as Irishmen, but as Catholics."

Only too familiar are the historic instances of princely rewards offered and given by English deputies to perverts from Catholicity to the temporarily prevailing brand of Protestantism, — Elizabethan, Cromwellian, or Williamite. Before the eighteenth century every outbreak in Ireland against English rule, after the reign of Henry VIII, was a rebellion of Catholics against an oppressive Protestantism which permitted no worship save that prescribed by its own peculiar denomination, no less than an uprising of the patriotic Irish against the

THE SCRAMBLERS.

invader and the usurper of Irish rights. Nowhere is this union of religious and patriotic sentiment more eloquent than in the story of glorious Cashel — "Cashel of the Kings," Cashel of the Martyrs.

In the *Processus Apostolicus,* which, it is expected, will be instituted during 1906, ten martyrs will be entitled to be called Venerable. After the issuing of the *processus,* further steps will be taken immediately toward the beatification of the ten, together with the hundreds and thousands of the holy and the brave who perished nameless in the massacres and who will be included with the "Other Martyrs of Ireland." Among these, the patriot, however great, will have no place unless it can be proven that he suffered death rather than renounce his religion. The distinction is a peculiarly difficult one to make in Ireland where so many were martyred at once for their faith and their patriotism, but the Congregation of Rites is notably exacting in the requisition of proof, and the delicate distinction will be made in every instance between the Irishman who died for his country and the Irishman who died for his Cross.

Almost always, during the fiendish persecutions inspired by Henry's worthy daughter and the regicide "Lord Protector," patriotism and religion were one; it would have been all too easy to purchase privileges by recantation. It was a wretched renegade, an anomalous sort of South of Ireland Puritan, an unworthy O'Brien, the dreadful "Murrough of the Burnings," who carried out the Cromwell-Ireton instructions for the destruction of Cashel, and, as Lord Inchiquin, received the highest English honors and the richest Irish estates in reward for the too successful execution of his diabolical task.

Any one familiar with the sad yet ludicrous story of his disgraceful "Grace" Miler McGrath, ex-Franciscan, ex-Catholic and first "reformed" Archbishop of Cashel, knows how readily English preferments were granted to the veriest impostor willing to turn his coat three times a day if it so pleased the purseful bigots. Miler McGrath's tomb is still to be seen at Cashel with all his wobbling lordship's borrowed insignia carved above him; his unfixed historic figure fixed in stone in the ancient Cathedral, where there is no trace of a tablet to the noble memory of the rightful Archbishop whose sacred place the apostate usurped — Dermod O'Hurley, the leader of the ten martyrs named for beatification in the *Processus Apostolicus.*

"And there is Cassilles, now a poor city, but the seat of an Archbishop," wrote Fynes Morrison at the end of the sixteenth century. The City of Kings

and Prelates does not even house its own archbishop to-day. The Cathedral is in Thurles where Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, worthy successor to Dr. Croke, wears the ancient title "Archbishop of Cashel and Emly." There are two "Danes" in Cashel, — Very Rev. Dean Kinane, the venerable author of "The Dove of the Tabernacle," and the Anglican Dean, a gentleman of scholarly leisure, who lives in the usual Anglican "palace," a really fine mansion enclosed in a beautiful garden.

'FINE, FAT, FLEECY SHEEP."

Although fallen from its external prosperity, Cashel is as devotedly Catholic as it was in the days when its loyal thousands shed their blood for the faith. The beautiful modern church standing triumphantly on the site of the Franciscan abbey destroyed by the fanatical "exterminators" of Catholicity is thronged with worshippers at every Mass, while, as everywhere in Munster, the ministers of the disestablished "Church of Ireland" preach to empty benches Sunday after Sunday. The nuns teach the little children, without unseemly and heretical interruption; their school and convent, than which there is none finer in Ireland, form a splendid group of buildings surrounding an enclosed patio gay with birds and flowers and splashing fountains.

The massacres and the burnings of Cashel were all in vain so far as the establishment of Protestantism went. Despite the ruins of its ancient glory, Catholicity is supreme to-day in its old stronghold, thus fulfilling the prayer of Father Saul, S. J., a survivor of the ter-

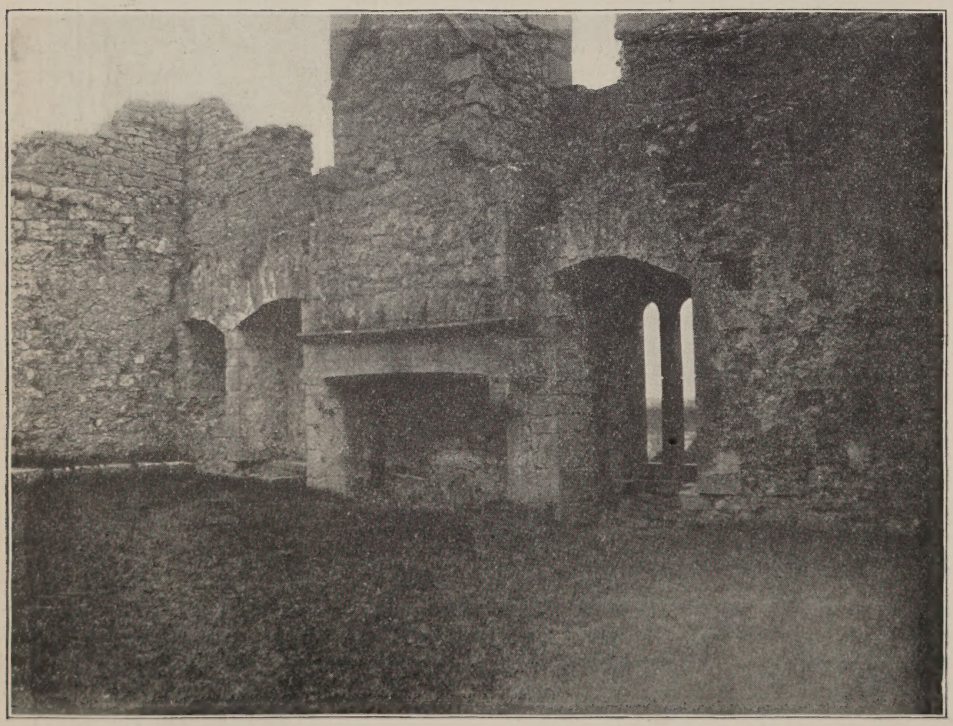
rible Cromwellian massacre of 1647: "What we hope for is that Cashel may not become a by-word among men, and will acquire greater glory by its losses for the faith than by its triumphs."

Until quite recently Cashel was decidedly "inland," six long Irish miles from the nearest railway station. Nowadays, the old City of the Kings has a station of its own, a little "cut-off" line having been built from Goold's Cross by the Southwestern Railway.

Hoar Abbey, the ruin of the Cistercian monastery founded in 1272 by Archbishop O'Carroll, is but a few steps from the station. The roof is gone, the floor of the Abbey is carpeted with a rank growth of nettles, yet the sturdy walls and lofty arches of the ruin appear to defy centuries of desolate neglect. The Abbey is on the grounds of the Cusack estate.

"Yea, it's on the Cusack place," volunteers the ever-ready roadside informant, spade in hand. "But the roon itself, sure that belongs to the English Gover'ment, an' that's why 'tisn't built into a new chapel. Yea, 'twas desthroyed by the Crumwellians, or as desthroyed as it could be. Look at it, standin' yet, an' ould Crumwell himself desthroyed long since, body an' soul!"

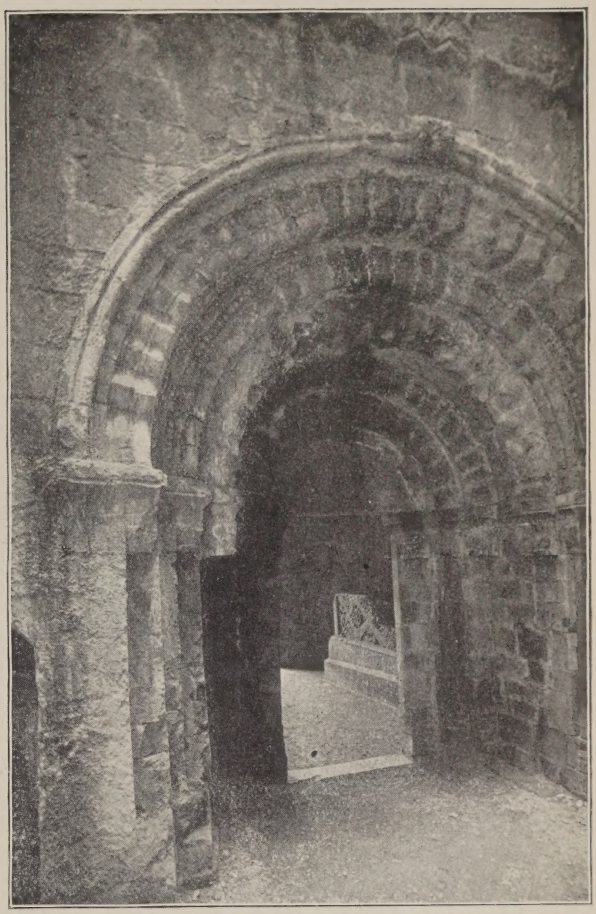
Entering the old city by what is still called the Lower Gate, the first object of interest encountered is the ancient Lady's Well, now topped by a fine stone fountain. Within the town are still to be found a few architectural relics of a lordlier age, although nearly every house was leveled to a smoking ruin in the dire days of "Murrough of the Burnings." Walking up the broad "Main Street," crowded with modernly ugly shops and gardenless houses, one involuntarily pauses at sight of a palpably ancient castle tower wedged in shamefully between



INTERIOR, HALL OF VICARS CHORAL.

a publican's and a grocer's. This relic formed part of the stronghold of the O'Kearneys, who were the hereditary custodians of the crozier of St. Patrick, and whose fame for courage and nobility is celebrated in the annals of the country. The tower, solid as ever after a lapse of perhaps nine hundred years, is occupied to-day by a butcher and his shop. Behold the picture of majesty fallen upon servile days!

A busy place is modern Cashel on fair day when the country people come in to buy and sell in the market place. From early morning flocks of fine, fat, fleecy sheep, and the famous Golden Vale cattle, these only by twos and threes, have been driven in from every roadside farm, together with tremendous pigs and little white "bonnabs." There is much good-natured chaff, and a-plenty of shrewd bargaining withal. By noon it is over: purchases are transferred from cart to cart, and the wise-heads go home while their pockets are full. The others tarry; the mystic legend "Seven Days" inscribed above every second shop has charms for a few, but on the whole these farmer-folk are amazingly sober people nowadays.



SOUTH PORCH OF KING CORMAC'S CHAPEL

According to Charles Johnston, the name Cashel signifies "a stone fortress." Dr. P. W. Joyce in his "Social History of Ireland," says:

"The most ancient name of the rock was sidh-Dhruim (Sheedrum or Sheerim), 'fairy-ridge;' but it was also called Lec-na-gced (Lack-na-gade), the 'rock of the hundreds,' and Druim Fiodhbhuidhe (Drum-Fee-vee), 'woody ridge;' and in Christian times Lec-Phatraic, 'St. Patrick's Rock.'"

All roads lead to the Rock: it dominates everything; were the town double or treble its present size it would still seem insignificant beside the towering relic of the golden age of Eire. The pilgrim may take the high road or may turn down a tortuous street of stables and mews and poor little cabins where he will find what remains of Moore Abbey, the grand old Dominican Priory whose last Abbot, Father Redmond Barry, died a glorious death upon the Rock.

The Abbey garden walls still stand, the foundation of this or that shabbier superstructure. There are stables and shops and wagon yards on the grounds where the monks labored and prayed for the salvation of souls. The very wall of

"WULUSOR? WULUMIS?"

the Abbey itself is shouldered by shops. There is an arched doorway in the mean back street, barred by a rusty grating through which one may see grass grown tombs and century old trees. Only the walls and the window openings remain, yet the noble old ruin if divested of the clinging fringe of sordidity and squalor which has grown about it would be a magnificent landmark anywhere but in Cashel of the Rock.

Turning up the steep road leading to the greatest of ruins a troop of ragged children suddenly appear apparently from nowhere and dance around the visitor, at the same time crying out a strange shibboleth which sounds neither English nor Irish. "Wulusor! Wulumis!" which turns out to be "Will you sir? Will you miss?" — that is, "Will you give me a penny to see me scramble for it?"

The occasional generosity or impatience of the tourist has taught these young mendicants the value of persistence. They perch upon the stair-like cliffs approaching the Rock and follow the pilgrims to the very gate of the Castle where the custodian promptly disperses them.

From afar the Rock has dominated the landscape; nearer view astonishes the observer; the natural rocky height is a veritable Gibraltar; the group of buildings, the ancient chapel, the castle, the cathedral, the round tower, deserve to be ranked among the wonders of the world, for, marvelous as the erection of the pyramids in the deserts of Egypt was the transportation of the hundreds of thousands of tons of masonry to this precipitous elevation. To restore the Cathedral alone would require a million dollars to-day.

Antiquarians disagree about the date of the erection of the earliest building, King Cormac's Chapel. Which King Cormac? As the Anglican Archdeacon Cotton says, "Our antiquaries on this subject have divided themselves into two classes; the one believing that it was founded about the year 901, by Cormac MacCullenan, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, while others maintain that it was not erected until about the middle of the twelfth century." Dr. Petrie assigns the chapel to King Cormac MacCarty, 1134.

John Davis White, Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries and Honorary Secretary of the Society for South Tipperary, who devoted the later years of his life to an exhaustive study of the architectural remains upon the Rock of Cashel, says, "King Cormac's Chapel was built about the year 901 by King Cormac MacCullenan * * * Pe-

trie and others contend that this church was built in 1134 by Cormac MacCarty, and a number of authorities are quoted to prove this, but Petrie allows that the Irish word 'cumac' may mean restored or repaired and is it not likely that he (King Cormac MacCarty) did restore or repair it after a lapse of two hundred and thirty-three years? It is not to be supposed that the more modern Gothic Cathedral (date 1167) would have been built in to supersede one built in 1134."

Dr. Cotton agrees or disagrees with both "classes:" he says, "I hold the opinion that Cormac's Chapel, like ancient Rome, was not built in a day."

CASHEL MARKET CROSS, ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

The building at the entrance to the ruins is the Hall of the Vicars Choral, unroofed for centuries, and with trees growing in the enclosure. The walls are in a fairly good state of preservation. The old chimney piece shown in the picture bears the inscription "E. S. et E. H. me fiere fe" which has been translated to mean "Edward Saul and Edward Haden made me." The two Edwards are supposed to have been Vicars Choral at the time of the construction of the building which is modern for Cashel, dating from 1421 when it was erected by Bishop O'Hedian, a holy and zealous prelate against whom the English settlers of the time preferred a list of absurd charges, one of which was that the Bishop aspired to be King of Munster; another, the blackest indictment of all, "he made very much of the Irish, and nothing of the English."

Underneath the Hall is a vaulted room supposed to have been a wine cellar. Between the Hall of the Vicars and the larger buildings and immediately in front of the graveyard stands an odd-looking stone relic, or rather two relics, a Christian Cross surmounting a Druidical altar. The cross bears on one side an image of Christ draped according to the rule of the Eastern Church; on the other side is carved a figure of St. Patrick.

Upon this stone altar the ancient Kings of Munster were crowned; here St. Patrick baptized King Aengus, and here, alas! King Domnall O'Brien paid homage to King Henry II of England. The cross, rude at best, and worn away by exposure to sun and wind and rain, is fifteen hundred years old: the monolith which forms its pedestal is of unknown antiquity; it was already "an ancient coronation stone" when St. Patrick blessed it in the year 448.

The swarded summit of the great Rock is all holy ground; the hillside churchyard has been a cemetery for ages: Catholics and Protestants sleep peacefully side by side upon the field of many battles. Some of the sepulchral

monuments in this crowded graveyard are worthy of the place. Especially magnificent is the O'Scoliadhe Cross, towering over fifty feet high, and which, although merely a family memorial of the Scullys buried beneath for the past two hundred and fifty years, is easily the finest modern Celtic cross in the world. It had need be remarkable to be worthy of remark on the Rock of Cash-

Louis Philippe fled his country. It is not easy to see the connection between the Orleans Prince and the Irish wall, save in point of weight, as Thackeray might have said.

Says Hume, with the English historian's characteristic ignorance of Ireland: "The Irish" (at the time of the Norman-English invasion) "from the beginning of time had been buried in the most pro-

A BARGAIN IN "BONNABS."

el beside the noblest architectural ruins in Western Europe.

Near the cemetery, just beside the magnificent south entrance to King Cormac's Chapel lies tumbled a mass of masonry, four tons in weight, just as it fell from the castle wall fifty-eight years ago. It is always explained that the fall took place coincidently with the fall of the Bourbon dynasty in France, on February 23d, 1848, when

found barbarism and ignorance: and, as they were never conquered or even invaded by the Romans, from whom all the western world derived its civility, they continued still in the most rude state of society * * * The most simple arts of life, even tillage and agriculture, were almost wholly unknown among them."

Not to enumerate the schools of Ireland, or the scholar-missionaries sent

forth from the little island for the civilization of the world, not to exhibit the relics of an art and literature older than Christianity, it is sufficient answer to the calumniator to point to the ruined cathedrals and abbeys and castles, which, even in their decay, give the lie to the statement that the Irish were an ignorant and a barbarous race. In the visitor's book at Muckross Abbey, Killarney, a tourist, presumably American, made this entry: "What an amazingly artistic and thorough-going people the Irish of long ago must have been! This Abbey and other noble ruins of the past show what Ireland did, and what England did — the one built, the other destroyed."

When King Henry II stood upon the Rock of Cashel in the year 1171, he beheld there a splendid Gothic Cathedral which had been finished even to the slightest detail before Strongbow set foot upon Irish ground; he saw Cormac's Chapel, then probably three centuries old, its wonderful stone carvings undespoiled, its beautiful frescoes glowing with the sacred stories of Holy Scripture; he saw the ornate sarcophagus of the chapel's sainted founder, and — granting that Henry was better-informed than his latter-day historian — he knew that the carven tomb was sacred to a great king, a holy bishop, a poet and a historian, one who seemed to unite in his own person all the spiritual graces of his earliest vocation, all the valorous qualities of the royal state which had been thrust upon him, — and all the mental gifts which shone so conspicuously in his famed Psalter of Cashel and which render the Glossary which bears his name a treasure-trove for Gaelic scholars to this day. Between Cormac and Henry lay three hundred years of progressive time. Which was the "barbarous" king?

Five hundred years after the kingly murderer of St. Thomas of Canterbury, there came to the Rock of Cashel another "civilized" Englishman, one who had murdered his king. Here, in the very footprints of Henry, stood Oliver Cromwell; it was here, according to tradition that, surveying the fortified and cross-crowned Rock and, from the battlements, turning his covetous gaze upon the matchless landscape of the Golden Vale, he exclaimed, sincere with himself, for once, — "Yes, it is worth fighting for!" Readers of Irish history will recall, as an evidence of the "Lord Protector's" good judgment and magnificent selfishness, that he divided every bit of Ireland worth the calculation among his officers and men, "reserving to himself the County Tipperary for his own demesne,"—a royal reservation!

The County Tipperary encloses the richest land in the United Kingdom; its fertility is quite Californian. A Mayo man working early and late to wrest a bare living from the stony West province whither his ancestors had been driven in their choice of the Cromwellian alternatives, Puritanism or exile, "Hell or Connaught," had a bit of lore handed down from his far-away grandsires of the Golden Vale: "Ah, then, the land betune the Shuir an' the Shannon is that rich, that if ye were to put down a bit of a stick at night, 'twould be covered over with grass ere mornin'. 'Twould so! Yerra, here, it's the stones instead of the grass that do be growin' overnight!"

Cashel is situated in the heart of the county of ancient plenty, in the very centre of the Golden Vale. From the towering Rock, as from the Citadel at Quebec, or the Acropolis at Athens, one may behold on a clear day a vast panorama of valley and river and lake and mountain. To the south are the rugged Galtees, to the south-west, Slieve-na-mon, the Hill of the Women, celebrated in pagan legend, to the north the Slieve Bloom range extends a mountainous

rampart across the county. The Knockmealdown mountains and the Comeraghs are visible in the distance; indeed, none of the highlands are near. In the great, level valley, the sole eminence is the Rock of Cashel, rising abruptly from the plain, and thus visible for many miles. The winding Suir threads its silvery way beside the Camas road; long idle stone mills are falling to ruin upon its banks. Denis A. McCarthy, himself from Suir-side, has celebrated the charms of the rambling stream in most melodious verse:

"And this the Suir, the queen of all the streams
The sunlight plays upon!"

The Scriptural vision of cattle grazing on a thousand hills is a living reality on the slopes of the mountains which wall in the Golden Vale. Cattle are feeding on the grass-grown side of the Rock itself, — feeding luxuriantly, too, since they do not leave their grazing from day to day through a dry summer to seek water after the manner of their kind. The peasantry accept this state of affairs without marvel:

"Wasn't the Rock o' Cashel blessed by St. Patrick himself? Wasn't it there he baptized the king o' the country? Wasn't it there Crumwell and his army — his curse be away from us all! — kilt the innocent women an' children, an' the helpless old people an' the holy priests? Why wouldn't the grass be blest for the poor cattle? Sure nothing's wonderful that happens on the Rock o' Cashel where everything's wonderful! Didn't it belong to the fairies first of all, an' then to the Droods an' their kings an' their fightin' hayroes an' then to St. Patrick an' the kings that kem after him, an' their priests?

"'Twas always wonderful: even the curse o' Crumwell couldn't destroy it. What did all their fire — and 'twas burnin' days an' nights — do to them walls? What did all their batterin'-rams pull down? 'Tis a thousand year old, that chapel, an' the Round Tower's a thousand year older, an' where will ye see the like o' them to-day? The Board o' Works mended a break in the chapel wall a few years sence, an' it cost fourteen thousand pounds, an' ye wouldn't see what was done only for the botchiness of it compared to the grand stone-settin' of the rest. Yerra, they had the best stone-masons to be found, but do their best they couldn't aiqual the old work, couldn't cut the stone to match, couldn't mix the morthar: sure no one livin' knows how that old morthar was mixed that's harder than the stone itself!

"When the Prodestants couldn't knock down the grand old buildin's, they began to hold sarvices there. Yerra, 'twas a hard climb for them to go to the top o' the Rock o' Cashel; they soon tired of it. Then they built their church below in the town, convainient-like. Then what does their old minister do, but have the roof taken off the Cathedral here. An' for what? For all the silver — pure silver — that was mixed in the lead of it. That's the sort o' work they put into their churches long ago, an' that's the sort o' haythens that kem after them that would melt down the roof o' the house o' God to put money in their own pockets.

"Did ye hear what our Dane (Very Rev. Dean Kinane) did seventeen year ago. Didn't he steal a march on them? Sure, he had a procession of the Blessed Sacrament all around the Rock, an' he had an altar put up where the altar used to be in the old times, an' he gave benediction there in the Cathedral beyond. 'Twas the first time in hundreds o' years an' 'twas a great day, glory be to God! The Dane had the consint o' the Board that has charge o' the roons, but the Prodestants were wild; they kept the telegraph wires buzzin' day after day sendin' messages to Parlyment about it,

an' now neither Catholic nor Prodestant can have sarvices here. But 'twon't be long, please God. What are the walls standin' there waitin' for all these years? Aren't St. Patrick an' St. Cormac mindin' them till they come to their own again?"

The traditional "Prophecy of Laserian of Cashel" ran thus: "The Church of Rome shall surely fall when the Catholic faith is overthrown in Ireland." There is as firm a belief in another tradition of the place: "Ireland will be free when the lamp of the sanctuary swings once more before the shrine of St. Cormac on the Rock of Cashel."

Jackdaws wing their flight in great black circles around the unroofed Cathedral, its majestic walls and lofty arches standing with sovereign patience like a dethroned monarch awaiting the restoration of his crown. The smaller and more ancient church of tradition and prophecy still wears its seemingly imperishable roof of stone. King Cormac's Chapel, built for the King of Kings, is royally ready for the fulfilment of the hope of the ages.

THE OTHER SHORE.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

How sweet 'twill be when life is o'er,
And stilled the pain of each sad breast,
To find, upon another shore,
A place of joy and perfect rest!
No more of parting, grief, or tears;
No more of doubt, disease, or dread;
No more of gloom, or wasting fears,
But peace and glad content instead!

* * * * *

O, faded dreams, O, visions lost,
O, hopes once cherished, now dispelled!
O, hearts that failed to count the cost
When you to your ideals held!
Your recompense will come "some day"
Upon the other, brighter shore,—
When life and care have passed away,—
For evermore, for evermore!

LÉON.

BY DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

I.

"But as for Léon —"

Madame Martial lifted her shoulders to her ears. The Curé said nothing. He had just listened to Madame's panegyric on her youngest son Adrien. The eulogy was much too long and extravagant to repeat here. Yet the Curé had only asked in a general way after Octave, Léon and Adrien, the three sons of M. and Mme. Martial. If, thought the priest, I can leave the house without listening to M. Martial's panegyric on his eldest son Octave I shall be fortunate.

In this respect, he was not fortunate.

"Million pardons, M. le Curé!" exclaimed the stout M. Martial, hurrying into his wife's salon. "If the business had not been of the utmost importance I would not have permitted myself to be detained."

"Do not speak of it," said the Curé, suppressing a sigh.

"It related to my Octave, you must know," went on M. Martial, seating himself beside the priest. "Ah, M. le Curé, what a child my Octave is! What a genius! What a love! He is the hope and the joy of my life! Never, never, *never* was there such a child!"

"Except my Adrien," put in Madame, as she rang for coffee.

"Except our Adrien." M. Martial rose and bowed to his wife. "But Adrien is still young. M. le Curé will understand a mother's love for her youngest. Shall I say a mother's weakness? Ah, no, for I, too, am weak. I, too, love my Adrien. At present as M. le Curé well knows, Adrien is not quite ten years old. My Octave has just turned fifteen."

"And Léon?" The Curé was stirring his coffee.

M. Martial frowned as he answered, "I imagine Léon to be in his thirteenth year. Ah, M. le Curé, the contrast between Léon and my Octave!"

"And between Léon and my Adrien!" said Madame.

"You are right, my love," her husband remarked. "He is unlike either. He is totally unlike any of us. M. le Curé will pardon us if we do not discuss Léon."

M. le Curé had called expressly to discuss Léon; but the priest saw that to force the subject on unwilling ears would do no good. So for another half hour he tried to be patient as he listened to M. Martial's praise of, and projects for the future of, his eldest son.

When the Curé left the house he did not look happy.

M. Martial was a small, but very prosperous farmer; a small, but very successful wine-grower. Moreover, he was in many respects a good Catholic, as was Madame his wife. Their three boys were being educated by the Christian Brothers. The Martials were regarded as one of the happiest families in the entire parish of Laumant. Providence had given them everything — money, property, rich relations, success in affairs, children, and the greatest gift of all — the Faith.

Yet whenever he visited them, almost every time he saw them or thought of them, the Curé was sorrowful. He knew that they were less happy than they seemed to be. He did not call upon them nearly so often as he felt inclined to do, or indeed so often as they wished him to call: they did not guess the reason of this, and he naturally shrank from telling it to them.

It was always the same, he reflected

sadly, as he walked back to his presbytery. Always a double panegyric on Octave and Adrien: always some unmistakable blame of Léon. Once, and only once, the priest had ventured to say a word in favor of Léon. Monsieur and Madame were both polite, chillingly polite: but after they had reminded the Curé that in order to know a person you must live in the same house with him, their respective panegyrics on Octave and Adrien became much longer and more eloquent than usual.

It seemed to be a truism, but was it really a fact that in order to know a person you must live with him?— the Curé asked himself. If only you examined it thoroughly, nearly every apparent truism contained a fallacy. Might there not be a lurking untruth in this atom of proverbial philosophy? At any rate, was such a general principle capable of universal application? Ought it to be applied to the case of Léon? Was it not possible to live in the same house with a person and yet know little or nothing about him? Parents of course ought to know their children well: but did they? Was it not possible that a boy's schoolmaster and companions, to say nothing of his confessor, might understand him better than did the mother who gave him birth?

Yet this reasoning did not answer the question that the Curé had asked himself a hundred times — Whose was the fault? That somebody was in fault was certain. Even allowing that, in the common phrase, there were faults on both sides, there must have been, so to say, a primal error. Upon whom should that be charged?

The case was a puzzling one. The evidence of both father and mother, and to some extent that of his two brothers, was against Léon. This fact made the Curé thoughtful and cautious. It seemed very unlikely that the boy could be blameless. M. and Mme. Martial were good people who came to the sacraments regularly, and no one could say that Octave and Adrien were bad children. Could anyone truthfully say this of Léon?

It was scarcely a case of the ugly duckling. None of the Martial family was precisely beautiful: on the other hand not one of them was ill-looking. Perhaps all, including the boys, were inclined to be a little stout. They were typical French people of the middle class. Their manners were good; their table was excellent: their clothes were neat and plain. Excess of any kind was unknown to them. M. Martial made no secret of the fact that he was saving money, and that he was anxious to cultivate his rich relations. The sister of Madame, his wife, had married a wealthy manufacturer of Lyons. M. Martial's only brother, married but childless, was a partner in a Parisian bank.

After all, the Curé asked himself, was it a mere matter of temperament? Léon was unlike his two brothers. He seemed to be less amiable: he was less talkative. He was more independent. Nobody could say that he was sullen or morose, but it is true that he did not always care for the pursuits of the rest. Sometimes when they were frivolous he was serious. Sometimes when they wanted to chatter he wished to think. Some of the picture papers they enjoyed he did not relish.

Octave, the eldest boy, was already a man of the world — a world of which he knew little or nothing. But he read the Paris journals, and knew a little of Parisian slang. Already with father and mother he had spent two fortnights in Paris, and his evening clothes had been made in that wonderful city. The blouse and sabots of his boyhood he had cast off for ever. Such things were well enough for his brothers, but Octave was sixteen. He was beginning to think and

to speak more of collars and ties than was quite manly in a lad of that age. In fact he seemed a little anxious to anticipate hobbledehoyhood, that silliest season of many a boy's life. Yet little weaknesses of this sort are not crimes, and the Curé had a very good opinion of Octave.

The little boy Adrien, his mother's darling, was a precocious young chatterbox with a weakness for chocolate and circuses. Both these weaknesses were gratified by his mother to an extent that sometimes alarmed his father. But as Madame said to her husband, "At ten years old, would you have a child be an ascetic?" "But, my angel," M. Martial once remonstrated, "surely there is a golden mean? That child spends five francs every week of his life." "And when my husband takes his Octave to Paris, he spends upon him thrice five francs a day." There were wiser men in the world than M. Martial, but he was not foolish enough to argue with Madame.

There is no gainsaying the fact that some people seem to be born into the world in order to be misunderstood. Léon was one of these people. But do not think he was ill-treated: he was not. He had never been beaten, or kicked, or starved, or locked up in dark rooms, or made to endure any kind of physical ignominy or hardship. Like his brothers he went to school every day, to Mass every Sunday and feast-day, and indeed oftener. Like them he sometimes gave a little help in garden or vineyard or farmyard: unlike them, he always worked with a will. Even Madame would sometimes admit that Adrien ate almost as many grapes as he plucked. Even M. Martial said, perhaps with a certain pride, that his Octave was not cut out for servile work. Of Léon, cheerfully spending a half-holiday in the vineyard, they only said, "Doubtless the work is to his taste. And his tastes are peculiar."

One day Madame had the ill-luck to say this to Brother Cristophe, Léon's class-master. The good Brother was aghast. Of a truth, he declared, Madame was misinformed. Not only were Léon's abilities above the average, but his literary tastes were quite astonishingly good. For his age, Léon had read much, and his choice of books was admirable. "It is incredible, Madame," Brother Cristophe went on with increasing energy, "it is incredible the trash that some quite good boys will read in their spare time."—He was thinking of Octave.—"Madame's Léon would appear to have an instinctive horror—not merely of what is bad, but of what is less good."

The Brother spoke with energy and conviction, but he was not sure if Madame was impressed or merely surprised.

"It could not be that she was displeased," he said afterwards to the Curé. "If I could say as much to some mothers, how happy they would be! But tell me, M. le Curé—for it is the first time I have had the honor of meeting Madame Martial—is it possible that she is ignorant of her son's tastes and pursuits?"

This was just the question the Curé did not want to answer. He hated to gossip about his parishioners, and it was only in cases of necessity that he ever ventured to discuss the boys with their teachers. However, he knew well that Brother Cristophe was a discreet man and an excellent Religious.

"My Brother," began the Curé after a pause, "in this matter of Léon and his parents I shall take you into my confidence. I am a little sorry that I did not do so before. You shall give me your opinion of the child. You shall advise me how to act."

The Curé told Brother Cristophe much that greatly distressed him.

"But, M. le Curé," he exclaimed, "it is inconceivable. The child is both clever and good. I never prophesy, and I do not like even to suggest that a boy is a genius: it is very unsafe, and very bad for the boy. And certainly there are times when Léon might do his ordinary school work much better than he does do it. But in my class, at least, he is almost the only boy who thinks. He is absolutely the only child I have to deal with who is ever possessed with an original idea. Yet what you tell me is very interesting for many reasons. It explains much. Now I know why Léon is often red-eyed. You know, M. le Curé, that the child frequently weeps."

"I had reason to fear as much," the Curé admitted.

"Only yesterday I said to him: 'But, my poor child, again you have been weeping, I am sure. Why should you weep so often?' He looked up at me with a little smile and said, 'Because, my Brother, I am very silly. And I will not be silly again.'"

"Poor child!"

"Yes, M. le Curé, I too am sorry for him. But now I understand. I see clearly why Léon weeps and weeps."

"I wish," said the Curé thoughtfully, "you could suggest the reason of the parents' want of affection for this poor Léon."

"But surely, M. le Curé, the reason is very plain."

"It is not plain to me."

"Look you, my Father," began the Brother, "it is an old story, but it is this: Léon is not only superior to his brothers, but to his father and mother. Of this he is not fully conscious, but they are. They resent this superiority. You know what they are — quite good and stupid people. O but very good indeed, and they will save their souls without difficulty. But you, M. le Curé, cannot but know what is the existence of such a man as M. Martial. To save his life he would not be dishonest, but he is determined to be rich. He is determined to make money. He has no time to live rationally and intellectually: he will die rich. Octave is an image of his father. Adrien is an image of his mother. Like loves like. There is no room in the heart of either father and mother for their second son. Léon is unlike them all. He has an intellect: he has ideas: he has poetry. With all his young soul he wants to be loved: they have no love to give him. Their money-grubbing lives, their frivolous vulgar amusements, their lack of any notion other than buying and selling and banking their coin, is hateful to this thoughtful, meditative child. Therefore, though they do not hate him or treat him with material cruelty they do not love him as a son should be loved.— M. le Curé will pardon me if I speak without discretion."

"All that you say, my Brother, I confess that I have thought. There is truth in it. I am not sure that it expresses the whole truth: that it does not I cannot venture to assert. Don't you think, Brother, that it is possible for a boy to be very amiable at school and very disagreeable at home?"

"It is possible, M. le Curé, but it is not probable. Yet I know very well that in one set of circumstances we may have this temptation, in another, that. But an unlovely temper will, sooner or later, show itself anywhere. School-life is sometimes a great trial to the temper. If in the disposition of Léon there were sulkiness, wilfulness, pride — of a truth his master would detect these things. I have seen no signs of any of these bad qualities. I have talked with Brother André, Léon's former master: he assured me that Léon was the gentlest, the most thoughtful child he had ever

taught. Sometimes he was dreamy and absent-minded, as indeed he is with me. Sometimes the Brother gave him little penances, as I myself do. But unless sadness is sulkiness — and the two may be closely related; unless sorrow is ill-temper — and between the two there is a strong likeness, Léon is not sulky or ill-tempered."

"We will pray for Léon," said the Curé as he said *au revoir* to the Brother.

"Yes, M. le Curé; and for his parents."

"Certainly," rejoined the Curé.

The priest went on his way thoughtfully.

"Brother Cristophe hit the truth in his postscript," the Curé thought to himself. "In all that he said he was probably right; but that last remark of his nearly solves the problem. Sorrow and sulkiness, sadness and ill-temper — yes, they are very near relations indeed. They are the arch-disturbers of the peace of family life. Léon is to be pitied, but I think he is also to be blamed. Just a very little perhaps the poor child must be blamed. In such a case only the good God really knows whose is the primal fault. Doubtless when the child was very young he saw that he was not loved as his brothers were loved. Children soon detect preferences. Before they come to the age of reason they know if they are passed over or neglected. Then, as the child grows older, the breach between himself and his parents becomes wider and wider. And boys are such shy sensitive creatures—often very trying, very annoying, but still abnormally sensitive and shy. It is so hard for them to make up to people. Even a French boy finds it difficult to be demonstrative when he is persistently repelled. Poor Léon!"

II.

Three months later there was joy in the heart of M. and Mme. Martial. Madame had given birth to a little girl! Their constant prayer had been answered. The one great longing of their life had been satisfied. M. Martial, laughing and weeping, ran to the presbytery to beg the Curé to offer a novena of Masses in thanksgiving.

There was joy in the heart of every member of the Martial household — save two. Young Adrien was furious and inconsolable. With the unreasoning selfishness of his ten years he fully realized what the birth of a daughter would mean to him. He refused even to look at the baby. He refused to pay a short visit to his mother's room. For one half-day he refused to take food.

In vain did the father try to console his youngest son. In vain did M. Martial assure Adrien that he was the angel of his mother's and father's heart, and that a circus would assuredly arrive that very week. Not in vain did the man buy chocolate by the pound — though the small boy flung the first package through the open window, taking care however to recover it as soon as his father's back was turned.

But when the eldest son Octave told his father that all babies were a nuisance, but that girl-babies were absolutely intolerable, and that now and for years to come the symmetry of family life would be hopelessly upset, poor M. Martial sat down heavily and groaned. As he said afterwards to the Curé, he could not have suffered more if Octave had dealt him a blow over the head with a cudgel. And he had just begun to make his eldest son a regular allowance!

In his rather stupid way, M. Martial began to think that Providence was jealous of his great happiness. Certainly that happiness had been seriously neutralized by the conduct of Octave and Adrien. Fortunately for Madame their speeches were not reported to her, and though she marvelled at the refusal of

Adrien to visit her, she was so enchanted with her tiny baby-girl that she could scarcely think of anything else.

And what of Léon? Long before the baby's birth the Curé had had a very interesting talk with Léon — a talk that the boy was not disposed to forget. Kindly and affectionately the priest had pointed out to Léon that whenever pride arose from wounded feelings or excessive sensitiveness it became very hard to detect, and that it was so subtle a thing that unless it was fought it had a knack of taking possession of the heart and greatly hindering the work of grace.

"The very fact that, to a great extent, we are not in the wrong," said the Curé, "that we are the sufferers, and that we have a distinct *right* to better treatment, makes it exceedingly difficult for us to see that there *may* be some fault on our side. In your case, my poor child, I am not saying that there is fault, still less that you are greatly to blame; but I suggest that it is worth your while to try and find out if in any of the circumstances of your daily life at home you can make yourself more lovable."

The talk was a long and earnest one, and the Curé was delighted and astonished with the intelligent way in which the boy asked for and understood the advice that was given him.

Poor Léon! He made advances both to father and mother — only to be repulsed. He tried to enter into the doings of Octave and Adrien — only to be recommended to mind his own business. Matters seemed worse rather than better. Gradually it began to occur to the boy that, for all practical purposes, he was ostracized.

Then baby Marguerite had come into the world. Léon did not try to conceal his joy. He had a sister — and at first that was all he could think of. Wisely enough he took advantage of his father's delight, and for the first time for many years M. Martial embraced him. That day Léon went to school in a state of ecstasy. Brother Cristophe was almost alarmed at the shining eyes and enthusiastic bearing of his pupil. Léon was transformed.

Juliette, Madame's nurse, bided her time. She had assisted at the births of all the Martial children. She knew most of the secrets of the Martial family. She knew and loved her Léon. She was perfectly aware that he had never received from his parents his due meed of affection.

She bided her time. She was a pious woman, and every day after the birth she begged Léon to light a candle for her at the Lady altar in the church. She saw at once how things were shaping. Besides M. Martial himself, Léon was the only person downstairs who hungered for a sight of the new baby. Léon yearned to hold it in his arms.

When the infant was given to him he held it as though it were something unspeakably precious and holy. He showered kisses upon the little face. He pressed his lips to the baby's mouth and eyes, and cheeks and forehead. He trembled and wept when he heard it cry out as if in pain. In eloquent patois Juliette pictured all this to Madame. Several times a day Léon would whisper to Juliette: "Please tell my mother that I embrace her in my heart. Please say how happy I shall be when you can permit me to see her."

Did Juliette ever forget one of these messages of love? Not she. But she was old and discreet. She understood things. She had her own little plot. Madame was not recovering so quickly as she ought to have done. Juliette would wait until Madame could sit up for half the day. On no account would she give a shock to her patient.

But it is astonishing what can be done — for good, as well as for evil — by a

word dropped here, a suggestion made there, a discreet sentence uttered at the right moment, a question answered wisely and well. Yet not for nearly three weeks did Madame realize that Adrien never came to her until he was assured beforehand that she had something to give him. Octave had looked in two or three times, but the fact soon dawned upon his mother that his interest in the baby was nil. And for the present Madame had no other interest. But every day, and several times a day, Juliette delivered Léon's messages to his mother.

So it came to pass one evening after the nurse had laid special stress upon Léon's desire to see his mother, Madame said, a little impatiently, "But why does not the funny child come to see me?"

"Ah, Madame," replied Juliette, "he awaits your permission, and mine. It is my duty to see that Madame is not frequently disturbed."

"When Léon has your permission he has mine."

"I think, perhaps, he may come this evening, Madame, for a *very* short time," said the diplomatic Juliette.

And Léon came. Moreover, he remained for an entire hour. When he left, the tears lay on his cheeks; but they were tears of joy.

. . . . . .

Two years have passed away. Léon is fifteen, and he is the only boy at home. Octave is in Lyons in the office of his uncle. Adrien is at a distant boarding school. Both M. and Mme. Martial are agreed that Adrien needs the discipline of a school. The school authorities are agreed that he ought to have come to them when he was very much younger. However, the Martials are not the only parents who after utterly spoiling their son have sent him to school as to a house of correction.

The little Marguerite is an enchanting child. Madame agrees that it is impossible to say if Léon loves his sister more than she loves him. He is her slave — and his mother's.

"It is now a real pleasure to call at the Martials'," the Curé told Brother Cristophe the other day. "They rarely mention the names of Octave and Adrien, and naturally they do not speak of Léon in his presence. But their love for him is deep and touching. He cannot come into the room without being seized and embraced by each of them in turn. It is no longer 'my Octave and thy Adrien,' 'my Adrien and thy Octave.' It is 'Our Leon.'"

"*Deo Gratias,*" ejaculated the Brother. "But is it true, M. le Curé, that Léon does not wish to enter the bank of his uncle in Paris?"

"When he leaves school — I am sure you'll be glad to hear that he will not do so for at least two years — he will begin to work with his father. Though I doubt if either mother or father could live without him, they have given him his choice. He chooses to remain at home."

"It is a generous choice, and a wise one. I trust the Paris uncle is not displeased?"

"If he is," said the Curé, smiling and rubbing his hands, "he has taken a novel way of showing it. He has made Léon his heir."

Brother Cristophe's *Deo Gratias* was emphatic and devout.

"LIGERITA."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

CHAPTER I.

No one knew who they were or whence they came. Suddenly appearing from the clump of sycamores at the turn of the road, they had dropped exhausted in front of the Baths, to the horror and consternation of the guests there assembled. There were three of them, a mother and two children.

The older child, a girl, might have been ten years old, not more. Her complexion was that usually found among Mexicans, with a predominant strain of Spanish blood; clear olive, the cheeks faintly pink-tinted. Thick curling hair, cut short, made a mop about her head; she had large, beautiful, mournful eyes.

The other, a babe, was so closely enfolded in its mother's *rebosa* that it could hardly be seen. But after they had been fed and treated to the luxury of a warm bath, and coming forth therefrom attired in garments collected among the guests at Agua Caliente, had seated themselves at the edge of the piazza, the little one began to crow with delight in his mother's arms. The girl grew positively radiant. Light as a fairy, dancing and skipping from place to place, her eyes lost their mournful expression entirely, seeming to scintillate with joy. But the mother sat quiet and sorrowful, her head resting upon one disengaged hand, only lifting it once in a while to chide her daughter, who, however, paid no attention.

As the day wore on and the woman said nothing, and made no attempt to leave, the tall young Master of the Baths thought it advisable to question her a little. With that unfailing courtesy it was his habit to show towards all women, however humble, he asked, at a moment when the porch was deserted,

"From whence do you come, Señora?"

"From down there, Señor"—she replied, languidly, pointing to the valley.

"I know. But from San Sebastian?"

"No, Señor."

"From Rosario, then?"

"Farther—Señor."

"And you walked all the way?"

"All the way, Señor."

"And where do you go?"

"I know not, Señor."

"Perhaps to Maravilla?"

"I do not think of it."

"Pardon, Señora, that I question you, but it is only that perhaps I may be of service to you. Yonder, behind the cottonwoods on the other side of the pool, there is a vacant tent, dirty on the outside, but comfortable within. It has a bed and a chair, and they can put in a table. You may stay there if you wish, with your children, for a while at least, until you are rested. Just now the old Indian laundress is not here, and she may not return. If you will wash every day the bath-towels and bed-clothing, of which we have always need, you and the children will have all the food you can eat. When you are able it will be time enough to proceed with your journey—"

"Thank you, Señor," said the woman, lifting herself wearily to her feet. Summoning her daughter she walked slowly towards the shelter which had been offered them.

But the next morning, more alert, she presented herself at the bath-house—ready for work. Days and weeks passed, and all went well. The baby grew, while the little girl, who was called Aurelia, gambolled and played forever about the place like a veritable sprite. She seemed possessed by the spirit of mischief, full of tricks of all kinds, impossible to re-

strain, indifferent alike to entreaty or reproach, never quiet and generally reluctant if called upon to perform any duty or service. She carried herself with such an air and was so independent in every way that strangers invariably regarded her as a daughter of the proprietor instead of the child of the laundress. Once some one playfully called her "Ligerita,"* and that name clung to her. She rather liked it than otherwise, and it seemed to suit her well.

One day her mother bade her amuse the baby, who was fretful.

"Let him cry; then he will sleep," she replied, dancing away to the pool, where some ducks were swimming.

"It is not right for you not to mind your mother," said Gregorio, reproachfully. "She works hard for you."

"She likes to work. When I am old maybe I shall. Not now. And the baby is better pleased to lie on the ground than that I should carry him this hot day."

"You were well named, 'Ligerita,'" said Gregorio. "You are like one without a soul. You have no feeling."

"Feeling? What is feeling?"

"To be kind, to be loving to your mother and brother, to help others," said the young man.

She looked at him scornfully. "Rather than be like you, Señor Gregorio—always running at the call of everyone, always going hither and thither to see what people want, I would just run away into the woods and never come back any more."

"Go away, Ligerita," said Gregorio with as much harshness as he could ever assume. "Go away, or I shall be very angry with you."

Snapping her fingers at him she ran through the grass to the tent, behind which Gregorio surprised her some time later, sitting on the crooked bough of a tree. She had one arm around the gnarled trunk, in the hollow of the other cuddled the laughing baby. She was kissing the soles of his bare feet.

"Ha! Ligerita, you do love someone, then?" cried Gregorio, as he passed.

"Bah!" she exclaimed petulantly, a great wave of color sweeping over her face, as she hid it in the child's bosom.

* * * * * *

One morning, the mother, Manuela—for such she had bidden them call her, came early to Gregorio, saying,

"We must go. It is too public here. Many people pass by on the road, besides those who stay at the Springs, and we must go."

"But why? We like you so much. Are you content?"

"Yes, content enough, Señor, but one may come to find us whom we do not want to see. One, who from spite and wickedness may take away my children, though he does not love them."

"Your husband, Manuela?"

"Yes, Señor."

"But where will you go?"

"I cannot tell."

Gregorio reflected. "About two miles down the valley there is a vacant house," he said, "standing well back from the road. My brother once lived there, but now there is no one. You might go for a while to that place. There is nothing to do, though."

"Is there water?"

"Yes, a warm and a cold spring."

"Could not Pedro when he comes with the milk and the wood, gather up the clothes and I will wash them? Then the next morning he can take them again and bring us the food in a basket. Any scraps will do."

"Yes, it might be so arranged. We had hoped, my mother and I, that you would stay with us."

"Later in the year there will not be so much danger. Passers-by will be fewer. Señor, I could come back. But now I must go. Believe me, I must go."

*Trifler, pronounced Lee-hay-reet-a.

"Very well. So let it be. I will see about the house."

For several months the little family lived in the old adobe, comfortably enough, as it had contained a few articles of furniture when they entered it, and Gregorio had added more. Occasionally Ligerita would come on an errand to Agua Caliente, always with a tale of some mischief she had done, or was about to do. On certain rare occasions, however, she would be quiet and thoughtful, and then her eyes would assume the mournful expression which completely changed the whole character of her face. She was full of surprises.

One day a guest was telling the story of a shipwreck in which he had been a sufferer and related how one of his companions, opening a vein in his wrist, had quenched his thirst with his own blood, and thus probably saved his life.

Ligerita had been listening. Suddenly she sprang to her feet in the face of the astonished man and exclaimed,

"You are bad. I hate you—I hate you for you tell a lie; and make me sick. Ugh!"

Then putting her hands to her ears she flew homeward, never once looking back.

"That child *has* a heart," said Gregorio.

"She is a witch," replied the other. "There is something about her that is not natural. And yet one cannot but like her."

And now, as the rainy season approached, everyone became anxious, for there had been a great drought—eleven dry years—and the hearts of the *rancheros* were heavy. If no rain came all would be at an end for them—their crops ruined, their stock starving and dying from thirst.

One morning Ligerita came over with Pedro in the wagon, sitting high on a pile of wood. As she jumped from the top of the wheel her eyes fell on Gregorio meditatively smoking a cigarette in front of the Baths.

"Why do you look so sad?" she queried coming close up to him, while regarding him attentively.

"Do I look sad, *Chiquita?*" he answered kindly. "If I do it is because I am fearing this winter will be like the last—without rain. And if it goes on like this, maybe even the hot water will dry up at last, and we shall have no baths, no Springs, no way any more to make a living."

"And I tell *you,* Gregorio," she replied slowly and emphatically, "I tell *you* there will be rain, and much rain. So much that all this valley will be filled with water, and the trees will float down the river, which will overflow, and the bath houses will topple over — so," she concluded, leaning her small body at an acute angle.

"How do you know, *Niña?*" inquired the young man much amused.

"I feel it—here," pointing to her forehead. "And I hear the water already in my ears, and I smell the rain. It is coming soon—soon. There it is now, the spirit of the rain. Look up—see. And soon it will grow big and dark."

Gregorio followed her eyes, discerning only a small cloud, mere foam—like a speck in the broad expanse of brilliant azure.

"Silly one," he rejoined, laughing, "run then and tell Pedro not to forget the basket which must go to your mother."

"I do not know where is Pedro, lazy Gregorio," she replied, dancing away from him. "Go yourself and find him." But presently she returned, walking slowly and saying,

"I will go up to the house and find Pedro if you will—promise me."

"What?" asked Gregorio.

"To lay me, when I die, under the big

cottonwood tree where our tent was. It is so pretty there."

"No, that I cannot promise," replied the young man, humoring her. "The floods would wash you away some time. Up there on the *mesa,* under that oak, so pretty and shady, would be better. The water could never reach so high unless it would be the end of the world."

"Ah!" she cried, clasping her small hands together as she regarded the solitary tree upon the table land six hundred yards away. "It is pretty there, and high, and cool, and shady. But in yonder grave-yard on the barren hill-side I could not rest. Do not, do not put me there, Gregorio, when I die."

"Did one ever hear such talk?" exclaimed Gregorio, making the sign of the Cross as he followed her gaze to the little clump of grass and wooden crosses, black and forbidding indeed—an abandoned burial place.

"You like only to listen to your *own* talk!" saucily rejoined Ligerita.

"You are a naughty child," said Gregorio, turning his back upon her. But she ran in front of him to the very house-door mockingly laughing until she had made him smile again.

CHAPTER II.

Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by the sound of a mighty wind sweeping through the trees, and the echo of thunder in the mountains, Gregorio thought of the prediction of the child. Before morning the rain came down in torrents, by noon it was a cloud-burst, and towards evening the river began to flow, a narrow stream between two shallow banks, which was in twenty-four hours more to cover the entire valley.

For two days it raged and roared. Huge trees from the mountain sides, uprooted by the flood, came thundering along the angry waters, until one more mighty than its fellows dashed against the frail bath houses, overturning them completely. Then it was that Gregorio remembered Ligerita and her prophecy and went in to ask his mother if she thought it might not be better to take a horse and go out to the house to see if anything had befallen there.

"What could happen?" replied the Señora Darien. "They are high above the flood, and they have provisions, for I sent a large basket the day the rain came. That child is surely a witch, Gregorio, for there was no sign of rain when she told you—so then,—she will know how to take care. And the road itself is partly under water. Do not go until the flood subsides a little."

"Very well, let it be as you say, mother," answered Gregorio, who had great respect for her judgment. The flood went down as rapidly as it had risen. By noon of the fourth day the roads were passable, the river but a narrow stream. Then Gregorio said,

"I must go up the valley and ask Juan Lopez and Constantino to come and help with the bath houses, lest another flood should come and carry them entirely away."

"So do, my son," said the Señora, "and stop as you go to see how is all with Manuela and the children."

Door and window were closed when the young man reached the lonely house an hour later. He knocked, and a feeble voice answered, "Come in."

All was dark in the room. On the bed lay Manuela, groaning with pain. There was no one visible.

"But what is the matter?" inquired Gregorio.

"Oh, I have suffered," moaned the sick woman. "Is Aurelia there with you —and the baby?"

"Aurelia? The baby?" ejaculated Gregorio. "No, they are not with me. Are they not here?"

"Oh, it is many, many hours since

they went, and I have been all alone, with my pain. I think, Señor, that my leg is broken, and the child—she went for you."

"Here," said Gregorio, "I will give you a drink and then I will look for the children. But how did it happen—your accident?"

"I was running to take in the clothes from the wind. It was in the middle of the night, and I fell. That is all I know," said the poor woman.

Gregorio went to the spring, got some water and gave her a drink. Then he remounted, summoned the Señora Lopez and sent her son Fernando to Maravilla for the doctor. These duties performed he put spurs to his horse, and hastened back the way he had come. Up and down the valley he rode, calling at intervals, at the top of his voice, now "Aurelia," now *"Chiquita,"* but all in vain. Finally the thought struck him that the child might have endeavored to cross the river in her bewilderment and been swept away with her little brother. However, if this had taken place, the bodies would doubtless have lodged in the trees that had come down from the hillsides, and through the flooded valleys, and the place to look for them would be the embankment at Maravilla which must have stopped them. Riding slowly now, and keeping well up from the river-bank, he pressed into the cottonwoods, when suddenly he thought he heard the cry of an infant. In a moment he had reached the spot from which the sound proceeded, and there, between two fallen trees, in a marshy depression, almost a pool, lay the two children. The baby, whimpering, was striving to escape from the embrace of his sister, who, with eyes closed, and face pale as death, held him fast. The child was wrapped in two flannel petticoats—on his head was tied a little scarlet shawl which Aurelia had been wont to throw over her shoulders. Upon her own stiffened limbs there was nothing but a thin, faded cotton gown. She had taken off her under-clothing to keep her brother warm.

"Chiquita, Chiquita," compassionately murmured Gregorio, bending over her, as he loosened the infant, now laughing and crowing, from her arms. She opened her eyes.

"Ah! Gregorio, is it you?" she replied. "I am so glad—so glad. Now Roberto can have something to eat. He is very hungry."

"And you, *Chiquita?"* asked Gregorio. "What of you?"

"I am only tired. But mama—poor mama."

"I have been there. It is all right with her."

"Oh, I have walked so far—so far, Gregorio. I must come to tell you, and I could not leave the baby. I took him on my back, and we fell, and we fell, again and again, and the wind blew—and I think we were lost—it was so far—so far."

"Can you not get up, *Chiquita,* and walk, just a few steps? My horse is here. In a short time we shall be at the Springs."

The poor child tried to rise but fell back. "No, no, I cannot get up," she said. "It is all over for me, Gregorio, but take Roberto to mama."

"Tut, tut, all is not over for you," rejoined Gregorio. "See, I will go over with the baby to my mother and then come back for you."

"Yes, do that," she said, "and bring a blanket. I am so cold."

"You should not have taken off your skirts, *Chiquita."*

"The baby was freezing with only that little sack and he cried. I could not bear to hear him cry, Gregorio."

"Ah! Pobrecitos!"

"And he was hungry. And I cut with

a piece of tin a vein in my wrist that he might drink like that other one—you remember. But he would not—he would not."

Gregorio stifled a sob—and got on his feet.

"In fifteen minutes I will be back," he said. In less than that time he had returned, and lifting the child in his arms, carried her to his mother.

In a few hours Roberto was as lively as ever, but Ligerita never again lifted her head from the pillow upon which they had lain her. In her ravings, she babbled continually about her little brother, telling him to lie close to her, that he might be warm, singing to him, thinking him still in her arms, comforting him with the promise of speedy shelter and dainty food.

On the last night she grew calmer—quite rational. Gregorio came to the bedside. She put out her hand.

"It is not long now," she said. "You will be good to the others?"

He nodded.

"I knew about the storm," she continued. "I always know things."

Again he nodded.

"And you will not forget, Gregorio, you will put me there, on the *mesa,* under the oak tree?"

"Yes, *Chiquita.*"

"Where the floods can never reach me?"

"Where they can never reach you."

"You are so good, Gregorio, and I was not so bad—so bad as you thought. I loved mama, and the baby, and you—Gregorio. Oh, yes, I did."

"Sleep, *Chiquita,* sleep, and you will be better."

"Why, are you crying, Gregorio? You are crying—yes."

"No, no, *Chiquita.*"

She folded her little hands together and softly began to murmur the Hail Mary,—*"Santa Maria, Madre de Dios. Santa Maria, Santa Maria."*

Then her voice died slowly away in a gentle sigh.

There is a little grave on the *mesa,* under the old oak, where the grass is carefully tended and the flowers always bloom. Daily, after her work is done, Manuela recites her rosary there, while Roberto, now grown quite a boy, sits quietly beside her while she prays. At the head stands a plain black cross, made and placed there by the faithful hands of Gregorio. On it he has inscribed these three words, *"Una nina heroica*"* and he tells her story to every guest that comes to Agua Caliente. She is enshrined forever in his kindly, noble heart.

*An heroic child.

A THOUGHT.

BY A. L. B.

From blackened coals with living fire aglow
The incense rises to His humble throne;
To sin-stained hearts comes Love divine and lo!
A prayer unto the Sacred Heart has flown.

TREASURES OF CHILDHOOD.

THE NAME OF MARY.

BY SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

O Mary Mother holy,
We call thy Name each hour;
Look down on us so lowly,
And shield us by thy power.

Thy Name shall e'er be written
Within our heart's deep shrine,
And may they e'er be smitten
With love for thee and thine.

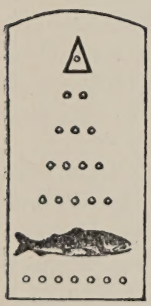
Our hearts claim as thy dwelling,
And may they worthy be;
Our lips be glad in telling
That we belong to thee.

DAWSON IN 1897.

THE KLONDIKERS' FRIEND.

REV. WILLIAM H. JUDGE, S. J.

III.



Fr. Judge's plan of teaching the days of the week to the Indians.

Winter came on; the last boats up and down river left at the beginning of October, and we were frozen in for eight months. The days became shorter fast, snow had fallen covering mountain peaks and the entire country. Father Judge liked the winter best, "this part of the world is so beautiful in its mantle of purity," he said. Work had begun in earnest on the creeks, and all were settled down to do what they could to be ready with their washups in May, 1899, many to be disappointed, others to succeed.

Let us review briefly one of Father Judge's ordinary days, after looking in at his only private quarters. In the front room of the first floor of the hospital building, which was the office, was a table that served as a desk, a small book-case containing religious books, a washstand, a stove, and in the south-east corner a rough board lounge about two feet high. On this were a couple of blue blankets, and a robe. A curtain hanging down the sides of the lounge covered a rough wooden drawer which served to contain his few belongings. This was his room, the lounge was his bed. He thought much of the robe, for it was the one Archbishop Seghers used, and on which he was lying when he was murdered by his attendant.

Father Judge rose between five and six, and the first seen of him was when, with cassock on, he was repairing to the church or chapel to say Mass. We have mentioned before the very spiritual ex-

pression he always had at this time, and the impression made on those who heard him say Mass. After his thanksgiving he went to the office where frequently special matters awaited him. He would spend some time receiving patients, hearing poor unfortunates and encouraging them, or perhaps he would be called to a patient very ill, whom he would see, and then carry to him the Holy Eucharist. After this he took off his cassock, and became the manager of a large hospital. He would take a light meal, frequently sharing it with another, and then make a general inspection of all the patients, asking and answering questions. If anyone were dangerously sick a screen was put around the bed, the priest would again put on his cassock, and return to the sick one, speaking to him those words which in many cases seemed to restore health, or to make death easy and peaceful. This was part of his daily labors. Do you wonder, reader, that all eyes were turned in the direction from which his daily visit came? The poor patients were hungry to see this man of God; even non-Catholics were pleased to see him, and it is well-known that a large number of conversions were made on those hospital beds. The number can never be known; for while some died, others lived and have borne to the four corners of the earth the story of Father Judge, the Jesuit missionary, who did so much for all men in their trials. They all called him Father, and with a fervor that showed their hearts spoke.

His next occupation was to go out and see that the various persons employed were doing their work properly, in the enlarging of the hospital, the building of the church, and those things necessary for the daily running of the institution.

It often occurred that when a patient was very low his friends on the creeks were advised of the fact and if he desired services other than those of Father Judge a minister was called. When a patient died, if he were a Catholic a Mass was said, after which the friends carried the body from the church to the grave. Father Judge, wearing cassock and surplice, led, an attendant carried a lighted candle and holy water, and the remains were buried with solemn ceremony. The bodies of the dead were always carefully washed and as neatly attired as it was possible, Father several times giving me part of his small wardrobe to supply some need.

A large number of persons called daily on various business affairs, Protestants and Catholics alike seeking his advice and direction. He was looked up to as the one person in the gold-fields who would give solid, unselfish, and truthful direction. All knew and spoke of him as Father Judge, their friend.

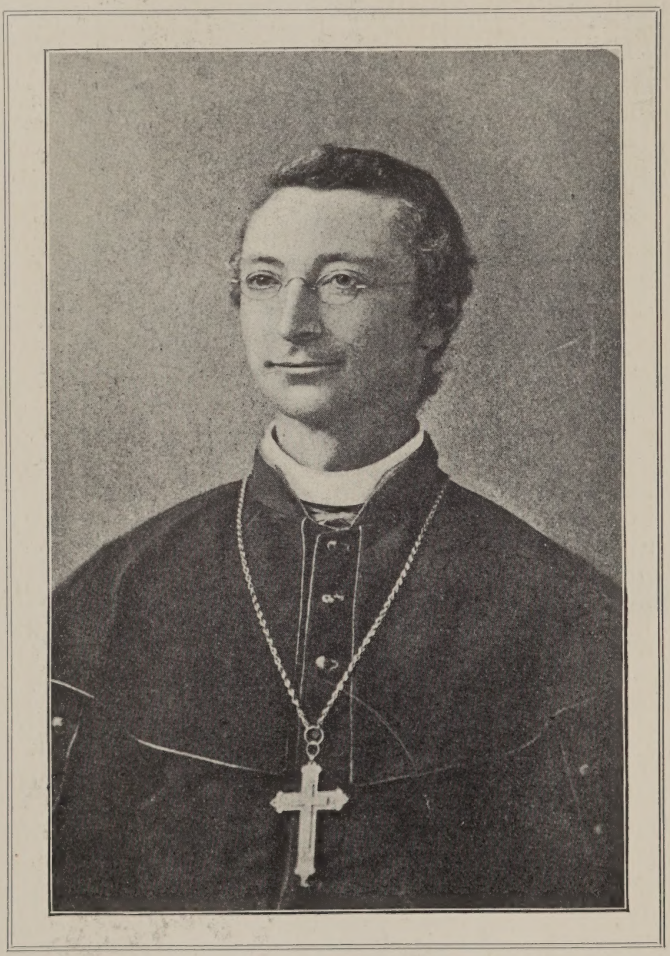
The entire day was filled with many duties, and though it was supposed that he retired about eleven o'clock, after he sought his room, no one knew what rest he took. At any hour of the night he might be seen moving quietly through the private rooms or wards of the hospital, and he always insisted on the nurses calling him if any patient asked to see him, so that none who might wish his priestly services would be deprived of them.

On Sunday, August 21st, 1898, the new church was dedicated by Father Judge, assisted by the Oblate Fathers. Father Judge preached a most striking sermon on the Real Presence; no gestures, no complex sentences, only plain, forcible, convincing words which were understood by any one who understood English. This was the great beauty of his preaching; it was always plain, and so clearly from his heart that it sank deep into the hearts of his hearers. In concluding his sermon on the day of the dedication I remember he used a sentence frequently uttered by him, "Remember man, the end for which you

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF BUILDING IN DAWSON IN 1897, WHEN FATHER JUDGE COMMENCED HIS CHURCH AND HOSPITAL.

were created." After the dedication of the church Father Judge at once took the two rooms next to his office and bed-room and made of them a small chapel in which he performed his priestly duties until his death. He and Father Gendreau were close friends, and the invitation and officiated every third Sunday.

Thus things went on. Christmas was approaching, and the gentlemen who were arranging for the minstrel performance were nearly ready. It was necessary to obtain a hall. We expected,

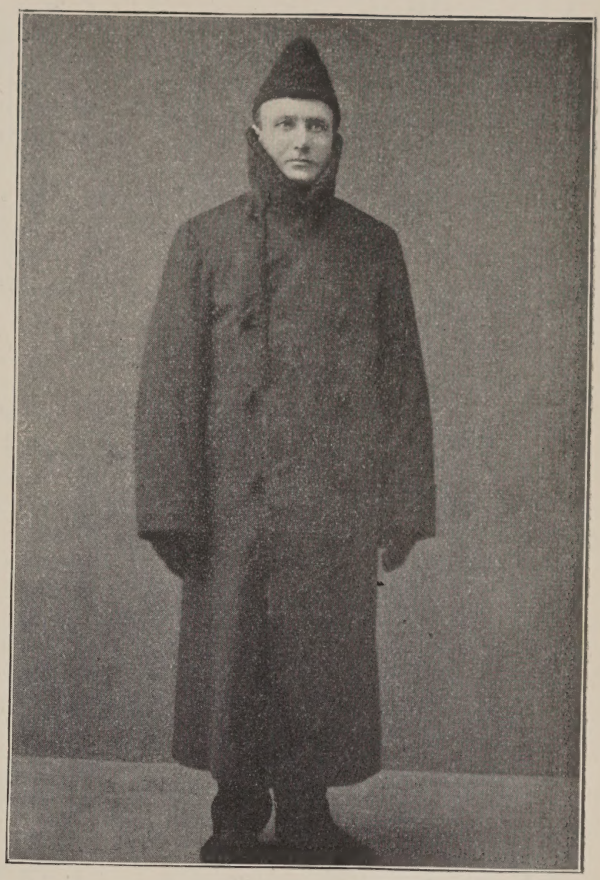


MOST REV. CHARLES JOHN SEGHERS, THE APOSTLE OF ALASKA.

after he had turned over the church to the Oblates of Mary they insisted that he should sometimes officiate and preach in the new church, which had been erected by Mr. McDonald in love and respect for Father Judge as well as for the glory and the worship of God. He accepted taking things at their inflated values in Dawson, that a fair price for a hall with heat (wood was $60.00 per cord) and light would be from $300 to $400. We went to Mr. Joseph Cooper, owner of the Tivoli Theatre, and explained our mission. He said: "When do you wish

to have it?" As many tickets at five dollars each had been sold on the creeks and most of the men would come into town on Christmas day, without consulting Father Judge or the calendar (one forgot the calendar during the long ten week nights of winter), we told him, "On Christmas night." Mr. Cooper replied, "You go to Father Judge and say I will give the hall with light and heat free of charge." This was a most agreeable surprise, and a substantial donation. We went ahead and advertised it on the creeks, and only a few days before Christmas did we find that it fell on Sunday. It was decided that it was too late to change.

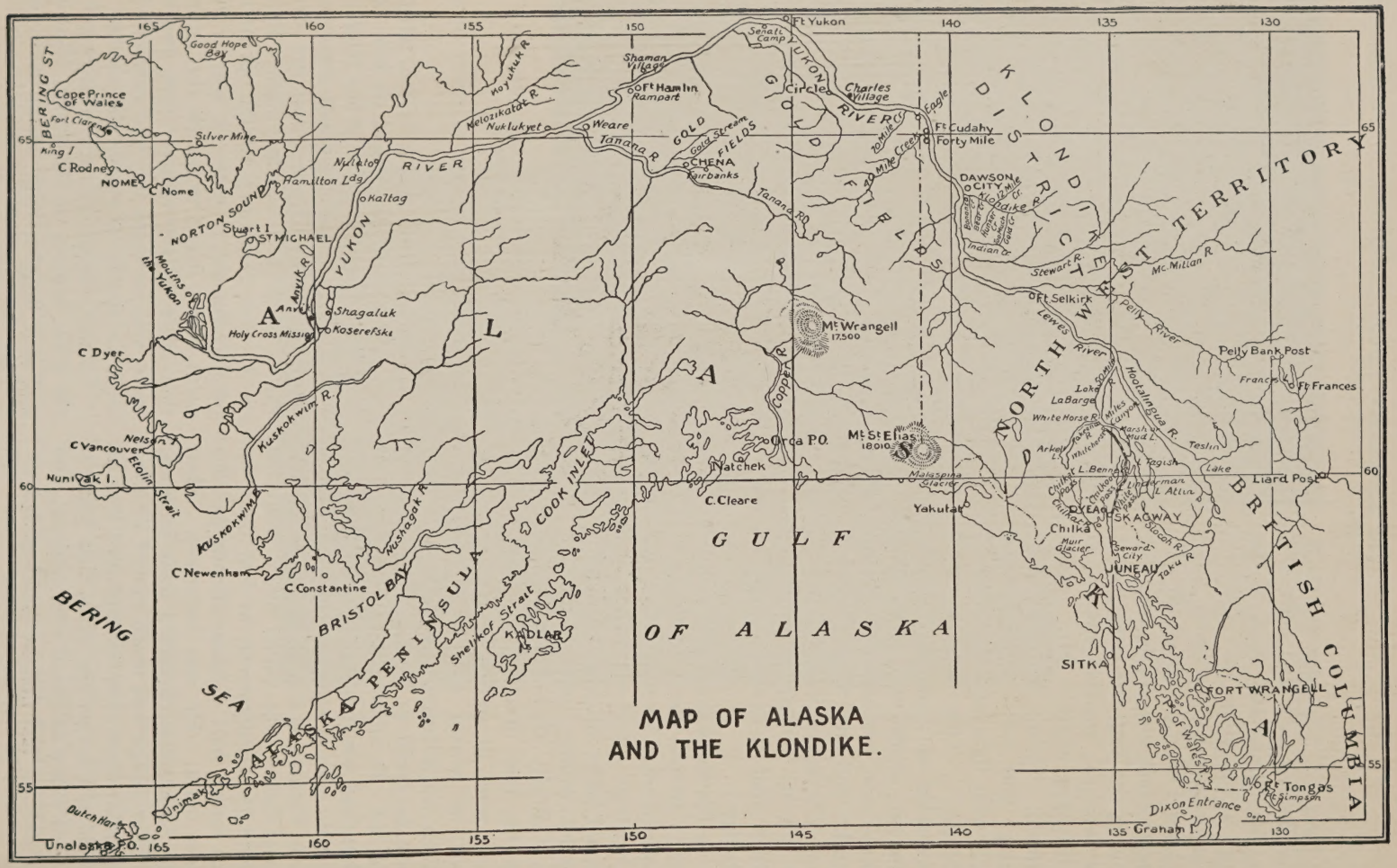
In the meantime a few of Father's friends about the hospital decided that he must have for Christmas a suit of clothes that would better become the dignity of his calling, and the manner in which they would like to see him dressed. A tailor was sent to get his measure but he would not consent to that. Then we instructed the tailor to do the best he could to make up a suit, which he did. In addition to this a fine sealskin coat, reaching to his knees, was procured, with a sealskin cap and gloves. One evening a few days before Christmas Father was called away from the office by arrangement, to find there on his return half a dozen friends and his new outfit. He was surprised. Then the spokesman explained their business. Father Judge was much moved by their thoughtfulness, but he explained that he could not accept the gifts, that being a Jesuit priest he could own nothing, and he did not feel that he could accept the gifts without the consent or order of his Superior.



VERY REV. E. M. BUNOZ, O M. I , PRESENT PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, DAWSON.

This chilled the ardor of his friends for a time, but they urged on him that he needed these things, that his Superior could not be reached without some person risking his life in going out over the ice to see him, and that Father René, S. J., (his Superior) would not arrive possibly for six months. It was at this point that a friend urged on the Father that most of the donors were Protestants, and we think this had much to do with his finally accepting the clothes.

All was now excitement arranging for the great festival of Christmas. Spruce and pine boughs, with which the coun-


MAP OF ALASKA
AND THE KLONDIKE.
BERING SEA
GULF OF ALASKA
BRITISH COLUMBIA
NORTHWEST TERRITORY
KLONDIKE
YUKON
GOLD FIELDS
ALASKA PENINSULA
BRISTOL BAY
COOK INLET
NORTON SOUND
BERING ST
Ft Yukon
Circle
Charles Village
Eagle
Ft Cudahy
Forty Mile
DAWSON CITY
Alaska
Yukon R
Tanana R
Tanana Flats
Fairbanks
CHENA
Rampart
Fort Hamlin
Shaman Village
Nuklukyet
Weare
Kaltag
Nulato
Hamilton Ldg
Koserefske
Shagaluk
Holy Cross Mission
Mouths of the Yukon
Anvik R
Stuart I
ST MICHAEL
NOME
C Nome
C Rodney
King I
Cape Prince of Wales
Fort Clarence
Silver Mine
Good Hope Bay
Kowak R
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Malaspina Glacier
Hubbard Glacier
Muir Glacier
Seward City
JUNEAU
SKAGWAY
Chilkat
Chilkoot Pass
Chilkat R
Taku R
Stikine R
SITKA
FORT WRANGELL
Ft Wrangell
Ft Tongas
Dixon Entrance
Graham I
Lake LaBarge
Stewart R
McMillan R
Ft Selkirk
Pelly River
Lewes River
Pelly Bank Post
Ft Frances
Hootalinqua R
White Horse R
Miles Canyon
Marsh L
Mud L
Teslin
Teslin Lake
Arkell
L Bennett
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try abounds, were gathered and the church was decorated. Father also cheered his poor sick men by decorating the wards. He had an artist paint the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the angels, the Wise Men, and the shepherds, together with the animals, on separate pieces of cardboard, and these surrounded a figure of the Infant Saviour, in a most beautifully arranged crib, the work of Father Judge and the Sisters. All was now ready, and many were waiting for twelve o'clock Saturday night, to repair to St. Mary's for midnight Mass on the Yukon. Several fine singers were to act as choir; a small seven reed organ was accompanied by several string instruments. Long before Mass the Oblate Fathers were busy arranging vestments, etc., for Solemn High Mass, of which Father Judge was to be celebrant. The choir took possession of the gallery, and the body of the church rapidly filled up with many men, and some women, from all over the globe. Owing to the cold weather their dresses were of all kinds. Some had sweaters, some wore furs, others again appeared with their civilization clothes, making altogether an odd sight.

All awaited the coming of the celebrant, who most likely, after seeing his patients cared for, went to his little chapel to prepare for the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice.

In a few minutes, while all was still, a footstep was heard, and Father Judge was seen advancing up the middle aisle. Something seemed to illuminate his countenance as he advanced towards the altar, and moved to the Gospel side. The choir sang the Adeste Fideles, after which the priests turned towards the altar, Father Judge standing on the very spot that, four weeks later, was to be his tomb. The Mass began with beautiful music, and was devoutly followed by the worshippers. Father Judge read in English the gospel of the first Mass on Christmas Day, after which he preached a touching sermon on the love we owe to God for His coming on earth to redeem us. Then he drew a vivid picture of the loved ones of his hearers in their widely-scattered homes, where the vacant chair was their one anxiety that day. No one who heard, or was present, could fail to see that all were deeply affected. Strong men wept. Father urged those who had been successful to remember that God had made them simply His stewards, and would demand an account; then to the majority of us he showed that while we might not have been successful in earthly gains, if we kept close to God it would be better than if we had gained not only the wealth of the Klondike, which we knew to be great, but of the whole world. All were benefited by his words, and their sorrow would have been great indeed had they known that this was to be the last public utterance at High Mass of our loved Father.

Father Judge said a low Mass after finishing the first Mass, and later said his third Mass in the hospital chapel.

The services of the day being over the final arrangements for the minstrel entertainment were made, and several of Father's friends who had engaged boxes for the performance asked him to share them. He did not wish to go, but they begged him in the name of the hospital, for the benefit of which it was being held, to go down for a while. Of course he knew well that there was no evil intention in choosing that day for it, as the parties had not been posted on the matter, and none had thought of Christmas falling on Sunday. Indeed it was like a Christian affair, all saloons and dance-halls being closed. So Father Judge went at their urgent request. The performance was clean, and the persons taking part in it did their parts cleverly. At the end of the first part all the per-

formers withdrew except the interlocutor, Mr. George Noble, who arose and, addressing the audience, pictured our dear Father from the time he turned his face towards Dawson, mentioned the great work he had accomplished, but never once used his name. In concluding his address Mr. Noble referred to him as the "Grand old man of Dawson." This was the signal for the house to go wild with enthusiasm, calling for Father Judge. He finally came upon the stage, and the cheering continued for five minutes. It would have lasted much longer, but the audience saw that Father was growing embarrassed and they quieted down. Then Father Judge thanked the performers and the audience for their kindness to the hospital. This was the only time we saw him in his new clothes. When he withdrew, the cheering began again and continued for some time. Everybody was pleased, and the hospital was two thousand dollars richer by the entertainment.

For a few days Christmas visits were exchanged. Father Judge entertained the Oblate Fathers at lunch, and they in turn invited him to their home. He afterwards told me it was something he ate that led to his stomach trouble. He got worse, but said Mass daily until the Epiphany, I think, when he started to vest and had to return to his room. Having some business of his to attend to on Hunker Creek that day, I went to his room, knocked on the door, and was invited to enter. He lay on his rough bed, dressed in his cassock, and after giving me instructions about the business in hand, said he could not say Mass that day.

When I returned from the creek he had been put to bed in the second room from the front upstairs. From day to day he would grow worse, and then rally. Hundreds of inquirers came daily, and everywhere one turned the question was "How is Father?" Any other name was unnecessary. One evening, a few days before the end, the priests, sisters, Brother Cunningham, three Indians, a boy and two girls, doctors and nurses, had gathered in the room for what was supposed would be his death. One of the sisters was reading chapters 23 and 24, Book I, of "The Following of Christ." Father's breathing was slow and hard, so the doctor made a signal for the sister to stop reading. Almost at once Father Judge, to the surprise of all, spoke out, saying: "Keep on, Sister, that is what I want to hear," and after a half hour he rallied and seemed stronger. George Mitchell, an old-time friend from down the river, and a Protestant, who was oftener called "Skiff Mitchell," came into the room and knelt at the bedside. Father opened his eyes and recognized him, uttering his name. Poor Mitchell cried, as many others about the bed did, and Father said to him, "George, why are you crying?" Of course the man could not answer on account of his sorrow. Father continued: "George, we have been old friends almost since I came into the country." Then Mitchell said: "Yes, and we can't afford to lose friends like you." Father then replied: "George, you have got what you came for. I, too, have been working for a reward, would you keep me from it?" No answer was made, as all were filled with sorrow.

The doctor seeing Father's improved condition told all to leave the room. Only Mr. George Burns, an old down-river friend, also a Protestant, and myself remained. About midnight Father said to Mr. Burns: "George, go down stairs and make me a cup of tea as you used to, down the river." Mr. Burns went out, and then I was alone with my good friend. Noticing that he had his eyes closed, and that his lips were dry from fever, I took some glycerine and water and moistened them. He opened his eyes, and said, "Oh, thank you." I

did not answer, but simply looked at him. Then he said: "Kneel down, and I will give you my dying blessing." After saying that we needed him so badly I did as he ordered, and he raised his hand and blessed me. Soon Mr. Burns returned, and after taking the tea Father dozed until morning.

During this time inquiries continued and the town seemed as if some calamity was about to fall on it. On Monday, January 16th, when I was returning to the hospital from town, a manager of one of the new commercial companies called me to know Father's condition. I answered him, and he gave me a small case of champagne to take to the doctor, thinking Father's weak stomach would be helped by it. The value of this wine in Dawson was thirty dollars per pint. I mention this simply to show that the friendship of the giver was practical. When I reached the hospital I noticed the noiseless moving about near his room, and seeing priests, sisters, and all gathering there I followed and knelt with the rest. It was nearly two o'clock, and gloomy, as we had not seen a ray of sunlight since November. All were sad and none dared look at another, for grief was pent up in all. Suddenly the rays of the sun shot into the death chamber for a moment and again were gone, and with them went the pure soul of Father Judge, S. J. It seemed as though the sun came to conduct his soul in joy to the God he served so well, and loved so much.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of those present. The good Oblates of Mary had lost a brother priest, the sisters one who was a real father to them and who had prepared the way for them to perform the duties of charity they so cheerfully took up. The Indians lamented him pitiably. His companion, Brother Cunningham, had lost his master and guide, the physicians and attachés of the hospital their devoted friend and helper; but what of those who for two weeks had watched in vain for that morning visit of their protector and comforter? I think no sadder place could be described than the rooms and wards of St. Mary's Hospital, when the inmates learned that Father Judge was dead. Long afterward they would speak of their "friend in need."

You have been told the effect the death of Father Judge had on the town; how everyone spoke only of the loss sustained by the world's greatest mining-camp. About the hospital all hearts were heavy, yet the necessary arrangements for the burial had to be made. The question was where should the grave be? In a short time it was decided that Father Judge should be buried on the Gospel side of the altar, so that those he loved and who loved him could offer their prayers to God, and invoke our dear Father's help in their trials, which he knew so well. It took Tuesday and Wednesday and part of Thursday to dig the grave. Mr. George Burns, of whom mention has been made, arranged for the casket in which Father Judge's remains were interred. It was a magnificent one, considering the possibilities of the place, and he would not give any information about the cost. I learned positively that it cost a thousand dollars. I dare say Mr. Burns will be displeased to see this, as he would want nothing said about it, still I do it that those who measure friendship by money may realize that Father Judge's friends were real. On Thursday night the remains were moved from the chapel to the church, for the funeral. Mr. John Mattler of Denver, Colorado, and I took turns in watching that the burning candles should do no damage. His turn was up at 11 P. M. and I remained until 4 A. M. It was bitterly cold, and to keep comfortable it was necessary to walk up and down the aisle. Besides, as yet we had but a couple of hours of faint light

in mid-day, and one might say it was continuous night. During my watch the weird howling of wolves and malamute dogs was constant, yet there seemed to be nothing to fear; for there, with that strange dignity on his face, lay our good friend who seemed only sleeping, and ready to answer our call for assistance, as he always did in life.

Friday morning came and great crowds gathered at the church. The American and British officials occupied seats reserved for them, the English soldiers were in the gallery, the priests taking part in the ceremony directed the music, and the Sisters with the Indians were chief mourners, if any distinction could be made where everyone in the church was a mourner.

The Mass over, both Father Gendreau and Father Desmarais delivered a eulogy on this great man, after which the casket was closed and placed in the grave as described in "An American Missionary." The whole town was silent during the ceremonies, and I doubt if Dawson will ever again see the death of one who will be honored as Father Judge was, and deserved to be.

I should not be surprised to learn some day that those who pray at his tomb and supplicate God through him give such evidence of this intercession as may lead to his being raised to the altar. All who knew his great work as done in the Klondike will vouch that he is worthy, and would gladly publish to the world their praise of this grand, humble, unselfish servant of God, who, when others brought such trials on themselves in order to obtain an earthly reward, or competence, followed these men to carrying the remedies necessary for their spiritual and physical ills, hoping like them indeed to obtain a reward, *but not here.*

Mr. Alexander McDonald, who had been in Europe, returned to Dawson a few days after Father Judge's funeral. It was sad for him to find his dear friend no more, but I think that friend remembered in heaven the man who aided him to raise a temple to God.

The writer is one of the many that have felt honored in knowing the martyr of the Klondike gold-fields. He lost an ardent friend when Father Judge died, but he would not, for his own selfish ends, wish him back from the claim (in heaven) for which he labored so hard and long.

C. H. Higgins.

Mr. Higgins, in that part of his letter published in the January number, mentions Father Judge's narrow escape from death by freezing and in "The American Missionary" we find a detailed account given by Father Judge himself. Writing from Forty Mile, on February 11th, 1896, he describes the mining camp, and takes his readers with him over the trail from the camp to Forty Mile Creek:

"You may have a better idea than the others what a western mining-camp is like; but I suspect that an Alaskan mining-camp is different from what you have seen. There are only about one hundred and fifty people living here now; but there are about five hundred in the neighborhood, who have to come here for their provisions. There are two trading companies with large stores, a hardware store, a barber shop, and a number of saloons. The English Government has a post with twenty soldiers or police, customs collectors, etc. The officers have their families with them and are very nice people. They all belong to the Church of England, but are very kind to me, and have invited me to dinner several times. The gentleman who keeps the hardware store is a good Catholic. He and his wife come to Mass every morning. Last week they gave me a nice carpet for the sanctuary.

"On January 8th I started to visit the miners living on Forty Mile Creek. I

had a sleigh and only one dog, for dogs are scarce here and sell for fifty to seventy-five dollars apiece. The first day I made twenty-five miles, and stopped at night with an old man who makes a good living by cultivating potatoes and turnips, which he sells like hot cakes to the miners, for vegetables are scarce. He is not a Catholic.

"After leaving his place I found a cabin about every five miles, and the inmates all Catholics; so I staid one night at each house, and said Mass every day. Having traveled thus for four or five days, I came to a stretch of about forty miles, throughout which there were no more inhabited cabins; but there were two vacant ones, with stoves in them, used by those who make a business of hauling provisions for the miners.

"About two o'clock on the 16th of January, I started in company with one of those teamsters to go to the first of the vacant cabins, distant only about six or seven miles from where we were. I do not know just how cold it was; but the quicksilver was frozen, so it was at least forty below zero. I had never been over that road, but the teamster told me to go ahead, as I could go faster than he could with his heavy load, and so would get more quickly out of the cold. I did so, and all went well for about three miles, when I came to a place where the water had overflowed the ice. Although the surface was frozen, the new ice was not strong enough to bear the sleigh; it broke, and I had to walk in the water, almost up to my knees, for about two hundred yards; and, as I was not prepared to find water, my boots were not suitable and my feet got wet. I did not know how far I was from the cabin, but thought it was not far; so I pushed on, trying to keep my feet from freezing by walking as fast as I could. But the sleigh was made much heavier by the ice that formed on it and the snow that stuck to it after it had passed through the water; so I could not go as fast as I ought to have gone, and I thought I would never get to the cabin. About two hours after I got my feet wet, I felt so tired that I was about to stop, wrap myself up in my blanket, and wait for the teamster who was behind me; for it was so dark that I could not see well, and I was afraid that I might have passed the cabin without knowing it. But, just when I was about to stop, my dog took a sudden start; so I thought that perhaps he saw the cabin; and, sure enough, in a few minutes we came to it.

"It was on a high bank which I had some difficulty to climb. When I got to it, I found a log cabin with no floor, no window and no hinges to the door; but there was a stove, and at once I tried to start a fire, after making some shavings with my knife. The wood was so cold I could not succeed with matches, and I had to go back to the sleigh to get a piece of candle; but my gloves also had gotten wet, in coming through the water, and when I took them off to make the fire, they froze so hard that I could not get them on again, and I had to go down and get up the bank without using my hands, which was not easy, especially the coming up.

"I did not forget that it was the thirtieth anniversary of mother's death, and I thought it might be God's will to take me on the same day. But, with some difficulty, I got up again, crawling and using my elbows instead of my hands; and, with the help of a candle I soon got a fire started. As soon as I started to thaw the ice off my boots, I felt a pain shoot through my right foot, so I knew that it must be frozen. At once I went out and filled a box, that I had found in the cabin, with snow, then took off my boot and found that all the front part of my right foot was frozen as hard

as a stone. I could not make a mark in it with my thumb nail. So, I had to go away from the fire and rub the foot with that awfully cold snow, which is more like ground glass than anything else, until I got the blood back to the surface, which took at least half an hour. After that I held my foot to the red-hot stove for about one hour before it was completely thawed out. With such treatment, no harm follows from the freezing; but if you go into a warm room, or put the frozen part to the fire before rubbing with snow till it becomes red, it will decay at once and you cannot save it. It is the first time I have been frozen; but I have doctored others, and I knew what was necessary, and so, thank God, I escaped.

"Three days later I got to the end of my journey, about one hundred miles from here. I was just in time, for that very evening the most severe spell we have had began, and for ten days the temperature remained between sixty and seventy below zero. I stopped with an Irishman and his wife and was very comfortable. I said Mass every day and had six or seven present each time, for there were other Catholics living near-by; and six received Holy Communion.

"As soon as the quicksilver thawed, which showed that it was less than forty below zero, I started to return, stopping to see some people that I did not see on my way up. It took me seven days to come back; in some places it was very hard work as the wind had drifted the snow and covered the trail, making it difficult to push the sleigh, and even to walk. But I was well pleased with my trip; and it is a great consolation to be able to do some little thing for the glory of the Sacred Heart, by leading these sheep to Him, even though it cost some labor and suffering. So you see I am happy."

This picture of the Klondike region in the depth of winter is followed by a graphic description of the breaking up of the ice on the Yukon, with the coming spring.

"The past winter was the longest and most severe they have had here for many years. The snowfall was by far the greatest I have seen, and the spells of severe cold more frequent and longer than usual. Generally we can travel only at night in April, because the trail is too soft during the day, but this year it was so cold that the sun was not able to effect anything. It was only at Pentecost, May 13th, that the sun got the better of Jack Frost, and began his work of destruction, when, as though conscious he had a mighty work to do, he went at it in good earnest, and in two weeks this immense river had risen about twenty feet. On Sunday, May 27th, the ice began to go out. The next day about seven o'clock in the evening, while the whole river was one mass of broken ice forcing its way out, a large cross, which had been erected two years ago on the spot where Archbishop Seghers was killed, passed down the middle of the river, borne along by the ice but standing perfectly erect and facing the bank. It was a fine sight to see it moving along in the bright sunlight, amid the roaring of that immense body of ice and water. We tolled the bell while it was passing. The place where the Archbishop was killed is about forty miles above this place. How far the cross went we do not know. It looked as if the cross were sent ahead to give us warning of what was to come, for as soon is it passed, the river began to rise rapidly. We had to remain up all night to watch it, and at three o'clock in the morning we took everything from the church, which is nearer to the bank than our house. All that day the water continued to increase, forcing all the people in the village to take refuge on the

mountain, and completely surrounded our house, so that we could not leave it, except in the boat. By noon on Thursday, our cellars were full up to the floors; so, not knowing what was coming, we boarded up the lower windows to prevent their being broken by the ice, and moved everything upstairs; but at 2 P. M., the water began to fall rapidly, as if a gorge had broken somewhere, and in an hour it had fallen about two feet, after which it subsided very slowly, and even now it is higher than it was at any time last year.

"When the water was at its height, we could see no land except the mountains, a thing which had never happened before in the memory of anyone. Immense cakes of ice three or four feet thick remained around the house and in the village after the water subsided but did no damage to anything, owing to a high mountain just here, which threw the current of the river to the other side and broke the force of the floating ice.

"The other village which I have charge of, two miles below here, did not fare so well, as the water covered it completely and the ice carried my church and all of the houses far back, leaving them a heap of ruins on the hillside. Some of the people from the village, who had gone to the other side of the river before the ice broke, thinking they would be perfectly safe there on the high bank, had a narrow escape. When they saw the water coming on them and had no higher ground to retreat to, they built themselves a house, elevated on poles as high as they could, and there they sought a last refuge. Fortunately it was just high enough, but with nothing to spare, for their feet were already in the water when it began to fall. All the villages, for at least a hundred miles below here, were washed away."

Nowhere is the truly great charity of this apostle of the Klondike more evident than in his ministrations to the Indians, whether instructing the older people, or working among the children. And many were the ingenious devices he employed in his course of instruction. Note, for instance, his method of teaching them to distinguish the days of the week.

"I taught them (the Indians) how to know the days of the week, so they could keep Sunday and Friday. I did it in this way, and they liked it. I took a piece of board and cut it out and marked it thus; the triangle I told them was for God's day or the first day, then two holes for the second day, three for the third day, four for the fourth, five for the fifth, and a fish for Friday, and seven holes for Saturday. I met one of them several weeks after I left there, and he had a small one nicely made to carry in his pocket and had the pin in the right hole. I forgot to say I put a pin which they should move one hole downwards every day until they got to the bottom, and then jump to the top again."

That the children were much in his thoughts is evident, for there are few letters in which he does not make special mention of his young charges, whether begging candy and toys for them, or narrating touching stories of their gratifying response to his efforts.

"So far we have had three deaths among those who have been at the school," says Father Judge, "and all have been most edifying and consoling. The last death was that of a boy about fourteen years old. When he came to the school he was a little wild Indian; but the excellent training of the sisters soon began to bear fruit; and, although he was not as bright as some others, he made up for it by hard work; and, about a year before he died, he was well enough instructed to make his first Com-

munion. First Communion makes a great change in all these children, but especially was its effect noticed in this boy. From that day, no one could make him angry and he became so obliging and kind to everyone that all loved him exceedingly. It was a real pleasure to give him any work to do, he did it so willingly and cheerfully. He was always smiling as though he could not hide the joy and peace of his heart. But God wished to try him for our edification and his greater merit; and so, sent him a cross heavy for one of his age and disposition, for he was naturally very lively. Soon after Christmas last, he sprained one of his ankles several times; but, with treatment, it seemed to get all right again. Soon after, one evening, without any warning, when he was as lively and happy as ever, he had a severe hemorrhage, which weakened him very much; and while he was in bed on account of that, the ankle he had sprained began to swell and became very painful, especially when he moved it. So he had to remain in bed the greater part of the time. All the spring and summer he remained in that state, often suffering great pain but never complaining or even asking for anyone to stay with him. In July, as we were afraid he would not live long, we sent him here so that his parents might see him. He came up on the steamer and lived with the Fathers. Here, as at school, he gained all hearts, and surprised and edified the Fathers by his piety and wonderful patience. Every day he would read the life of the saint of the day, in a pictorial "Lives of the Saints" that we have, and he was not in the least afraid of death. He died early in the morning, after a violent hemorrhage, and his last words were, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," which he said of his own accord. What wonders the grace of God is able to work when we do not put obstacles in the way or refuse to follow its inspirations!"

When obliged to give up his work on the Indian mission, Father Judge's thoughts were not concerned with surmises as to what the change meant for him, but that "God may send laborers to His vineyard. Many children are dying without baptism because the field is so large and we are so few. I am well and happy. Naturally I would prefer to remain with the Indians; but I know that what is done from obedience is more pleasing to God and more profitable to us than what we do because we like it; and, although I am in no way suitable for the task that has been put upon me, I have good reason to hope that He, Who sends me to this work, will supply what is wanting in His poor servant."

Such was Father Judge's humble appreciation of himself. What he was to others is suggested in the tributes paid to his memory, grateful acknowledgment of what he had done for God and the souls of men. What Mr. Arnold F. George, a Protestant, says of his dead friend — the American missionary to the Alaskan gold-fields — will find response in many a heart.

Died! Yes, dead; and how we miss him,
miss his heartsome, cheery voice;
Miss this simple, earnest Christian, over
whom the saints rejoice.
Priest he was, but more than priestly; man
he was, but more than man;
Christ-taught pity played his heart-strings
— fill his place no other can."

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. ALEXANDER.

SCHÖNBRUNN, THE IMPERIAL SUMMER RESIDENCE NEAR VIENNA.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

ARCHDUCHESS MARIA JOSEPHA.

Foremost among the royal hostesses of Europe is the winsome figure of Archduchess Maria Josepha, on whom, owing to the morganatic marriage of the heir to the throne, falls all the responsibility of state receptions at the Imperial Court of Austro-Hungary. The Archduchess is the wife of the younger brother of the Crown Prince, and their eldest son will one day be Emperor of Austria. As First Lady of the Hapsburg Court, Maria Josepha has to fulfil the onerous duties of state representation, at the side of the veteran ruler Francis Joseph. Together they preside at all social functions, and the ties of affection which bind the aged Sovereign to his charming and helpful companion are well-known to his subjects. The Archduchess, a Princess of Saxony, had been a member of the illustrious House of Hapsburg, for several years, before circumstances led to her elevation to the prominent post she now so worthily occupies. The retirement from Court of the youthful Dowager Crown Princess Stephanie, consequent on her marriage with Count Lonyay, and the morganatic union of the heir with Countess Chotek, caused all official duties to fall to the lot of the Archduchess Maria Josepha, now hostess of the Imperial Burg. The first care of this noble lady was to set an example of assiduity at public worship; and, whereas she formerly assisted at Mass and Benediction in her private chapel, she now drives to the various cathedrals and churches of Vienna in all the pomp pertaining to her exalted position.

The weight of her example has been potent in arousing and sustaining the interest of the nobility in charitable institutions. Her indefatigable devotion to the manifold hospitals and asylums which claim her as their patroness has, perhaps, no parallel in Europe. Indeed, the Archduchess has the reputation of

being ubiquitous. Together with the Emperor she holds her courts in the capitals of Vienna and Budapest, never betraying fatigue or weariness at the complicated and tedious ceremonial still adhered to in these functions, but gaining all hearts by her natural affability and sweetness of disposition.

Every spare hour is given to her sons, whose education she supervises, and whose company is her favorite recreation. If, during the winter season, she is often debarred from assisting at their lessons or their sports, in summer she is mostly to be found sharing their daily lives, and may often be seen in the shady alleys of their country residence walking with young Karl Franz, haply instilling that spirit of self-sacrifice and active benevolence which has endeared her to the Austrian people.

ARCHDUCHESS MARIA JOSEPHA.
The hostess of the Imperial Court of Austro-Hurgary.

To her many self-imposed duties the tender-hearted Archduchess has now added that of constant correspondence with her sorely-tried brother, the excellent and beloved King of Saxony. His motherless children are her especial care, and thus this popular Princess contrives to combine all private and domestic duties as well as all public ones, within the small circle of one busy life.

II.

THE DUCHESS D'AOSTA.

Until recently the Duchess d'Aosta was the figure around which centred the most interest in Italian political circles. Every word she uttered was commented on, and every outward manifestation was jealously watched. Her devotion to the Chair of St. Peter was well-known; and so long as it seemed likely that her little son would one day succeed to the throne of Italy, the adherents to the cause of the temporal power counted on the Duchess as a sure factor in its restoration. Some Italian politicians, on the other hand, were already discussing the advisability of counteracting the "ultramontane influence" of his mother on the heir-presumptive when the birth of a son to King Victor-Emmanuel removed these cares and complications from the family of Aosta.

Duchess Helena, born Princess of Orleans, possesses the best characteristics of the royal House of France. She is unswerving in principle, and deeply imbued with the obligations of her faith. In her husband's historic Castle of Turin she maintains the Bourbon prestige as a patroness of art and literature, while

DUCHESS D'AOSTA

carefully fostering the charitable foundations of the city. Her childhood — passed in her exiled father's country residence of Twickenham — gave her that taste for simple pursuits and English out-of-door pleasures which, in private, she still manages to cultivate. It is now no longer a secret that the daily intercourse between the royal children of France and England blossomed into affection as they grew up, and that nothing stood between the beautiful Princess Helena and the prospect of being one day Queen of England but the barrier of her belief. When the young Duke of Clarence, very much in love, approached her with the hint of a compromise of some sort, the Princess replied firmly "that she would not consent to the renouncement of the throne which his adoption of the Catholic faith for her sake would entail. Therefore all projects of a union between them must be set aside." Thus firmly did she convey the impossibility of her own abandonment, in any point, of the duties of

her faith. Without accepting the romantic version of some press organs, that the Prince's premature decease was due to disappointed hopes, we must remark on the great lapse of time between Princess Helena's decision and his compliance with Queen Victoria's wish that he should plight his troth to another. He died, it will be remembered, some weeks before the date fixed for his marriage; and Princess Helena, who could never be persuaded to entertain any proposal of marriage while he lived, mourned for him longer than his official bride, for it was fully four years after his death when she at length gave her hand to the Duke d'Aosta, who had been a persistent suitor.

Once installed in Castle Mandria, the young Duchess threw herself with ardor into the duties and occupations of her new surroundings. Her humanitarian foundations soon endeared her to the inhabitants of Turin; and her appearance is always greeted with marks of respect and affection, for the Duchess' carriage finds its way most frequently to the streets which house the poor and destitute. "The Good Angel of Turin" is the title bestowed on her by those who have felt the benefit of her ministrations; and in her happy home the Duchess finds the crown of true domestic bliss.

It may not be amiss to recall that Aosta, a corruption of Augusta, owes its foundation to the emperor of that name, twenty-five years before Christ; that its ancient importance is borne witness to by remarkable architectural remains, principally a fortress-gate and triumphal arch well-preserved; that it was the seat of a duchy under the Lombards, and afterwards formed part of the French kingdom; and that it has belonged to the House of Savoy for eight centuries. The present Duke, Emmanuel Philbert, is the eldest son of Amadeus, who was for four years King of Spain, during the Carlist troubles, and retired in 1875 to end his days in his patrimony near Turin.

PLAINT OF THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

BY MARY WEST.

Good St. Anne with the bonnie face,
Mother of Her who is full of grace,
Here at thy feet I beg of thee,
Just as I am to stay — heart-free,
May the wicked world ne'er my mind entrance —
Nor the gaze of him with the flashing glance.
Other maids there are far more fair than I —
Oh, thou good St. Anne! bid him pass me by, —
Good St. Anne with the bonnie face,
Mother of Her who is full of grace.

Good St. Anne with the loving heart,
Why doth he stand from the throng apart?
Thou'lt know him by his stature tall,
And sunny smile and — that is all.
While with heart unvext unto thee I pray,
He doth watch and wait and muse alway —
Ah, thou see'st for him I have no thought,
That with dreams of heaven all my soul is fraught;
Good St. Anne with the brow sedate,
Bid him to pass, and not to wait.

She of the wise and kindly face,
Miracle-worker for our race,
Inclined to hear the pilgrim's prayer,
And wrought another wonder fair;
When the guileless maid moved upon her way,
Toward the lonely path of the youth it lay,
While the good St. Anne made the two content
Each to go the way that the other went.
The good St. Anne with the bonnie face,
Mother of Her who is full of grace.

AN OUTING.

A PHASE OF FRENCH LIFE.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

Under the very shadow of the great palace of Versailles stand the buildings dedicated to helpless infancy. Nothing marks more surely the progress of humanity than this noble charity, proving as it does the change in public opinion regarding the working classes. Louis XIV, believing in the *divine right* of kings, considering "le peuple" as mere instruments for the aggrandizement of royalty, recklessly exhausted the resources of his country in erecting this most sumptuous palace of modern times. In order to complete it, he crushed down the poor with unjust taxes and ruthlessly destroyed the lives of hundreds of workmen employed in its construction. To-day, philanthropic women whose ancestors belonged to the old monarchy, have founded in Versailles this home for the baby descendants of the despised working people. Against the injustice of the past inequality, the Republic has raised the standard of solidarity — realizing that the strength of a nation depends on the union of all classes, and that to rescue the little ones of the poor of this generation means the ensuring of future greatness for France.

To understand the necessity of establishing baby farms near Paris, we must know something of the economic conditions of a country where the wage-earning capacity of men is not sufficient for the support of their families. Wives and mothers are thus compelled to become wage-earners. Of the six hundred thousand workers who receive wages in Paris three hundred and seventy thousand are women! Many of these are mothers who must resign the sweet joys of maternity and delegate to others the sacred privileges of motherhood. Statistics tell us that of sixty thousand children yearly born in this great metropolis, twenty-two thousand, or more than one-third, are sent at birth, to the country. Happy, indeed, is the child who possesses there a grandmother, aunt or cousin; otherwise he must depend on the tender

THE ARRIVAL.

mercy of those who make a business of raising children. France being a paternal Government looks after these little waifs. The birth of every child, rich or poor, must be registered at the Mairie. If the parents are compelled to part with their new-born baby, his destination must be given the officers who have charge of all children sent from home. They visit the women who receive these babies, and any neglect or ill-treatment is punished by fines and imprisonment. Nor can a woman obtain her license of foster-mother, until she has been given a certificate of good conduct by her village doctor or parish priest. Still, the care that a child receives is seldom that of a mother, and the Government, in order to encourage women to rear their own children, awards a certain sum to all who nourish their infants. Charitable societies are also establishing day nurseries in every part of Paris. But women who work all day are in no condition to look after their babies at night. Were these isolated cases, something might be done to assist them, but when for centuries hundreds of thousands have been compelled to submit to such hard conditions, the problem is far too serious to be solved by charity. Tradition, as well as necessity, must first be overcome.

French workingmen have always been assisted by their wives. Even among well-to-do tradespeople the women keep the books and are never absent from their husband's place of business. "My baby is dead," sobbed a young mother as she sat at her desk. "I do not say that she was neglected, Mademoiselle, perhaps she would have died had I kept her — but if the good God ever sends me another I shall not part with it. No — not if I am obliged to hold it on my lap while I make up the accounts." That she could employ some one to keep the books never occurred to her frugal mind — although she and her husband had plenty of money. Her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother had sat at that selfsame desk, overlooking every detail of the large business. That was their work. *Their* babies had all been sent to country relatives — why should she complain? I knew a poor woman whose five children were sent away. One after the other those five babies died. When her sixth child was born she rebelled. She told her husband that she would do extra night-work and thus be able to pay for a wet nurse. Happily this sixth little one is still spared to her poor, starved mother heart.

Of course there is a still poorer class

who can neither afford to employ nurses nor to send their babies to the country. They live in the most crowded districts of Paris and, while they are at work, their infants are left to the care of an older brother or sister or the tender mercy of some neighboring child. Fortunately babies are still *maillotéd* in France — wrapped so tightly in their swaddling bands that even when their small nurses let them fall down-stairs they are seldom fatally injured. It is when the hot summer comes, and the air is foul, and baby's milk sour, that death reaps his harvest. *One hundred and fifty thousand infants die yearly in France!* No wonder that the country is becoming depopulated. The best physicians insist that at least *eighty thousand* of these small victims could and should be saved. Much is being done through public and private charity to lessen this terrible death-rate — equal to that claimed by tuberculosis. Good milk is supplied to all mothers with sick babies, and many sanitary improvements are introduced into the homes of the poor. Even among children sent into the pure air of the country the death-rate is thirty per cent. Happily for France, noble women are coming to the rescue of these helpless little ones and the suffering mothers who bear them, and whose aching hearts plead for assistance.

ACTIVELY ENGAGED.

The founding of la Pouponnière at Porche-fontaine, Versailles, was in answer to this appeal. When hundreds of similar baby farms shall be established, the Government will cease complaining of depopulation, and the shrouds of the little ones will no longer whiten the fair land of France. Yet even here much prejudice has had to be overcome — as many physicians were opposed to the aggregating of children, fearing contagious diseases. Since its opening in 1896, there has been no epidemic at Porche-fontaine and the average mortality has not exceeded five per cent. When we remember that the infants received are often premature, inheriting weaknesses due to poverty and crime, the difference between this death-rate and that of children sent to private country homes, seems almost incredible. It is attributable to the strictest observance of hygienic laws. Before being received, both

nurses and children must be examined by a physician. If his report be favorable they are accepted *in the quarantine ward* where they must remain twenty-one days. This is to provide against the development of any incipient disease undiscovered by the examining physician. Once admitted to the general pavilion, they are visited daily by the doctor in charge and whatever the most advanced science can suggest is done for their betterment.

Visiting Porche-fontaine, I found everything scrupulously clean—cleanliness being regarded as a most powerful factor in the struggle against infant maladies. "We are very proud of our cow-stable, would you not like to visit it?" asked the sympathetic young matron. "Our three cows are washed and scrubbed, and scrubbed and washed until they are rendered immune from all sorts of diseases!" As we walked across the grounds we saw the cows quietly browsing on the close-cropped grass. "We do not care to have them find much food in the pasture, as we have discovered that coarse flour mixed with hay makes the best milk. But of course they must stay out of doors. Fresh air for the cow is almost as important as for the child."

A rosy-cheeked peasant girl smilingly welcomed us to the stable, where she showed us with great pride the soap and brushes with which she scrubbed the stalls, the cows, and everything pertaining to her domain. "Amélie is largely responsible for the health of our little ones, and this responsibility adds greatly to the interest of her work. She has become as much of an anti-microbe fiend as the rest of us. Show Mademoiselle your hands, Amélie," said the matron, as we entered the room where the bottles were prepared. "Would you believe that she took care of a cow-stable with those white hands? She washes them in antiseptic water before touching the bottles, which must be boiled one hour and a half each time that they are used. See — we have a boiler on this side of the room and hot and cold water in that white porcelain sink. Everything here

A PAVILION AT PORCHE-FONTAINE.

A PLEASANT PARTY.

is as clean as soap and water can make it. This pail has been sterilized, and the cloth which covers it boiled for half an hour. The cows are milked into this cloth-covered bucket. We find it much better for the children not to sterilize the milk. Of course it would be necessary were the cows not raised under our personal supervision, and everything done to prevent microbes entering the milk after it is drawn from them.

"The cloth remains over this bucket until the milk has been poured through the small spout into sterilized bottles which are immediately corked — thus the milk is never exposed to the air. The bottles are then carried to the *Biberonnerie,* the door of which is locked and the key given to the woman who has charge of that department. Each bottle belongs to the baby whose number it bears. One attendant is kept busy washing and sterilizing these three hundred bottles! The quantity of milk given each child is prescribed by our physician, whose orders are scrupulously carried out by the matron in charge of each pavilion. We have three pavilions to show you, but we always bring visitors first to our cow-stable which we consider the most important and unique factor in our work. It ranks as the most hygienic milk house in the world!

"See how happy they all look," said the matron as we entered the principal pavilion where nearly a hundred babies were being fed and put to sleep. "They have just come in from the garden. In summer we keep them out of doors all day, and in winter whenever the weather permits. We are also very particular about having the dormitories well aired, never using them during the day. Each baby has two cribs, one in the dormitory, and one in the day nursery."

We were walking through a long hall on either side of which were rooms with large glass doors, through one of which we watched the older children at play — merry, rosy-cheeked little people, tumbling over one another in their eagerness to look out at the visitors! In the next room we saw the *maillotéd* babies being weighed before they received their supper. Some were lustily protesting against what they regarded as an unnecessary delay, others were cooing and gurgling. As soon as their hunger was appeased, all were again weighed. If any failed to show the required increase

in avoirdupois they were returned for more nourishment. In this way accurate knowledge is obtained of the amount of food consumed by each child. This is reported to the physician. Once a week all the children are weighed in his presence. The result is written on a card and fastened to the head of the cribs. "All that science has discovered to aid the natural mother-instinct is applied in our institution and nature responds most generously to our efforts. Many of the rosy-cheeked little ones that you see, came to us frail, white atoms of humanity. Their mothers are too poor, even were they sufficiently intelligent, to give them the care that they receive here. First of all we selected a site where we would have the purest of country air, then our buildings were erected in accordance with the latest scientific principles, exposed on every side to sun and air. Our temperature seldom varies, as a matron is on duty day and night, and keeps strict watch over the thermometer. The first symptom of disease is reported by telephone to our physician. The night nurse is warned never to permit a child to remain with the others, who develops any sudden illness during the night. We have had several cases of contagious disease, but by promptly isolating the patient, the other children escaped. Every possible precaution is taken in our quarantine before admitting the babies, but visiting parents are so careless that they often bring measles and scarlet fever in their clothes. We never permit them to enter these pavilions — their children are carried by the matrons into the house where you saw the visitors' parlor.

A PROMENADE IN THE PARK.

"We do not even allow the nurses to come in contact with parents, except in cases of illness, when relatives are admitted daily to the infirmary. Think how terrible it must be for mothers when their little ones die, away off in Brittany or Normandie! Many are too poor to go to them. They must toil day and night to pay for medicines and funeral expenses! Americans tell me that they cannot understand mothers who will send their new-born babies to be cared

for by strangers. Yours must be a happy country where laboring men can earn sufficient to support their families — thus permitting mothers to devote themselves to their babies! We French people love our children. Though we are separated from them, the little ones are not forgotten. Every sacrifice is made to ensure their future happiness, and when possible, they are visited once a month. Porche-fontaine being so near Paris, parents come every week, and oftener in case of illness. Unfortunately we are unable to accept the many who apply — our funds not being sufficient to cover expenses. The Government recognizes the importance of our work and has given us permission to have a public lottery."

La Pouponnière was not intended to remain a charity. Madame Charpentier, the founder, hoped that it would become self-supporting. But notwithstanding the fact that parents pay from ten to fifteen dollars a month for each child (instead of the usual six dollars, charged by the peasants) the individual outlay is so large that each newcomer entails some loss, proving the impossibility of giving proper care and food to an infant for the sum charged by private families. No wonder that sending children to country homes means the survival of the fittest!

Last summer I was visiting a French friend whose maid had recently lost her first child. "Poor Marie is very sad," said my friend. "Although her baby was taken to the country when only a few hours old, she loved him dearly. Unfortunately her family lives in Brittany, so that Marie could not afford to visit her child. She really never saw the little fellow until he was dying, as she was too ill at his birth to be disturbed. Of course babies must be taken at once to their destinations, and little Jean was not yet a day old when he arrived in Brittany! He was never very strong, and at the end of seven months Marie's mother sent for her, saying the baby was very ill. She started at once, but only reached her old home in time to hold her baby during the last sad hours of his brief life!"

My satisfactory report of La Pouponnière was a great solace to Marie. "We will send our next baby there, Mademoiselle. It is so near that we can visit him every week." Her husband was a butler, and lived in another part of Paris. Neither dared resign a lucrative position which would ensure the education of the little ones they hoped to rear.

Since the closing of the convents, the problem of rearing children has become still more serious to the working people of France. Boys and girls, on leaving the country homes of their foster-mothers, were formerly taken in charge by the good sisters. Now they must return to their parents, and be sent to day schools where all mention of God, of religion, is prohibited. After school hours they play in the streets. At night, their mothers, returning from work, are too tired to teach catechism to sleepy children. Never before has there been such need of charity among the laity. The women of wealth and refinement are generously responding to this call. In every parish recreation schools are being established, where outside of regular school hours the children can play games or study their lessons for the following day. Certain hours on Thursdays and Sundays are set apart for religious instruction; sewing, cooking, and other useful occupations are also taught. For those too young to attend school, day nurseries are being multiplied all over France. Thus the places left vacant by thousands of sisters are being filled by courageous women who carry the torch of faith into the desolate houses of the poor. "For God, our country, our little ones" is their answering call to the mothers whom cruel necessity separates

from the children they adore — those noble working women of France who toil so contentedly for the support of their little ones — upheld by the hope of owning in their old age a tiny home in some country village. Then at last their starved mother-hearts shall be satisfied, for in their feeble arms they can hold their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, whose soft little heads will nestle against their breasts, whose curling, roseleaf fingers will close over the worn hands that are now busy earning baby's board in Porche-fontaine.

THE INTERPRETER.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

He drew his bow across the strings responsive,
  And straight his listeners heard the lyric call
Of lowland brook to brook in wastes untrodden,
  And the faint laughter of the waterfall.

They heard the croon of waves that lapped unceasing
  Adown a sunrise shore in silver lines,
The murmur of the raindrops in the valley,
  The storm-wind's threnody among the pines.

And as they heard their souls received the message
  Interpreted by that inspired bow,
And rapt, enchanted, with one voice entreated,
  "Whence won you this, oh Master? Bid us know."

"I taught me of the morning and the midnight,
  I walked alone and nature sang to me!
Go, listen as I listened, soul unfettered,
  And learn the secret of her melody."

And forth they went, tired men and weary women,
  And heard the voice of winds and waters blend,
But understood it not, and were not able
  Its wordless mysteries to comprehend.

Then back they came. "Oh Master, we are children
  Who have not learned as yet our mother-tongue —
Do thou again interpret through thy spirit
  The burden of this song the world has sung.

"For we of our weak selves must miss its meaning,
  If thou, oh friend, refuse to make it plain."
The Master smiled and with his bow uplifted
  Wakened anew the magic of his strain!

THE ORGAN-BLOWER.

BY WINIFRED M. REYNOLDS.

If Joanna had answered the bell herself all would have been well, for her substantial form always proved an effectual blockade to the peddler had he pack or had he none. The dull blue eye that looked from her impassive countenance was keen enough to divine his profession at once, no matter how carefully he might have stowed away his case of wares behind a neighboring hedge before approaching the house. He might as well try to gain admission to a papal conclave as to Father Lisle's little study when Joanna opened the door.

Every species of peddler she knew at a glance, from the sleek, empty-handed, Prince Albert-coated, fat gentleman who canvassed for the highly respectable book firm, to the seedy, dejected looking vender of gilt-eyed needles with his tell-tale, rusty brown bag strapped upon his back.

And they all knew her and never called twice.

A novice in the profession, who knew her only by reputation, had once vainly boasted among his peers, and had even wagered a dozen neckties that he could "rub it in" so successfully as to gain entrance. But he had been disappointed in Joanna's porosity. He had found her all she was advertised to be, and more. Looking back ruefully as he closed the gate he had reflected that a dozen neckties was a cheap price to pay for such an experience.

Full well Joanna knew that good Father Lisle had no power of resistance, and would have been an easy prey to all manner of frauds if his sturdy housekeeper were not by to protect him. Once only had she been foiled. A gentleman wearing a light overcoat and brown kid gloves had called and in a most indifferent tone had asked to see the Rector. Joanna, knowing that the Father was expecting some one answering to the description of the present applicant, had admitted him. Father Lisle had looked up kindly as she opened the door and had bidden them enter, at the same time asking Joanna to find his spectacles for him. This had detained her in the room a few minutes, and in those few minutes she had seen the visitor, after some preliminary remarks made in a low, soothing monotone, calmly unbutton his overcoat and expose a large Art Journal, laid like a mustard plaster over his chest. It was a most desirable thing in sixty-three numbers, delivered every two weeks, and costing only the trifling sum of thirty-five dollars. Of course Father Lisle subscribed, and Joanna had stood steadily by; but the look of dumb anguish in her eyes had told what she was enduring. She had then and there registered a resolve which boded ill for the next peddler who should appear.

But it happened that Joanna did not answer the bell this time. She was driving a bargain with the ragman who wanted to buy her whole barrel of nicely sorted rags — including a very good jacket she had worn thirteen years — for twelve cents!

Derisively she peered at him through half closed lids. Did he not know that the jacket was almost a part of herself?

It is to be feared that he did not. Other people seldom see our clothes as we see them. Only the more discerning of our friends realize that through close and long association they become invested with a part of our personality, and thus are endeared to us.

But the ragman who was not an especially intimate friend of Joanna's could see in her jacket nothing but a garment

belonging to a past epoch, originally black, but now a decided green, threadbare at the seams, and valuable only in as much as it tipped his rusty scales a fraction of a cent's worth lower. His obdurate soul was unmoved even when she hinted darkly at saving the whole barrel for another ragman of her acquaintance whose liberality was far superior to his — "a sheeny, too," she added, quite by the way, covertly hoping to arouse within him the fire of competition. But the ragman shook his head, and looked at her coldly as he proceeded to tie up his bag.

"Dat coat she vair nice an' gay," he observed in cutting tones, "mebbe de noder feller he gif you couple dollars for dat one."

This fine bit of sarcasm was not lost on Joanna who at once showed signs of relenting. So they higgled and haggled, and all the while the doorbell was ringing as if every expressman in the country were let loose. A bargain, however, was the one thing in the world dearer to Joanna's soul than her duty, so, quite contrary to her custom, she dispatched Katie, her small assistant, to the door, and within a very few minutes there was ushered into Father Lisle's presence a tall spare individual with a long face and protruding ears, who wanted to sell him an electric motor for his pipe organ.

The poor priest fidgeted and fluctuated, the agent grew more eloquent and more insistent, and it all ended in his obtaining leave to put in the motor.

When he had gone, Father Lisle tried to resume his work, but a very uncomfortable reflection kept thrusting itself before him, and would not be set aside. The new motor would put old Tom out of employment, and this was no slight matter.

Tom had been part and parcel of the little church at Strathsbury as long as most of the parishioners could remember. He had fired the furnace and rung the bell and taken up the penny collection, and performed a thousand and one duties about the church, year in and year out. He and Joanna had substituted as best man and bridesmaid at scores of marriages, when reinforcements of that sort were needed; and they had been godfather and godmother to innumerable infants who would otherwise have been without such vicarious parents.

But of late years the rheumatism had gotten into Tom's poor old bones, and one by one his cherished charges had been slipping from him. He could no longer climb the steep, narrow belfry stairs to send forth the brazen tones that called the faithful together. His sight, too, had been failing, and mischievous boys dropped coat buttons and other foreign coin into the penny box, and then winked solemnly at each other as Tom bowed his head approvingly. And so these duties had been reluctantly resigned to more capable hands. There was one task, however, that he clung to with dogged persistency. Every Sunday he mounted slowly and painfully to the organ-loft to "poomp," as he said.

"Sorra a bit o' music she'd get out o' it widout mesel'," he would say, proudly; and indeed Miss Sherman always made it a point to come round and congratulate him when they had had extra fine music. Then old Tom would smile vain-gloriously as he wiped the streams of water from his face, replying, "Faith, I think we can do as fine as anny in the deeoscese, Miss Kittie!"

Tom's tiny granddaughter usually came with him on Sunday to watch "Grampy" pump, and seated over against the wall on a low wooden chair, with her short legs sticking straight out before her, would look on with delighted eyes as the long handle rose and fell, now swiftly, now slowly, now with long, steady strokes, and again with a short

scientific staccato as Tom's ready ear caught and interpreted the strains of music. On a great day, such as Christmas or Easter Sunday, the musical forces were augmented by an orchestra, and this was Tom's Waterloo. He always wore a boiled shirt on such occasions, and stood at his post with the air of a *maestro*. Not an instrument in the loft was wielded with more grace and dexterity than the long handle in the rear of the organ.

All these thoughts came to Father Lisle as he walked uneasily up and down his study. He half resolved to countermand his order. It would be easier to refuse to buy now that the agent had gone, and he could tell Joanna never to let him in again. Then he reflected that the feeble Tom certainly could not hold out much longer, and concluded that after all perhaps it would be a charity to force the old man to rest.

And so the motor went in, and the news was brought to the unsuspecting Tom by "pious Jerry" Connolly, the parish news gazette, who spent one-half of his time comfortably ensconced in the corner of a pew in church praying for the conversion of sinners, and the other half visiting the sick and burying the dead, wakes and funerals offering superior advantages for the collecting and distributing of news items.

Now Tom was not the man to let Jerry Connolly see his discomfiture, or guess that he was not consulted about everything connected with the spiritual and temporal concerns of the church, so he only cleared his throat, and observed with an air of profound enlightenment that "thim eelecthricity mashines was far ahead o' wather powers." Then he dismissed the subject neatly, and plunged violently into a discussion of "Roosian" affairs.

Oh! but when Jerry had taken his leave — then, then, out went the old man into the woodshed and chopped, vindictively, despairingly, contemptuously, chopped until there was nothing left to chop, muttering all the while to himself. Then he sat for hours on the shed steps, speaking to no one, and even pushing little Mamie away when she tried to climb up on his knee.

At supper that evening one of the children glancing out of the window observed that Father Lisle was coming down the street. At another time Tom would have slipped quietly from his chair and accidently strolled out to the gate hoping for a chat with his pastor; but now his only response to the challenge was, "Ate your supper, sir, an' lave the sthreet take care o' itsel'."

He had his revenge when Father Lisle sent for him to break to him the news of the new motor. The embodiment of injured dignity, he listened while the pastor tried nervously and excitedly to make it seem all right and the best thing in the world for Tom. Then he withdrew, deliberately, respectfully, but without a word, leaving the poor priest more miserable than if he had been roundly upbraided.

Making his way to Joanna's quarters Tom sat silent for some time in the old kitchen rocker, imbibing the mute sympathy that radiated from every inch of the broad back that was turned to him as Joanna stood at the ironing board, every now and then trying her iron with a spluttering hiss that meant volumes. This was all that passed between them, however, on the subject. When Tom finally spoke it was of some matter quite foreign to that which was uppermost in their thoughts.

But Joanna had ways and means of her own for showing her disapproval of Father Lisle's conduct. After the old man had limped out she sent Katie to the store for the steak "for the Father's breakfast," telling her to bring sirloin, and laying great stress on the word. Katie's eyes opened wide, for never be-

fore had she been sent for aught but tenderloin steak, and many a time she had trudged vainly from one store to another in quest of the little round slices, sorely afraid to return without them. She had an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong now; and when on her way home she saw Father Lisle coming along the street she cautiously hid the bundle under her cape, lest he should see through the moist brown paper and know that she was bringing a sirloin.

But Father Lisle had weightier things than a few pounds of steak on his mind, and passed with his eyes fixed on space away over the little maid's head, not even seeing her, much less the sirloin.

In truth, it was Joanna who rested poorly that night in anticipation of the coming sirloin. Katie was awakened ever and anon by muffled groans which seemed to come from one in great distress of mind or body; and once she heard her bedfellow mutter "Sure 'tis no fault of his, the crathur, that they can put the comether over him in his weakness."

And so Joanna crept out at the first peep of dawn and, before anyone else was stirring, made her way stealthily to the nearest grocery she could find open. She was soon back in the kitchen bending over the little round slices that were broiling on the glowing coals. But she might have spared herself that trouble, for Father Lisle would probably never have known the difference. As his little waitress and his curate could testify he seldom knew what he ate. Many a time and oft they had seen him shake pepper or salt into his coffee instead of on his steak and then drink the ill-tasting mixture in sublime unconsciousness that there was anything unusual about it.

When Sunday came, Tom went to High Mass as usual. Little Mamie tugged hard at his hand as they passed the gallery stairs and then, with wondering eyes, and full of the conviction that Gampy was making a mistake, followed him up the long aisle to one of the front pews. The old organ-blower had half-expected and, it is to be feared, wholly hoped that the new motor would prove a failure, so when the first grand strains of music pealed out through the church he turned and after giving one malevolent look towards the gallery sank dejectedly into his seat and fingered his beads absently. The reproachful eye which met Father Lisle's as he entered the pulpit quite upset the nervous old priest who began wildly to ask prayers for the repose of the souls of a couple who were to be married the following week, and then in dire confusion blundered off into publishing the banns of an old lady who had died the week before. In spite of himself the preacher's eye kept seeking Tom's, and he struggled on, expounding false doctrine in a way that would soon have led his flock from the straight and narrow path.

After that Tom went to Low Mass every Sunday, and then hobbled with Joanna as far as the Rectory door, her sympathetic soul pouring balm upon his wounded feelings all the way.

"Sure they tell me, Misther Twomey, that the people is all fallin' off at High Mass — there's that difference in the music."

"Glory be to God, Joanna, 'tis no woondher, wid that gimcrack they have shtuck in the poor ould bellows."

"Sorra a bit of a chune it knows how to play, Misther Twomey."

And the old couple would laugh sarcastically, and Tom would go home much cheered and consoled.

Only once was he persuaded by Miss Sherman to go up into the loft to see how the new motor worked. He sniffed contemptuously at the wires and other paraphernalia; and when Miss Sherman deftly moved a little switch to set the motor in operation and there was a slight

flash and a crackle just under hand the old man blessed himself hastily but devoutly, and made his way down the stairs as fast as his rheumatic legs would take him, muttering, "'Tis the divil's own."

But now a very important occasion was approaching. The Bishop was coming to administer confirmation, and great preparations were in progress for his proper reception. For weeks and weeks the choir had been rehearsing, and the little organist had been fluttering into the church at all hours to practice.

Stowed away in a corner of a pew under the gallery there was often a solitary listener, in whose eyes there was a sinister gleam, and whose fingers worked nervously as the music flowed steadily and sweetly through the silent arches of the church. Vainly the old organ-blower waited for the usurper to come to grief, — as surely it must sooner or later. It was not in the nature of things that new-fangled innovations of this kind could long blind people to their real worthlessness.

At last the important Sunday arrived. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. Not only the regular parishioners of St. Stephen's were there, but as many others as could find room for two feet.

When Tom arrived at the church he could scarcely get in, but after some difficulty he made his way to the organ-loft where, in a remote corner, his back rigidly turned to the organ, he waited for the service to begin. There was a soft scraping of violin strings, much whispering and stirring about among the musicians, and presently, to the vibrant strains of a stately march the procession filed into the sanctuary.

Then followed the Mass, and all went well until the Gloria. The first chord that opened it was followed by a suppressed squeal from one of the female singers who pointed to a small cloud of smoke coming from behind the organ. Instantly the music ceased. The men, rushing back, found that the electric machinery had set fire to the woodwork of the organ. The flames were quickly extinguished, but the motor had to be disconnected, and for an instant consternation reigned. How could they get on without the organ? Anxious glances were being directed toward the gallery, from the sanctuary, and a murmur was just beginning to be heard among the people, some of whom were already on their feet ready to shout "fire!" when, suddenly, the organ handle was seized by a trembling hand, and old Tom, his breath coming in quick hard gasps, and his face lighted up by a triumphant glow, sent the wind gushing into the bellows. The organist sprang to her seat, the great chord was repeated, and away went the music as it had never gone before.

When Mass was over and the last strains of the recessional had died upon the air Miss Sherman went to speak to the hero who had saved the day. But he had fled from his laurels. He was at that moment making his way toward the Rectory, by the side of the exultant Joanna. There was a slight but unmistakable swagger in the gait of the ancient pair, and from Tom's coat-tail pocket fluttered in wild hilarity his red bandanna, thrust there in the moment of triumph.

As they parted at the gate Joanna observed, in conclusion to the little colloquy they had just been enjoying: "Well, Misther Twomey, I hope his Riverence is contint now. Maybe he'll fire out his new invintion and lave well enough alone."

"Musha!" returned Tom, slightly tossing his chin, and displaying the magnanimity of a conquerer, "let him kape it. I'll be soon growin' old, Joanna. But 'tis well for him to know that I bate the ould b'y oncet annyhow."

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Art of the National Gallery. By Julia de W. Addison. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

The somewhat grotesque building, north of Trafalgar Square, in London, known as the National Gallery, contains a priceless collection of paintings by world-renowned artists. It is to be regretted that the style and decorations of the building are not in harmony with the high examples of art contained therein; but, in spite of the shelter, the precious contents will always be visited with interest and reverence by all lovers of the true and beautiful. Miss Addison is an accomplished and sympathetic guide, and like a true artist she unfolds to us the value and the defects of the treasures of the various rooms in a delightful journey made successively to the exhibits of the Tuscan, the Siennese, the Umbrian, the Venetian, the Lombardian, the Dutch, and Flemish schools. Then we are led to the late Italian, the Flemish and German, the Spanish, the French, the old British, the British, the modern British schools and to the Turner Gallery. A journey in spirit, with so well-trained a guide will not only quicken our powers of observation and add to our appreciation of splendid genius, but it will prove a lesson of indescribable helpfulness to every "earnest lover of æsthetic culture."

Louisiana. By Albert Phelps. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

What would the United States be without the Mississippi Valley? What would the Mississippi Valley be without Louisiana? These thoughts spring up spontaneously in the mind, when we reflect that without this broad territory and without this magnificent stretch of Louisiana coast line our country would, in all probability, be but a third or fourth-rate power, in the family of nations. How necessary then that an adequate sketch of Louisiana should be included among the series upon "American Commonwealths" which the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is publishing. The record of this state required also a comprehensive, though necessarily brief, treatment of the question of slavery and of the political status of the Negro. The author has manfully grappled with these knotty questions and his discussion thereof is quiet and broad. In fact the predominant note of the entire book shows in most instances a desire to deal fairly and generously with all parties and with all problems. The volume, consequently, strongly appeals for approbation and appreciation. For the reasons above given we profoundly regret to find on some pages expressions which betray a narrow, partisan spirit, especially when the discussion turns upon affairs of religion. Thus we are surprised to come across this sentence on p. 6. "France sent out few colonists of the right sort. The policy of the *priest-ridden* government was to keep Canada Roman Catholic."

Again, we challenge the author to give proof of the following statements on page 9: "Though (the Jesuits) failed of their chief aim (to win to Christ the Indian tribes), and though later on they departed from the unworldly motives of the earlier martyrs, brought scandal upon the Order, and were a stumbling-block in the way of such men as La Salle, still they sowed some seeds of civilization."

Similar expressions which occur throughout the work show an intolerant spirit entirely out of harmony with the traditional chivalry of Louisiana.

In Our Convent Days. By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

A friendly hand herein draws back the curtain which hides the nuns from the gaze of a curious world, and unfolds to us the placid convent life with its groups of happy children and of self-sacrificing nuns, with its humorous comedies and its occasional tragedies. No one better fitted by experience than Miss Repplier to give us this insight into Convent circles, no one more capable than Miss Repplier of coloring the picture with the glow of life and of reality; and no one could have more admirably succeeded in a pen sketch of "Convent Days."

A Young Woman's Problems. By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. New York. Joseph F. Wagner, 1906.

The erudite Father Halpin gives us in this volume a series of instructions upon the many problems which beset a young woman in the many complicated phases of modern life. These suggestions, coming from the pen of a master-guide, will be warmly welcomed by all those who realize the important part which woman fills in the uplifting of the race and in the development of Christian civilization. Directors of Sodalities will have especial reasons to thank the author for this goodly collection of sound advice.

A Handbook of Literary Criticism. By William Henry Sheran. New York City. Hinds, Noble and Eldredge. 1905.

The purpose of the writer is to supply teachers and students of literature with a suitable manual of literary criticism. The book is concise yet comprehensive; it applies general principles yet it does not lack detailed reflections; it is impartial, yet definite; and it bears trace on every page of

extensive reading and of a well-poised mind; for the critical verdicts are moderate, generous and based on well-established principles. Several sentences could be vastly improved by a closer attention to the construction and the connection of thought.

A Story of Fifty Years. Annals of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Notre Dame, Indiana. Ave Maria Press. 1906.

We are pleased to greet this record of a round of heroic and apostolic deeds. The educational establishments conducted by the female teaching orders have wrought the Church incalculable good; and it is only fitting that that work should be recorded and appreciated. How different would be the condition of the various dioceses to-day, if it were not for the marvelous self-sacrifices of the nuns. All honor and praise to these noblest of women, and may all our prominent academies find historians as accomplished, sympathetic, and broad-minded as the one who has enshrined in fitting words the splendid triumphs achieved during fifty years by the Sisters of the Holy Cross in their Mother House, St. Mary's, Indiana.

Allel — A Pentecostal Sequence. By Rev. T. J. O'Mahoney, D.D., D.C.L. Dublin. M. Gill & Son. 1905.

Only a man of profound learning, of ripe scholarship, and of poetic instinct, could have written this sublime Pentecostal Sequence.

The Cathedrals of Northern Spain. By Charles Rudy. With Plates and Decorations by Blanche McManus. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

Spain, the land of sunshine and of romance, possesses an architecture peculiarly its own. This architecture can only be appreciated by one who grasps the life and character of the Spanish people. For here, as elsewhere, the type of building most in favor reflects the dominant thoughts of the nation. In the book before us everything that the artistic and enterprising Pages, with the able assistance of Blanche McManus, could do, has been done in order to bring out the architectural glories of the land of St. James; but the describer, the guide, has dismally failed to do justice to his theme. Only a Catholic could have written this book in the proper spirit; because in Spain, the Catholic religion is so blended with the thought of the people that it constitutes their very life. Just as we could not expect an ardent defender of the monarchial form of government to place a true valuation upon the American ideal of rule, so neither can we expect a man who openly avows his bias to deal fairly with his opponent. The elementary principles of justice should influence anyone, who is conscious of his own prejudices, to withhold judgment and censure. To act otherwise is to stand self-convicted of injustice and wrong. This is precisely the position of Mr. Rudy, who, in his opening chapter starts out with the assumption that the Spaniards are "slaves to an arrogant church, to a self-amusing royalty, and to a grasping horde of second-rate politicians." We are not surprised, after this open declaration of hostility, to find that the book is marred throughout by arrant bigotry and by a levity of treatment that is absolutely unpardonable in a work of this nature.

Outline Conferences for Children of Mary. By Father J. Dahlmann. Translated from the German by Madame Cecilia. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

It is obvious that these outlines will be a much-prized boon to the clergy who have charge of our numerous sodalities, in face of the crowded lives that most of them have to live. It will also be extremely serviceable as a Meditation-Book to the members themselves, for it sets forth with admirable clearness the duties and privileges of a child of Mary.

God and Human Suffering. By Joseph Egger, S.J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

The complicated problem of human suffering has agitated the world from the dawn of creation. The thinkers of the ages have endeavored to solve this riddle; and the answers given have, in the great majority of cases, fallen wide, very wide, of the mark. We know how the principal teachers of the Gnostic doctrine were led into their heresies by the attempt to find a solution of these problems in pagan philosophy. Father Egger's brochure will, in consequence, prove most acceptable to all thinkers, for he deals with the question from the standpoint of Christian teaching. We trust that he will one day discuss at length in a larger volume the many particulars connected with this subject.

The Organist of Laumont and Other Stories. By David Bearne, S.J. Messenger Office. Wimbledon. 1905.

Father Bearne has the happy faculty of writing stories of absorbing interest in excellent English. No boy can read these charming sketches without having his ideals of manhood raised to a higher plane, his spirit of faith ennobled, his love of personal integrity increased, and his literary style vastly improved.

Rex Meus. By the author of My Queen and My Mother. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

The object of the writer is to place before young people the traits worthy of admira-

tion and of imitation, in the character of the poet-king David. Much care and thought have evidently been spent upon the work, but we fear that it will appeal rather to adult minds, than to the younger people for whom it was intended.

Talks with Parents. By Rev. D. V. Phelan. Halifax. McAlpine Publishing Co. 1906.

A copy of this brochure should be given to every father and mother in the country. It is replete with sane counsel and sound advice. Take, for example, what the experienced author writes on the training of children:

"The faults committed by parents in regard to the duty of correction may be set down under three heads: excessive mildness; excessive severity; a combination of the two.

"Excessive mildness and indulgence is the fault of those of you who are so passionately fond of your children that you cannot bear to cause them the least bit of pain or sorrow. You are so afraid of causing them this sorrow by correcting their faults, that you overlook their faults, you leave them unpunished, or, perhaps, you may go so far as to laugh at their faults. How often we hear a child give a saucy answer to his father or mother, and the father or mother laugh at it as if it were a good joke. If the boy is headstrong and disobedient, if he is quarrelsome with his young companions, and impudent to older people, his parents pass over all this; perhaps they are even proud of it for it shows the lad has a high spirit. Yes, he has the kind of high spirit which makes a splendid street rowdy, the kind of high spirit which may cause him to end his days in a penitentiary or on the scaffold, and which is pretty sure to lose him his soul. Murder is becoming more and more common, even in Canada. Not one in a hundred murders is committed in cold blood. Ninety-nine out of a hundred murders are due to bad temper; bad temper which the murderer's parents would not check when he was a child, because it was only high spirit. How many a good man has been driven to ruin, to drink, perhaps even to infidelity, by the tongue of a scolding wife. And she first learned to use her tongue in this fashion when she was a young girl. Her father and mother never taught her to control her temper; no, they were proud of her high spirit. What foolish parents! And do you think your children will love you better, because you treat them in this criminally indulgent fashion? Not a bit of it. They will despise you. A man was once asked why he had severely chastised his son Jack, of whom he was so fond. His answer was: 'Jack would think me a fool if I didn't.' A boy knows very well when he ought to get a whipping, and if he doesn't get it, he will stick his tongue in his cheek, and say to himself: 'I've got the old man on a string!' Instead of showing your love for your children by not correcting them, you are proving yourselves their deadliest enemies. You are ruining them for this life; and for the next, and you are preparing endless misery for yourselves. 'A horse not broken becometh stubborn; and a child left to himself will become headstrong.' 'Give thy son his way, and he shall make thee afraid; play with him, and he shall make thee sorrowful; give him not liberty in his youth, and wink not at his devices. Bow down his neck while he is young, and beat his sides while he is a child, lest he grow stubborn, and regard thee not, and so be a sorrow of heart to thee' (Eccles. 30: 8-12).

"On the other hand there are parents so bad-tempered that they will tolerate nothing. They cannot say a single kind word; they are always scolding or threatening, and their hands are ever ready to strike. There are brutal parents, who, even when they punish with good reason, punish far too severely. Such harshness as this is altogether unnatural. God has implanted in all creatures a love and tenderness toward their young; and He expects His rational creatures not to root out this affection from their hearts, but to give it a proper direction. To act in direct opposition to this is to act against nature itself, and must have very serious consequences. It greatly diminishes that affection and regard which children have by nature implanted in them towards their parents; for however strong this may be, if they meet with nothing from their parents but harshness and brutality, this will necessarily cool their love towards them. It has the worst of effects upon the children themselves; it breaks their spirit, discourages them from all good, renders all advice useless to them, and makes them leave their parents at the first opportunity, and expose themselves in the cruel world to misery and perdition. To prevent this, parents should always show love and tenderness for their children, never get in a passion with them, but teach them the necessary obedience with all mildness as well as with all firmness, and convince them that correction is given them only for their real good." This is golden advice.

Songs O' Cheer. James Whitcomb Riley. With pictures by Will Vawter. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. 1905.

Another collection of happy thoughts, inspired by "My Grampa's" command "Sing a Song o' Cheer." From "The Rapture of the Year" to "The Prayer Perfect" lessons of trust, contentment, and gratitude are inculcated in homely verse. The pessimists who grumble at everything in general and the weather in particular have something to learn from such cheery lines as the following:

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the Spring, wid its green an' gold,
An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold;
An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smiling face,
As ye sit at yer heart, like an owld fireplace,
An' toast the toes o' yer sowl," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

"A Boy's Mother," "The Twins," "Little David," and "Billy Miller's Circus Show" will be very popular with grown-up folks who share the "hired man's" faith in children:

"I believe *all* children's good,
Ef they're only *under*stood,—
Even *bad* ones, 'pears to me,
'S jes as good as they kin be!"

What could be more generous than this fine large sympathy? Is he the same hired man for whom "Lisbuth Ann" made her choicest pies?

It is a long time now since this poet first touched the heart of the public, and he has never lost his hold. His love of children perhaps accounts for this, and also because he can claim for himself, the part he assigns to Bliss Carman, of whom he says:

He is the morning's poet—
The bard of mount and moor,
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,
The dawning's troubadour.

The Four Winds of Eirinn. By Ethna Carbery. Edited by Seumas MacManus. Funk & Wagnall's Company, New York. 1905. 75 cents.

This volume of genuine Irish verse will receive a kindly welcome, for the years will be many before those who knew Ethna Carbery grow indifferent to her work. The Four Winds ran through many editions, each one adding hitherto uncollected poems, until the collection is almost complete. The poet shows in the numbers of "The Four Winds of Eirinn" that she is possessed of all the eerie charm that so many readers think belongs to Mr. Yeats alone; there are also measures in her collection that can match the lilt of any of Moira O'Neill's songs of the Antrim glens; that can compare with the finest poems of A. E. Russell in mystic reach. There is, moreover, not any poet of the Gaelic school who can surpass Ethna Carbery in the heart quality of her verse.

Wayward Winifred. By Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905. $1.25.

The Glen of the Dargle is the place where Winifred first meets "the lady from America." This charming spot is a fitting environment for the child whose beauty and mental gifts fit her for an unusual destiny. After the castle, the schoolmaster, the parish priest, and the granny steeped in knowledge of the fairies, have entered into the story, together with many other places and people of interest, Winifred is taken to America, where wonderful things happen. Her life in the convent school, her outings on certain days and meetings with "the dark gentleman," who turns out to be her father, make very pleasant reading, but best of all are the chapters in which the mystery is revealed, and all the characters are made happy—back in the Glen of the Dargle.

Another story of absorbing interest, though varying widely from Wayward Winifred, is The Red Inn of St. Lyphar, a thrilling tale of the French revolutionary period. Miss Sadlier possesses rare skill in the art of story-telling, and whether she tells of life in Ireland, in America, or in France, she is always sure of an audience.

A Manual of Church Music. Prepared by William Joseph Finn, C. S. P., Prof. George Herbert Wells and Prof. Francis Joseph O'Brien. Philadelphia. The Dolphin Press. 1906.

An excellent manual in every respect—clear, concise, comprehensive. We recommend it heartily to all who welcome the Pope's letter as the herald of a much-needed reform in ecclesiastical music. There will always be difficulties in every change, but a careful observance of the rules herein given will overcome all obstacles in the way of a close following of the Holy Father's instructions.

QUESTION BOX.

What does St. Paul mean when he says: (I Cor. XI, 4,5). "Every man praying or prophesying with his head covered, disgraceth his head. But every woman praying or prophesying with her head not covered, disgraceth her head." Why should this distinction be made between men and women?

To understand this statement of the Apostle we must bear in mind that the veil was in ancient times regarded as a sign of subjection, of respect; the bared head, of freedom. Our views upon the matter are different. Now, when we address a superior, and wish to show deference we uncover the head; in the olden times the opposite notion was prevalent. Hence, the Jews always prayed with covered head. St. Paul had evidently been asked to decide two questions: (1) Ought men to cover or uncover their heads in public prayer; (2) ought women to do as the men, or should they follow another rule. These questions were proposed at Corinth, where through a gradual deterioration in moral standards, the women had long lost all reserve and where they had adopted the custom of going about in public unveiled, and with their countenance and heads exposed to view. This custom some converts from paganism had evidently introduced into Church life much to the amazement of the converts from Judaism; and the matter had been referred to St. Paul for consideration. The Apostle decides that the befitting manner for men in public service is to pray with uncovered; and for women, on the contrary, with covered head. The reason for this he draws from the position of man in the plan of creation. The headship of the race belongs, not to woman, but to man; consequently women should wear the distinctive badge which implies this relation, a badge which men evidently do not need. In support of his position St. Paul appeals to the voice of nature speaking through universal custom. Everywhere, he exclaims, a man with long hair is regarded as effeminate; while a woman is expected to cultivate her hair. "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that a man, indeed, if he nourish his hair, it is a shame unto him: but if a woman nourish her hair, it is a glory to her; for her hair is given to her for a covering." Nature herself, therefore, according to the Apostle, indicates, by the profusion of hair which she supplies upon a woman's head, the propriety of women wearing veils. Hence arose the custom in the Church of men removing their hats when they enter the sacred edifice, while women throw a veil or a covering over their heads. This topic is discussed at great length by Fr. Cornely, in his admirable Commentary upon the letter of St. Paul to the people of Corinth, a volume belonging to the famous "Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ."

Why is the letter X used for Christ?

Because it is the initial consonant in the Greek word Xristos (Christ). The word is derived from a Greek verb, Xrio, which means to anoint. Hence, Christ signifies "the anointed one."

What is the object of the General Judgment at the end of the world, since a person's fate has already been decided by the Particular Judgment at the moment of death?

The object of the General Judgment is to give a public ratification of the Special Judgment, to right wrongs, to vindicate justice, to expose publicly injustice, fraud, and hypocrisy. Think of all the wrongs which are suffered publicly on account of the hidden crimes of unprincipled men. Does not justice demand that their iniquities should be laid open to view, and that the virtues of the persecuted should be correspondingly manifested. The General Judgment will be the victory of the wronged and the triumph of those who have suffered persecution in the pursuit of duty.

Is it right for a grandmother to act as sponsor in Baptism for all the children born to her daughter?

It is certainly not wrong; for only the following are prohibited by the Church from acting as sponsors: (1) The members of Religious Orders who have taken solemn vows. (2) Husbands with respect to their wives and vice-versa; and parents with respect to their children. (3) Persons who are known to lead immoral lives or who belong to societies forbidden by the Church. However, it does not seem *prudent* for a grandmother to assume this obligation for all the children. It is the solemn duty of the sponsor, as we are taught by the catechism, to see, in case the parents neglect their duty, that the person baptized keeps the faith and leads a Christian life. Hence the sponsors are bound to provide for the Christian education of their charges, if the parents fail in their duty in this respect or are removed by death. As the grandparents, in the ordinary course of nature, will probably pass away before the parents, the case referred to presents difficulties which should be taken into account.

2. May a boy or girl stand sponsor in Baptism for a brother or a sister?

There is no law against such an arrangement; although it is advisable to choose for this purpose adult persons who realize the importance of the obligations they contract.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND FAMILY.

(*Courtesy of Boston American.*)

Nicholas Longworth. Alice Roosevelt. President Roosevelt.

THE WHITE HOUSE WEDDING, 1906.

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THE WOOING AND WEDDING OF PRESIDENTS' DAUGHTERS.

BY VIRGINIA TATNALL PEACOCK.

Not since the daughter of an American merchant was wooed and wed by the youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte has a marriage solemnized in the United States attracted the world wide notice that has attended the nuptials of the present White House bride.

Insignificant as we were in the year 1803, scarcely out of our colonial swaddling clothes, not one whit of the interest inspired by that early wedding could we take to ourselves. It centered in the stripling bridegroom, who, in turn, shone by the light of the imperial star then rising over France.

No longer the remote power we were even thirty-two years ago when President Grant's daughter was married in the White House, and with a Chief Executive, moreover, whose vital individuality furnishes abundant "copy" at home, and almost continuous comment abroad, wherever there is knowledge of the geographical existence of the United States there, too, in all probability, it is known that the wedding day of the President's daughter has dawned.

Four times since the White House was built and became the home of Presidents, have daughters of Presidents gone forth from its roof-tree, brides. On the first two occasions scarcely beyond the limits of their own circle, and certainly not beyond our own borders, was a ripple of the event perceptible. The briefest possible notices in the local journals of the day sufficed. Of Miss Monroe's wedding the National Intelligencer of Washington published the following:

Married

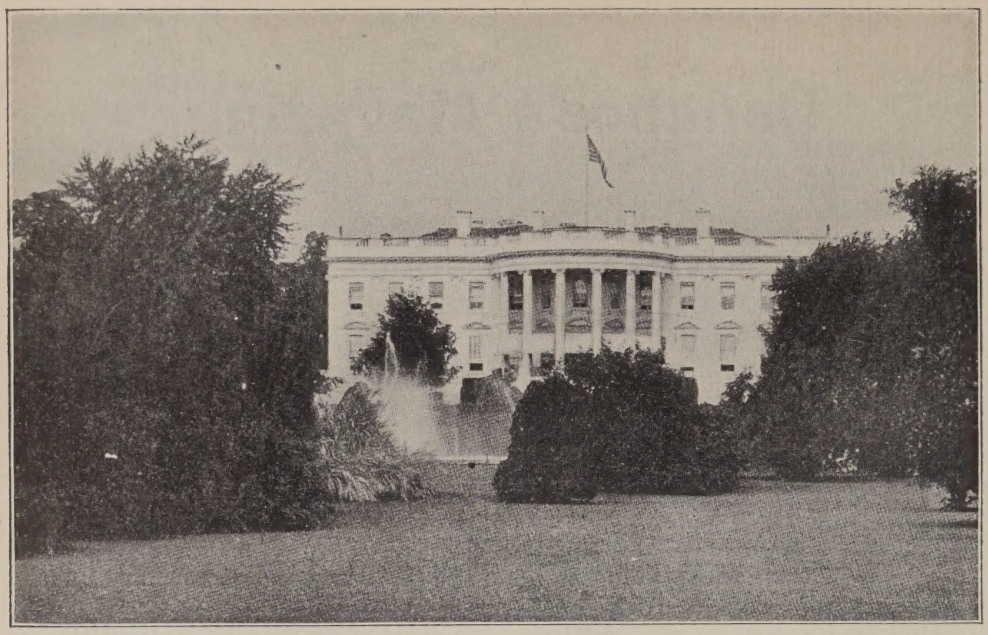
On Thursday evening last, in this city, by the Reverend Mr. Hawley, Samuel Laurence Gouverneur, Esq., of New York, to Miss Maria Hester Monroe, daughter of James Monroe, President of the United States.

At the time of Miss Grant's marriage in 1874 one of our great modern, and wholly indigenous industries, the gather-

MARIA HESTER MONROE.

Drawing from bas-relief at Oak Hill.

The first daughter of a President to be married at the White House, March 9, 1820.



THE WHITE HOUSE.

ing and handling of news, was in a healthy state of development. The value of a White House wedding was justly estimated, and the Washington papers, as well as the more enterprising out of town journals, printed the story on their front page. The head lines were still small and well bred. Journalism was still feeling its way, and the general *aplomb* which characterizes such stories nowadays was lacking.

We are told apologetically that "it was not the desire of the President, or any of the parties concerned, that this marriage should have the publicity which it has obtained."

"Unusual precautions have been taken," we are assured by another enterprising scribe, "to prevent the admission of the representatives of the press in Washington, and your correspondent," he adds with very modern complacency, "was the only journalist present."

It is a far call from the ninth of March, 1820, when Maria Hester Monroe became the wife of Samuel Laurence Gouverneur, to the seventeenth of February, 1906, the wedding day of Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth. Had a magician held up the glass of the future to the quaint girl-bride of eighty-six years ago, and permitted her to behold the days and doings of the bride of to-day, she would not have believed the testimony of her bewildered senses. Dinners daily, routs nightly, dressmakers from afar, interviewers, photographers, one thousand invitations out for the marriage, gifts from all over the world, and everything put into the public prints of the day — little Mistress Monroe would have swooned with commiseration of Mistress Roosevelt.

The first marriage is remote in many aspects, as is also the second — that of Elizabeth Tyler, which though it occurred twenty-two years later, belongs essentially to the same period. The dominant political force of the country was still coming from the south, Virginia was still furnishing it with presidential timber and with the most approved social usages. Many grave questions, such as the right of states to secede from the union, — which Massachusetts threatened to do nine years before Miss Monroe's wed-

ding day, while critically near their terrible testing when Miss Tyler became a bride, — had still been tried only on orators' tongues.

Though one or two giants had entered the world of letters, English literature was still conservative, as were fashions generally, the education and deportment of women, and many other good things.

While her elder sister, Eliza, was more conspicuously identified with the hospitalities of the White House, Maria Hester Monroe was not only the first daughter of a President who was married there, but the first young girl who actually lived there. She was thirteen years old when her father was elected to the presidency, and but sixteen when she became the wife of her first cousin, Samuel Laurence Gouverneur. Her sister, who was sixteen years her senior and already the wife of George Hay, lived at the White House throughout her father's administration.

ALICE ROOSEVELT IN 1904.

ALGERNON CHARLES FREDERICK SATORIS.
Married to Nellie Grant at the White House, May 21, 1874.

There was little sympathy between the sisters, and Mrs. Monroe, much an invalid, seems to have been a passive instrument in the hands of her elder daughter, who not only ruled the domestic circle, but also that social sphere of which the White House was the centre. She returned calls for her mother who was the first mistress of the White House to exempt herself from this obligation, Mrs. Madison — even twenty-five years later, when the city had grown apace, — advising a young woman who had come to preside there "to return all your calls, my dear."

Official etiquette, a theme more or less tinkered at by all the Presidents, from Washington down, was an electric issue in Monroe's time, and Mrs. Hay, who had been educated in Europe, had imbibed from her chief instructor, the famous Madame Campan, and from the "nest of future kings and queens" with whom she went to school at St. Germaine some very definite ideas on the subject. John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, and himself more or less familiar from boyhood with court etiquette, found it expedient to defer to her wishes and views on many occasions. He recorded in his journal on the day of Maria Hester Monroe's wedding:

"There has been some further question of etiquette upon this occasion. The foreign ministers were uncertain whether it was expected they should pay their compliments on the marriage or not, and Poletica, the Russian minister, made the enquiry of Mrs. Adams. She applied to Mrs. Hay, the President's eldest daughter, who has lived in his house ever since he has been President, but never visits at the houses of any of the foreign ministers, because their ladies did not pay her first visits. Mrs. Hay thought her younger sister could not receive and return visits which she herself could not reciprocate, and, therefore, that the foreign ministers should take no notice of the marriage, which was accordingly communicated to them."

While these and weightier questions absorbed the thought of her elders, Miss Monroe bloomed quietly into a sweet and

graceful womanhood. So thought her cousin, Samuel Gouverneur, two years her senior, her father's secretary, and himself according to one Judge Watson, "a talented and popular young man."

NELLIE GRANT

Married at the White House, May 21, 1874.

They had known each other from childhood, and were thrown intimately together in the White House, Gouverneur being a member of the household. The East room, still unfinished and unfurnished, and used as a recreation room for the young people of the family, the drawing rooms, the walks south of the house, which had not then acquired the symmetry they have to-day, all spots of such varied associations, were the scenes of this early courtship.

The wedding in which it culminated in the third year of Mr. Monroe's administration was simple and quiet. The

THE WEDDING PROCESSION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, FEBRUARY 17th, 1906.

daughter of a man in public life was still regarded as a private possession. There is no record of the guests who were present, but the tradition among the descendants of the young couple is that the party was small and made up of relatives and close friends of the family. The diplomatic corps, we know from Mr. Adams was not present, nor in all probability was the Cabinet which was not then the President's "official family," and held no such position as has attached to it in later years, and especially since Congress established within its ranks the possibility of a presidential succession.

The ceremony was performed in the oval drawing room, now commonly designated the blue room, the apartment in which President Cleveland and Miss Folsom were married in 1886. It had been refitted at the beginning of Monroe's administration with furnishings of French manufacture. Into the carpet had been patriotically worked an American eagle on whose out-stretched wings Miss Monroe stood on her wedding night. The furniture had also been naturalized by removing the royal crown which surmounted each piece, and replacing it with the eagle.

The young couple went to New York, the home of the bridegroom, but returned to Washington within a fortnight, a series of gaieties having been planned there in their honor. Commodore and Mrs. Decatur, then living within a block of the White House, were their hosts on the night of the twenty-first of March. Early on the following morning, Decatur and Barron faced each other in the fatal duel which plunged the city into mourning, and ended the festivities arranged for the bride and groom.

Mrs. Gouverneur did not live at the White House after her marriage, though she frequently visited her parents there, and is described by Mrs. Tuley, at the last White House levee given by them, in 1825, as "very handsome, in a dress of rich white satin, trimmed with a great deal of blonde lace, embroidered with silver thread, bare neck and arms, pearl jewelry, and white plumes in her hair."

Of the three children of this marriage, two were born during her father's presidency, and the third in 1826, the year after his retirement. Letters from their father addressed to James Monroe, President of the United States, announcing their births, and bearing, in the President's writing, the date of their receipt, are still extant and are in the possession of Mrs. Rose Gouverneur Hoes, a granddaughter. Among other descendants of this bride and bridegroom of the last century are Mr. Henry Lee Heiskell of Washington and Dr. Sydney O. Heiskell of Baltimore.

John Quincy Adams appointed Gouverneur Postmaster of New York, and James Monroe died at his home in that city while on a visit to his children and grandchildren.

Tyler's was another administration whose social destinies were in the hands of daughters and daughters-in-law. His first wife, long an invalid, died in the early days of his presidency, and his White House days were nearly spent when he was married to his second wife, Miss Julia Gardner, in New York.

Two of his daughters were already married and in homes of their own on that April day when a neighbor interrupted him in the midst of a game of marbles with his sons to tell him that William Henry Harrison was dead, and, therefore, that he, John Tyler, in an humble attitude "shooting at an alley," was now "acting" President of the United States.

Elizabeth Tyler, who poured his tea and knitted his socks, and otherwise relieved her mother and made life comfortable for him, was eighteen years old, sweet and pretty and modest, and all that a Virginia girl should have been sixty odd years ago. Her sister-in-law,

Mrs. Robert Tyler, describing her in a letter the year before, when she met her for the first time, descanted upon her "beautiful eyes and complexion, and her hair curled down her neck."

She had beaux both in Williamsburg and Washington, and among the neighbors who came to wish the family God-speed on the eve of its departure for the capital there was probably a young lawyer who lingered longer than the others, and who regarded "Lizzie" as a far more interesting personage than the new President.

During the happy days of her brief belleship in Washington there is no evidence that she ever forgot her father's admonition to his children in his study at Williamsburg before they turned their backs on the simplicity of their home life: "Remember you have been and will again be the children of plain John Tyler."

To many of her more ambitious girl friends the rumor, in less than a year after she came to Washington, that she was about to give up her enviable place as young lady of the White House, and the possibility of making a great match, and become the wife of a young lawyer in a small Virginia town, was incredible.

"If I were Miss Tyler," said one when it was positively known that she was to marry William Waller of Williamsburg, "I'd blaze my bellehood out as long as my father was President, and make the most devoted lover in Christendom bide my beck in the crowd."

To one of her bridesmaids who on her wedding night voiced a similar sentiment, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, in explanation of the mystery quoted the Lay of the Last Minstrel:

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
"Men below, and saints above,
"For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

The wedding took place in the East room on the 31st of January, 1842, and we are indebted to one of the letter writers of the family for the information that the bride "looked surpassingly lovely in her wedding-dress, and long blonde-lace veil, her face literally covered with blushes and dimples."

The ceremony was witnessed by the members of the Cabinet and their families, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Bache, Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Warrington, and numerous other friends and relatives from Virginia. Later the entire house was thrown open and a brilliant reception followed, in which the foreign ministers near the Government took part.

Many compliments were paid the young bride who, we are reassuringly told in the course of the letter quoted above, "behaved remarkably well."

One of the interesting mementoes of this wedding is the original draft of a poem written by Maria Hester Gouverneur, neé Monroe, and inscribed:

"To Miss Tyler on her wedding day."

The handwriting is the quaint, delicate script peculiar to the women of that day, and the sentiments are scarcely less quaint.

"The day, the happy day has come,
"That gives you to your lover's arms;
"Check not the tear, or rising bloom,
"That springs from all those strange alarms.

"To be a blest and happy wife
"Is what all women wish to prove,
"And may you know through all your life,
"The dear delights of wedded Love.

. . . . . .

"Be to him all that woman ought,
"In joy, in health, and every sorrow;
"Let his true pleasures be only sought,
"With you today, with you tomorrow.

"Believe not that in palace walls
" 'Tis only there that joy you'll find,
"At home with friends in your own halls
"There's more content, and peace of mind."

Unless this last stanza is merely a poetic license it is very instructive and significant, coming from a woman still young who had spent eight years, off and on, in the White House. There are eight verses, and this relic, like the Gouver-

neur letters already mentioned, is in the possession of Mrs. Hoes.

There were four children born of the Waller-Tyler marriage, two of whom, Robert Tyler Waller and Mrs. Mary Stuart Young, are living and make their home in Savannah, Georgia. The others were William, who resigned from West Point during the war and afterwards married the youngest sister of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and John, who was killed during the war, "fighting" as he said, "for his mother's grave."

The marriage of Nellie Grant in 1874 splits the stretch of years intervening between the old order and the new, evenly in two, and belongs to a period distinct from either, a period of transition.

The old day was done but the new was not yet established in its place. Conservatism had died a lingering death in the days of James Buchanan, and had been laid reluctantly to rest early in the administration of Lincoln. Several things had been definitely settled. The spectre of States' Rights had been laid for all time. The doctrine "America for the Americans," promulgated by the father of the first of this little quartette of brides, and regarded for many years by such European statesmen as Lord Clarendon as "merely the personal dictum of its distinguished author," had been put to the test by Seward and set squarely on its feet. The south was undergoing painful political reconstruction, while in the north a day of almost incredible financial development was dawning. There were new faces in the high places of the nation, and none newer than that of its Chief Executive. Nellie Grant was the bride of a very significant — if not a romantic — period in our history.

Up to the time of her marriage she had spent practically all her life in Washington, and had grown up in the White House. The only daughter in a family of several sons she was the idol of an otherwise stoic father. Her name as a child had passed around the camp fires on many a tented field, to be known later in many households throughout the land. It was a chivalrous instinct of the day to shield women from the species of publicity which now follows those placed in conspicuous positions. Their names in print were the rare and unavoidable exception, not the rule.

Nellie Grant's fame rested on the word of mouth, and its quality is evidenced in the fact that she was everywhere known under the tender diminutive bestowed in the home circle.

Returning from a visit to Europe which she had made in the care of friends of her parents, fate placed on the steamer deck, in a chair near her own, the younger son of an English family, who was coming to America to improve his fortunes. Nellie Grant was but seventeen and trans-Atlantic voyages were longer than they are now.

The young Englishman came to Washington and called upon Miss Grant at the White House. Gradually the secret got abroad, and when it became authoritatively known not only that Algernon Sartoris was a suitor for her hand, but that Miss Grant favored his suit, there was wide condemnation of the friends with whom she had traveled and who had permitted her to be exposed to the blandishments of a foreigner. We had not then been so well educated in international marriages as we are now.

Her father refused to contemplate a future wherein the ocean should roll between him and his only daughter. Young Sartoris, — he was but three and twenty — was invited to become an American citizen. Letters to this end passed between the fathers of the young people, and it was finally agreed that he should become a resident of Michigan and marry Miss Grant.

Preparations for the wedding were under way when the death of Algernon Sartoris' elder brother made him heir to

his father's estates in England, and the prospects of an American domicile were, perforce, abandoned.

Grant had been won to the acceptance of an English son-in-law, so he was little by little won to the acceptance of an English home for his daughter, and on May 21st, 1874, Nellie Grant became the wife of Algernon Sartoris.

The announcement the day before that a marriage license had been issued to Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris of Wars — Ash House, Titchfield, England, and Ellen Wrenshaw Grant of Washington, and a notice to the ladies invited to the wedding, advising them that they were expected to appear in reception dresses and without bonnets, foreshadowed the event.

Of the three hundred invitations sent out about half went to distant cities and were regarded as complimentary. In contrast to the array of diplomats bidden to the marriage of Miss Roosevelt, but one foreign minister was present, Sir Edward Thornton, the representative of Great Britain, who was accompanied by his wife.

The ceremony took place in the East room at eleven in the morning, by gas light, with the President and bridegroom, an eye witness of the event conscientiously relates, both "in full evening dress."

The Marine band played the wedding march, and eight bridesmaids led the way down the stairs and along the corridor to a dais resplendent with turkey carpet, in front of the triple window of the East room, where the Reverend Dr. Tiffany of the Methodist church waited beneath a bridal bell of flowers grown in the White House conservatory.

The bride's maids, with two exceptions young women in official life, were Miss Fish, daughter of the Secretary of State, Miss Sherman, daughter of the General of the Army, Miss Porter, daughter of the Admiral of the Navy, Miss Barnes, daughter of the Surgeon General of the Army, Miss Conkling and Miss Frelinghuysen, daughters of United States Senators, Miss Dent, cousin of the bride, and Miss Drexel, daughter of A. J. Drexel of Philadelphia.

A unique feature among the decorations in the state dining room, at the breakfast which followed the wedding ceremony, was a floral piece extending the length of the table and bearing at intervals small flags inscribed with such sentiments as "Success to the President," "Success to the Army and Navy," "Success to the Supreme Court." There was no allusion to a bride and groom, who could scarcely hope to cut much of a figure in the presence of such imposing institutions.

As they left the White House and drove to the railroad station to begin the long journey which was to take the bride to her new home beyond the seas, the chimes of the Metropolitan church raised their melodious voices above a city alert to the full significance of the moment. "God save the Queen" followed close upon "Hail Columbia," and the grand march from Tannhauser was pealing forth as Nellie Grant waved her good-bye to the friends of a happy girlhood.

Grant had opposed this marriage, and consented to it only because his girl's heart was set upon it, and he had never refused her anything. To its outcome he referred one summer morning when a friend, coming unexpectedly upon him, found him looking out upon the ocean and his cheeks wet with tears, as "the greatest trouble of his life."

Two of Mrs. Sartoris' three children, the son and one daughter, have recently married, the former in Paris to a young French woman, and the latter to an American. Mrs. Sartoris since her widowhood spends most of her time in the United States.

We have come well on our way since the Sartoris-Grant marriage. The Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia two

years later marked an epoch in our industrial and commercial life, and still more recent events including a brief foreign war, have materially altered our position in the international world. The White House has been extensively remodelled since the first—even since the last—wedding was solemnized there, so too have many things typical or expressive of our national character. Alice Roosevelt is the bride of a new era, when we look upon broader horizons than ever before, and discern in our pathway the pointing finger of new sibyls. Not only from every section of her own country, but from nearly every nation of the earth, have come gracious remembrances of her wedding day, signal testimony, not alone to her, but to every American, of the place his country holds in the world today. The twenty-five thousand dollars which Cuba put into her gift for Miss Roosevelt was voted in her senate by acclamation.

"God bless you, Mr. President," said a policeman, in the streets of Buffalo, to Theodore Roosevelt, on that overcast day when he was sworn into the office he now holds by the will of the people. And so on this day of light, no matter what our individual views may be on railway rate legislation, the status of the Panama canal, the Dominican treaties, sending envoys to Morocco, or any other policy of the administration, so say we all to the President's daughter, the first White House bride of the new century, "God bless you."

THE DOCTOR'S CYNICISM.

BY NORA FRANCES DEGIDON.

The doctor was at home for once and the boy was glad. Life had been lonely since the death of his mother. He made no complaint, but his round, young face was often very grave; — too grave for a child, for his father worked hard or delighted in other companions, leaving him too much of his own company. He sat very still now fearful lest he should scare Uncle Jack away, this strange, clever relative who made his home with them yet gave them so little of his society, for the time he did not spend in his rooms down the West End, where he had a large practice as a specialist, he devoted to reading and research in his own study.

It was good to see him, — so the boy thought, — lounging in an arm-chair before the fire, his long legs stretched out at full length, a cigar between his lips and his hands resting carelessly on the arms of the chair.

The boy was looking up into his furrowed face from his seat on a hassock at his feet, evidently awaiting an answer to some question. It was seldom he had anyone to question and his face was eager.

The doctor slowly drew the cigar from between his lips, as slowly emitted a long spiral line of smoke ere replying.

"My boy, I don't believe in anything in this world — or the next."

"Don't you believe in love, Uncle?" the boy said a little wistfully.

"Love! !" The doctor slapped his leg and laughed boisterously. Who had been talking nonsense before the child? There were no women about save Cousin Amy and the maids. No doubt he had overheard the maids talking.

The boy shivered.

"I loved my mamma," he said as he turned away. The doctor ceased to laugh. His sister-in-law had been the one woman in the world he respected.

"But my mamma is dead," the boy went on after a pause. "I love Cousin Amy, but not the same; and, Miss Trant, — I nearly love her, — she is a regular brick you know, helps you with your sums and nasty French grammar, or any other hard, useless thing. Uncle, why do boys have to do sums, and grammar and things?"

"So that they might grow up into intelligent, enlightened men, my boy. But, who is Miss Trant?"

"Oh, she is just Miss Trant, Uncle. She is very good to me, and Cousin Amy said she was a brick."

"I wonder if bricks will appeal to you so much when you have passed more milestones on the road," said the doctor, musingly, and he gazed into the fire, seeing many old faces there so that he did not hear his nephew when he timidly asked whether he might ring the bell for tea.

Presently the door was opened softly and a woman's figure stood in the semi-twilight.

"I beg pardon," she said, "the servant told me that Amy was here."

"Don't beg," said the boy jumping up, "but do come and talk to us. Uncle Jack has been thinking for ever so long, and I wanted so much to talk; — there is not often anyone to talk to."

The doctor stood up, looking a trifle bored. How thoughtless of Amy not to acquaint her friends if she intended being out! Knowing his objection to that sort of visitor, it was worse than thoughtless of her.

"It is Miss Trant," the boy said by way of explanation, rather than introduction, as he noted his uncle's chagrined face.

"If Cousin Amy is not at home, I must not stay, Gerald," she said, gravely, after acknowledging the doctor's presence with a stiff excuse for a bow.

"Cousin Amy had to go out, and she will be sorry, I know, unless you stop and pour out tea for us. It's a moral certainty that she will be very sorry," he added, seeing the shadow of a doubt flit over her face; and, having delivered himself of what he considered an excellent speech, he placed a chair for the visitor and rang for tea with quite the air of a grown-up.

When the electric light was switched on and the tea-table drawn up near the fire, the doctor saw, sitting opposite to him, a woman who might be any age between twenty and thirty, with a small pale face set against a background of white fur and dark hair. The features were irregular, the mouth a little hard, but the eyes were full and soft. She did not look at him after the first commonplaces, but talked to the boy, who munched toasted scones and drank more tea than was good for his years. The doctor was chafed. True, he disliked women, — had the profoundest contempt for them, but, hitherto, the feeling had not been mutual. How cool and pleasant and indifferent she looked, talking to the boy as if nothing on earth mattered but sums! What should she know of arithmetic, — of anything that was hard and troublesome? Yet her mouth was hard. The full lips met in a hard line, — the eyes looked up into his in a direct way with a suggestion of a challenge in them. The doctor could have sworn they softened when they rested on the boy's face but he could not be quite sure. He wanted to make sure, to know for certain if she were playing a part. All women were actors. They could not be natural; it was not in them to be straight. He was beginning to feel uneasy. Could it be that she was of different mould, that she was indifferent? He almost laughed aloud at the idea. Not she! All women hankered after men, —

all men. They couldn't help it. They liked to be admired and flattered and, —

"Well, Gerald, I'm sorry I must be going. Tell Cousin Amy I took her place at the tea-table. Good evening, Dr. Stoddart."

"May I escort you anywhere, — get a cab for you, Miss Trant?"

The doctor was holding the door open, yet partly barring the way. There was eagerness in his face. It had lost its usual bored expression. Gerald looked puzzled.

"Uncle Jack hates ladies," he said with a desire to make things smooth for both of them.

The front door closed with almost a bang, and the doctor returned to his seat. He was angry, humiliated. After a few minutes, he hastily retired to his own den, leaving Gerald sitting alone by the fire with a strange feeling of unrest in his little heart. What had he done? Why did Miss Trant make such a hasty exit? Why did Uncle Jack look so thundery? Tears were slowly trickling down his cheeks when the servant came to take him to bed.

The doctor was changing, surely. He evinced a liking for afternoon tea, was less of a hermit; indeed sat in the drawing-room and made himself agreeable sometimes for a whole hour at a stretch, much to Cousin Amy's astonishment. She had been housekeeper to Mr. Stoddart since his wife's death, and had not known his brother to join the family circle, save at dinner during her residence with them.

Miss Trant called occasionally, but, Cousin Amy, knowing the doctor's antipathy to the weaker vessel, managed adroitly that they should not meet and prided herself not a little on the success of her efforts. She enjoyed her friend's company without worrying the doctor, and that was no small matter according to her thought. He would come downstairs to catch a glimpse of a rustling gown vanishing through a doorway, or, maybe, pass a window to see a flushed face crowned with dark hair playing with Gerald, only to find the latter seated alone, sad and grave, when he entered. Face to face they had not met since that eventful first meeting. Was she a sprite? Of course he did not care for women, — in fact disliked them, but, the feeling had not been mutual hitherto. The doctor's landmarks were falling away. He was losing his cynicism. His study began to look cheerless and cold; — his latest discovery faded into insignificance. What was fame? What was success? anything compared with a pale face set in a background of dark hair and white fur? Sometimes he closed his eyes and saw her in fancy sitting there in his musty, book-lined study, not with the hard lines around her mouth and the cold directness of gaze, but softened and subdued under the mighty influence of love, — his love.

The doctor pulled himself up quickly. He was fifty-four. He had sat there evening after evening reading, studying, probing, seeking. These time-worn volumes had been his companions for many years. He had never wanted any other. They were to him the fulness of life's joy. All that he sought of pleasure they gave him without stint. Mere fleeting joys had no charm for him. Science was his all, — to live for while life lasted, and leave more advanced when he laid down his hands in the fulness of time, at the close of life's day. He assured himself again and again that his interest in science was keener than ever, but, when he was most aggressive in self-assurances, the room suddenly turned cold, — seemed to want something, he could not tell what. He fancied perhaps the electric light would be better for a softer shade. Perhaps his eyes were growing weak. He would speak to his brother about it. Certainly that was what the room required, — a softer shade on the lights.

"Doctor Stoddart, would you mind coming down for a few minutes?"

It was Miss Trant's voice, seriously troubled, and she stood just inside his study doorway whither she had come without the ceremony of knocking, — at least, he had not heard the knock.

The doctor had been indulging in a day-dream as beautiful as it was rare and he looked up much annoyed, but one glance at his visitor's face decided his course of action, and he stood up and followed her without a word. She had not sought him without strong reason, he knew.

Cousin Amy was lying on a couch, her face white and puckered and her ample figure shaken with sobs, when he entered her sitting-room.

"She has sprained her ankle and is in great pain," Miss Trant said, as he paused, irresolute. It was no time for formalities or resentment, but for the first time in his life the doctor felt awkward and out of place. To add to his embarrassment, his cousin's plight seemed to excite his risible faculties rather than his pity.

"Ah!" was all he said, as he proceeded to investigate the injured limb. He knew Miss Trant must have suffered more than the patient as he set the dislocated joint, for his cousin gripped her as a vise, but no sound escaped her lips although the former made noise enough to wake the seven sleepers, and Gerald stood close by with his eyes full of tears. The human scene touched him strangely; and, when the boy begged him to stay with them a little while, he gladly assented, narrating some funny stories to change the current of their thoughts, and making his cousin forget her trouble to laugh at his absurdities.

"I am so sorry that Miss Trant must needs be our visitor indefinitely," she said to him a few days later, as he paid her his daily visit. "I cannot possibly manage without her, and she is such a brick with the boy, too."

"Why need you trouble," he asked, raising his eyebrows and trying to look unconcerned.

"Why!" she said looking at him with spirit. "Why! but that you are not as other men. I did not know how much of a trouble it would be to me to live housed up here without a woman to speak to, save the servants, when I agreed to look after Charlie's house and his boy."

"Did Charlie impose such conditions on you, Cousin Amy?" the doctor asked.

"Well, no," she answered — "not exactly, but, we always understood — "

"If I did not make a better success in the way of understanding things than you do I should give it up," he interrupted, as he walked out of the room, leaving his patient a little the worse for his visit.

"Perhaps you all contrived to make him a hermit, — perhaps you assumed he disliked us," answered Miss Trant to whom she had unburdened her mind.

Cousin Amy's eyes opened wide with amazement. Since when had her friend so changed her mind about her cynical cousin as to take up cudgels in his defence.

"Do *you* like him?" she asked.

"I think he is human," was the noncommital reply.

But when, some weeks later, that good lady accidently limped her way towards the shrubbery to find Miss Trant and the doctor sitting very close together, utterly oblivious of the fact that there was a heavy shower falling, she came to the conclusion that her visitor was quite right and startled the happy pair rather rudely out of their Elysium by the ejaculation, "Well, I never!"

WHO EXPELLED THE FRIARS?

BY REV. AMBROSE COLEMAN, O.P.

Under the above heading, a writer in one of the Catholic papers very readily comes to the conclusion that they expelled themselves. In another part of the same paper we are told how wrong it was of the friars to abandon the Philippines, several specious reasons being brought forward to put the responsibility on them. It is hard indeed to have patience with flippant writers of this description, who show that during all those years they have never taken the trouble to grasp this question aright. Up to quite lately the friars were blamed for staying "against the wishes of the people," and their gradual elimination was viewed with equanimity, if not with real satisfaction, by the very men who, now, instead of apportioning some part of the blame to themselves lay it all on the friars.

The friars have not expelled themselves; they have not been expelled by the American Government; they have not been expelled by the Filipino people. They have been steadily driven out by the same force that has driven them out of France and suppressed the religious orders in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and South America. The Government is indeed somewhat to blame, but yet only that America is in possession there would not be a single friar left in the Philippines. Latin Freemasonry is the keynote to the whole situation, and to understand that situation thoroughly, we must go back to Spanish times.

The Philippine revolution against the Spanish Government, like most other revolutions in modern times, was essentially irreligious in character. Its promoters and principal agents were anti-clerical and irreligious men of the militant type to be found in Latin countries, and its aims and objects were anti-religious, though this fact was concealed as far as possible from the ordinary Filipinos, who are still devout Catholics. No explanation of the disastrous events of 1896 and 1898 is of any avail if it leaves Latin Freemasonry and its irreligious aims out of consideration. The revolution appealed to few and was worked by few; the mass of the people, living under a patriarchal government that rarely had to have recourse to force, were happy and content with their lot, which indeed was an enviable one. The leaders of the revolutionary movement for several years did not think of armed rebellion, for the very good reason that they knew that Spain could count on the spontaneous loyalty of the overwhelming majority of the Filipino people. What Rizal and his colleagues aimed at was the emancipation of their countrymen from religious influences, the destruction of that Church which had raised them from savagery to civilization. They had all to a man thrown off religious beliefs and restraints during their sojourn in Europe, and had entered the ranks of Latin Freemasonry. Those who know anything of the working of the lodges in Latin and Latin-American countries will have no difficulty in seeing that those Filipinos by the very fact of their entering the ranks of that secret society became pledged to militant anti-clericalism. Connecting modern progress with the secularization of education, laws of divorce, suppression of religious orders and other similar phases of government in Latin countries, they determined to work up, through the Spanish anti-clerical party and the Spanish lodges, a similar secular programme for their own country, and deliver their poor country-

men from the bonds of mediæval superstition, as they called it. Accordingly, as in all other anti-Christian political movements in modern times, a campaign against the religious orders was made the starting point. This campaign had been inaugurated in an informal way by the Spanish officials who came in large and increasing numbers to the Philippines after the opening of the Suez Canal, and the new movement among the educated Filipinos had their cordial sympathy and unfailing support. The object of these gentry, a worthless and incompetent set, was to get rich as soon as possible and clear out of the country as soon as they had made enough. Finding the friars a constant check on their peculations and ready to stand on the side of the poor against exactions and oppression of every kind, they conceived a violent hatred against them and labored to destroy the prestige they had always enjoyed, the prestige that had enabled Spain to keep the Philippines without any display of force. The Spanish liberals are fond of attributing the loss of the Philippines to the friars; on the contrary it was the hungry, irreverent, and light-fingered officials who represented Spain in modern times at whose door the loss may be placed with truth and certainty.

It was not difficult for the young Filipinos, who were finishing their studies at Spanish universities, to take up the cry of "Away with the friars" from their Spanish liberal friends. Formed into clubs or *juntas,* in Madrid and Barcelona, they opened a systematic campaign of vilification of the friars by the publication of *La Golidaridad,* a newspaper which began to appear in the late eighties. About the same time, Rizal, who had joined the ranks of the infidel party, published his *Noli me Tangere,* a novel painting the friars in odious colors and throwing ridicule on the most sacred practices of religion. Rizal, to give an agrarian aspect to the campaign, got up a no-rent agitation in Colombia, where his father held land from the friars. It was well understood to be a purely political movement, for the tenants of the friars were the best treated and the most contented in the whole Archipelago.

The armed rebellion, which broke out in 1896 and was with difficulty repressed by Spain, the following year, was the work of the Katipunan secret society, which, adopting the forms of Freemasonry, already introduced among the natives, had enrolled about 40,000 men in and around Manila, with the avowed object of beginning a rebellion with the massacre of all Spaniards of both sexes in the islands. Racial hatred towards the Spaniards largely predominated in this society, and especially towards the friars as they had been constantly preaching against Freemasonry, and one of their number had discovered the projected rising and massacre, just in the nick of time. Unfortunately for religion, numbers of the native secular clergy, many of whom have since become followers of Aglipay, joined the movement, and added another powerful element to the anti-friar forces already in existence. They began to look on the friars as foreign interlopers who had no right to have charge of the parishes.

Such was the state of affairs when Admiral Dewey, in 1898, destroyed the Spanish fleet at Cavite and laid siege to Manila. The Katipunan and all other revolutionary and anti-friar parties now merged into what they called the Philippine Republic, which proceeded without delay to make itself master of the Archipelago. They framed a constitution, and amongst other things decreed the confiscation of the property of the friars, and their expulsion. Armed from the military stores of the arsenal of Cavite and with rifles brought over by Admiral Dewey, their forces overran the whole country, making prisoners of all classes of Spaniards, including the friars.

Against all the rules of warfare they kept the greater number of the latter prisoners for eighteen months, and were deaf to remonstrances made on the score of humanity both on the part of the American military authorities and of the Spanish residents of Manila. From the published accounts of the captivity, it stands out clearly that the long detention and the hardships the prisoners had to undergo were not the work of the rank and file of the revolutionists; they were almost entirely due to the leaders, especially the Tagalos.

When the war had come practically to a close, and the friar-prisoners had made their escape to Manila, Mr. Taft, the first civil Governor of the Islands, began a policy of conciliation with the late leaders of the revolutionary forces. Out of those who had taken part in the war with America and those who had continued friendly from the beginning, there was formed the *Partido Federal,* or Federal Party, of which Mr. Taft was the willing sponsor. This party, the leaders of which had been trained in the school of militant anti-clericalism, and had been—whether friendly with Spain or opposed to Spain, whether friendly with America or opposed to America—consistent haters of the religious orders, showed its hand in this question at the first opportunity. It is due to this party that the friars are not back in their parishes; it is due to this party that the majority of them have left the Islands. The keynote of its policy is furnished by a speech made by Don Jose Albert, on September 9th, 1902, at a banquet given to Mr. Taft.

"This political social problem (the so-called friar question) has the privilege of being a palpitating living reality to more advanced countries than ours, such as Republican France. It is admitted by all great statesmen that the road of decadence where the religious communities flourish is to be traced to the absorption by such communities of teaching and education. Realizing all its gravity, the Federal Party has requested the United States for a prompt solution. The mission of the religious orders in the Philippines had all the temporalness of things human. If in times long past they were of any utility whatever, at present they suffer the perniciousness of bodies with anti-social ends and with a tendency to immovability. These societies, living and growing in an atmosphere exclusively fanatical, become prejudicial to every people needing a social medium of progress and anxious to live a modern life."

A further proof of the militant anti-clericalism of the Party is the petition presented by it to Congress, on November 1, 1901, for the suppression of all religious orders in the Philippines:

"In the name of the Filipino people, the Federal Party petition the Congress of the United States that it suppress what now constitutes a manifest danger to the peace and public order in the Islands. We refer to the religious communities of both sexes, commonly called Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Recolettes, Jesuits, Benedictines, Capuchins, Paulists and all similar ones that may be established."

The difficulty that confronted Mr. Taft was how to please this powerful party, ready at any moment to get out of hand, by keeping the friars out of the parishes, and yet not offend against the principles of liberty guaranteed to all under the American Flag. The difficulty was met by having recourse to the Pope, and coming to an agreement that the friars were not to be allowed by the representatives of the Holy See to go back to the parishes unless they were petitioned for by the people, a most equitable arrangement on the face of it, but which did not work out well in practice. The Federal Party—which had its ramifications everywhere, was secretly allied with the Katipunan, had all the appointments to provincial governorships in its hands, and exercised the closest supervision over all the provinces—effectually prevented the petitions which poured in from all parts from taking effect. The people wanted the friars back, and when they were not watched sent in petitions in large numbers. But sometimes the Provincial Governor insisted on petitions passing through his hands, and in that

case they never reached Manila. Or when a petition did reach Manila a delay was made, and in the meantime the Federal Party—through its agents in the provinces—got up a counter petition, which numbers of people were made to sign through terrorism. Accordingly, in face of what was considered divided opinion, the friar petitioned for was not allowed to go. Several cases there were in which, all preliminary difficulties having been surmounted, the friar proceeded to his destination, only to be driven out of the parish again by the President armed with a loaded revolver. Many of these instances have been reported in the Manila papers, and I myself came across friars who had been treated in this outrageous manner. It may seem very strange that such a state of things was allowed to go on, but it must be remembered that Mr. Taft was cultivating peace at all costs, and the Delegate Apostolic, while deploring the evil and hoping for better times, did not think it wise to push matters to extremes. In spite of all these difficulties a certain number of friars succeeded in getting back, principally, however, to remote and out-of-the-way parishes.

Is it any wonder then that under these untoward circumstances the majority of the friars left a country which seemed to offer no longer any field for their labors? A good number had to leave immediately on their return from captivity, for the very simple reason that the convents in Manila could not contain a thousand friars, nor could the resources of the orders support them, owing to the sudden stoppage of all revenues. Some of the first who left went immediately to various countries in South America, where they have been working on the missions ever since. Crowded up in Manila, chafing in inaction while Mr. Taft was coquetting with their inveterate enemies, large numbers took their departure, firmly persuaded that they would never be allowed to return to their parishes. Who can blame them? The whole world seemed to have turned against them, making them responsible for all the evils that were afflicting the Philippines. Americans, Spaniards and Filipinos joined in denouncing them; there were even rumors in the air that the Holy See was bent on gradually eliminating them. Was it not time for them to put into practice the words of Our Lord, "If they will not receive you in one city, fly to another"? Monsignor Chapelle stopped the exodus for a time and begged them to wait for better times. It was evident, however, that Monsignor Guidi, his succcessor as Apostolic Delegate, took the same hopeless view of things as they did, for he gave full permission to all who desired to leave the Islands.

During my stay in the Philippines I found the same hopeless situation for the Church, with the anti-Christian party still in the ascendant. There was no glimmer of light on the horizon. I am inclined to doubt if matters are much better now, or that it would be feasible for large numbers of friars to return at once to the Islands. An evil has been done that it will take many years to remedy. But it is certain that the call of the bishops is not unheeded by them, and that the orders will do all in their power to send men back from Spain, to the poor, abandoned souls.

Finally let it be clearly understood that it is the Federal Party, the heir to all the anti-Christian traditions of the last twenty years, which is responsible for the exodus of the friars. The leaders are high up in the ranks of Latin Freemasonry and derive their strength from the European lodges. There is not an anti-Christian movement in France, or elsewhere, that does not evoke a sympathetic echo in the Philippines. In fact, through all this affair of the friars, we may trace the hand of that world-wide secret society, the implacable and deadly enemy of the Catholic Church.

COMMERCIALISM AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY JOHN J. MANGAN, M. D.

In these days of faddism, when there is no cult however absurd but it will draw unto itself followers, no craze however idiotic but it will find thousands to take it seriously, when the quickest way to wealth is to devise a newer method of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or gold from sea-water, it would seem that the undoubted benefits of physical culture ought not to be permitted to suffer from the over zealous efforts of some of its alleged exponents. It has practically come to be a sort of rule in the domain of athletics that any man, having once shown himself an adept in feats of strength and agility, should blossom forth as a living authority on the subject of physical culture in all its branches and ramifications. To attain this there are two courses open to him. He either edits a magazine, or goes upon the stage. Of late years the pen attracts him more numerously than the buskin. Behold him then seated on the editorial tripod. Henceforward his career is fixed, and he lives and breathes in an atmosphere of printer's ink. Problems that have puzzled scientists for centuries become transparent under the X-ray of his brilliant mind. Questions of heredity, dietetics, temperament, physical education, and mental development, have no terrors for him. And why should they? Has he not succeeded in arresting the crowd in its search for something new? Has he not secured a following to whom his *ipse dixit* is sufficient and unquestionable authority? Nay, has he not done things worthy of notice in the newspapers? And last and crowning glory, has he not appeared in the continuous performance? Yes, gentle Hudibras,

"the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

And so he publishes books, forsooth, on the latest method of restoring real hair to the baldest and most unpromising pate; or, between breakfast and lunch, he throws off a magazine article on the eye, or a work on "Superb Womanhood" illustrated with the most fetching pictures. He is the apostle of the positive; nothing probable about him. Hide your diminished heads, ye doctors, who in every assertion hold a doubt in reserve; what this man says must be so because he says it, and when he speaks let no dog bark.

The world loves a hero,—ditto a humbug, if he be interesting. But there are so few heroes and so many humbugs that it is no wonder a counterfeit is occasionally rung in. This is just exactly where some of these bulging exponents of alleged physical culture belong. They are counterfeit heroes, fakirs up to date, charlatans with all the modern improvements. Commercialism is their creed, personal emolument their final end.

And so, one proclaims that white bread contains no nourishment—"Eat whole wheat, or, better still, my latest improved loaf." Another insists that the world is going to destruction on account of bad cooking—"Buy my new cook-book." A third laments that we are becoming a round-shouldered nation, and pleads with us that we buy his physical-culture suspenders, or subscribe for his magazine and he will throw the suspenders in. And thus it goes on through a list of physical culture hair restorers, physical culture strength foods, physical culture eye masseurs, physical culture baths, physical culture soaps, and physical culture water-filters.

The world has some well defined views on the topics correlated to physical culture,—views which have the authority of

great names, and the wisdom of years to enforce them. They are the result of the observation of natural laws, and depend on principles which are thoroughly understood. They may not be self evident to the extent that he who runs may read; they may require all the resources that science can afford to make them plain to patient investigation. But the commercial greed which animates these muscular mountebanks prompts them to take what they understand about the development of muscle, and adding thereto a lot of the most irrational ideas on food, ventilation, hygiene, vital force, etc., they offer this to the American public as a system of physical culture. Strange to say they find votaries who take this farrago in all seriousness, and thousands rise up and call them blessed. If their erroneous theories were harmless, one could afford to be patient with them, viewed simply as a means to extract money from dupes. But when in addition to persuading them to part with their money cheerfully, they at the same time imbue them with theories of life and its processes which are untrue, rules for eating and drinking which are harmful, ideas concerning ventilation and hygiene which are a positive menace to health, and in many other ways mislead and betray them into the most ridiculous extravagance of act and belief, then it is time for all real, earnest, and genuine disciples of physical culture, in the best and truest sense of the term, to gather to its defence, lest it be brought into disrepute by the ignorance and effrontery of its false exponents.

Animated with a desire to be of service to those who appreciate the true value of physical culture, and who understand its scope, as also its limitations, the writer will proceed to point out some of the fallacies which seem at the present time most fraught with danger for the unwary.

First, as to the relative merits of white and brown bread: J. B. Allbee, in the "American Miller" for Dec., 1895, says that "the best bread is made from a flour whose granules are uniform in size, or as nearly so as possible." He shows that this is so only in white flour. The following is his reasoning. "Yeast being a plant of the most extraordinary and rapid growth, rapidly setting up in any mass into which it has been introduced conditions similar to its own, it is evident that the impalpable portions of flour will be acted upon speedily, while only the superficial layers of the larger granules would be acted on by the ferment. Where the flour granules vary in size (brown bread), the process cannot proceed uniformly. The fine particles can not wait upon the coarse. They will have passed through the various stages, and too often have reached the acid stage, before the coarser or larger particles will have been more than superficially acted upon. Therefore carbonic-acid gas that has been generated by the smaller particles will have been eliminated from the mass, and its usefulness destroyed, while a portion of the nutritive properties will be transformed into this gas and carried away by it. This will materially affect the size of the loaf as well as the flavor and dietetic value of the bread, and, furthermore, from over-fermentation other chemical conditions arise, resulting in discoloration.

"On the other hand, if the flour granules be of even size (white bread) this chemical action will be uniform, the entire mass will reach the alcoholic or bread stage at the same time, and, when put into the oven, the heat will stop further fermentation, as well as serving to cook the loaf and further enlarge it by the expansion of the air and the gas contained in it. Thus the nutrient properties are retained, raising the commercial as well as the hygienic value of the bread."

Having looked at the subject from the commercial and æsthetic side, let us

glance a moment at its medical aspect. Drs. Lauder Brunton and Tunnicliffe recently made a series of experiments to determine the relative digestibility of white and brown bread. The results of their experiments justify them in concluding that the higher nutritive value which might on purely chemical grounds be ascribed to brown bread cannot be maintained from the purely physiological side. With regard to fats and mineral constituents on the other hand, distinctly less of the nutritive materials actually get into the blood in the case of brown than of white bread. White bread is, weight for weight, more nutritious than brown. In the case of people with irritable intestines white bread is to be preferred to brown. In the case of people with sluggish bowels brown bread may be preferable to white, as it tends to maintain peristalsis, and insures regular evacuation of the bowels. If the proportion of mineral ingredients, and especially of lime salts in other articles of food or drink be insufficient, brown bread is preferable to white. If the dietary be insufficient in fat, or if the patient be unable to digest fat readily in other forms, brown bread may possibly be preferable to white."

Drs. Brunton and Tunnicliffe rightly dwell on the absurdity of taking the mere chemical composition of a food-stuff as an index of its nutritive value. In other words, it is not what a food-stuff contains, but how it contains it.

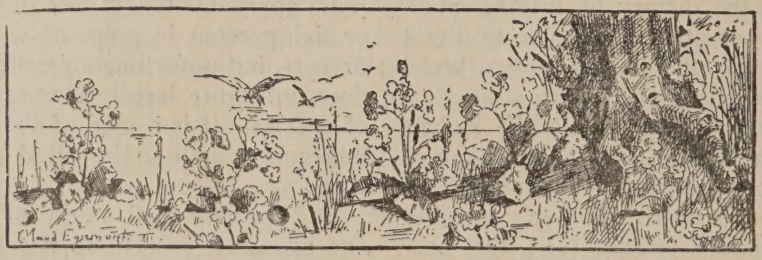
Another great food that is being exploited in these so-called physical-culture journals is the fresh air fad. "Live in the open air. Fling open your windows day and night, winter and summer. Eat the outside air, oxygen is a food." And so on, varying the chant in a hundred ways. Now in the matter of fresh air as in the matter of bread, much depends on the individual. But one thing can be set down as true for all,—no damp air, be it ever so fresh, should be admitted to bedrooms. The air of bedrooms is very liable to be overcharged with watery vapor, and this because many bedrooms are seldom warmed to the degree that the living rooms are warmed. Let us think of the consequences of going to bed with the windows open and admitting damp air. A person leaves a moderately warm parlor, at bedtime, at a temperature say of 68 degrees. The air was dry and easily breathed. He enters a cold, damp bedroom, say at a temperature of 38 degrees, where the windows are to be open all night, admitting fresh, damp air. The air in the parlor was dry, perhaps a little too dry. The air in the bedroom is saturated with cold, watery vapor. For a delicate, or an old person, this sort of thing would at once bring on a "stuffiness" of the chest, whereby breathing becomes very difficult and sleep is disturbed. For the vigorous it is a strain, and the result of this abuse of reason is to establish nasal and bronchial congestions which gradually become chronic catarrh. Common sense suggests an effort to bring the atmosphere of the bedroom approximately to that of the parlor or living room in point of warmth and dryness, but unfortunately common sense does not figure largely among this class of oracles. It is a case of the blind and mercenary leading the blind and innocent.

Still another bad result of believing and acting on everything that these people print in their magazines is that they thus induce many to make a radical change in habits of eating and drinking which have become second nature, and the system is put to an unnecessary strain to accommodate itself to this sudden change. In all cases it is to be borne in mind that no one who has habitually eaten meat two or three times a day can at once become a vegetarian without some discomfort. All radical changes in diet, even in the right direction, require to be rightfully made. The stomach conforms slowly to the task of deriving from un-

accustomed materials the support necessary to the body. With regard to drink at meals, Prof. Ewald of Berlin shows by a series of experiments that it makes absolutely no difference whether the drinking is done before, during, or just after meals. He claims that it aids digestion to drink at meals, Bernarr to the contrary notwithstanding. As to how much water to drink, our instincts are our safest guides.

The fruit-eating craze is possibly the worst of all the recent fads. It is truly pitiful to see the army of neurasthenics, dyspeptics, rheumatics, starving their tissues, turning their blood to acid at the beck of a few muscular enthusiasts. The fact with regard to fruit is that although it contains little nourishment it agrees well with people who have a fairly alkaline blood. All others should avoid it as a diet. If we confine our use of it to the summer months, as nature intended, we shall not go far wrong.

Finally, the fact that a great many over-eat has led some of these harebrained enthusiasts to advocate the other extreme. One meal a day or two at most is all that is necessary for any man now, they cry. Physiology teaches that the digestive organs, like the heart, have no need for repose, providing always that the quantity of nourishment taken within the twenty-four hours does not go beyond the normal limit. The fact that the interval between meals is short works no inconvenience, but, on the contrary, tends to the avoidance of feebleness which is the natural result of an interval extended to too great a length. There is a perpetual waste going on in the tissues of the body, and it seems but logical that nourishment should be given fairly frequently and in sufficient quantities to meet this waste. But what is the use of talking physiology to these people? They simply take physiology by the tail and snap its head off, and the unthinking applaud and call it wonderful.



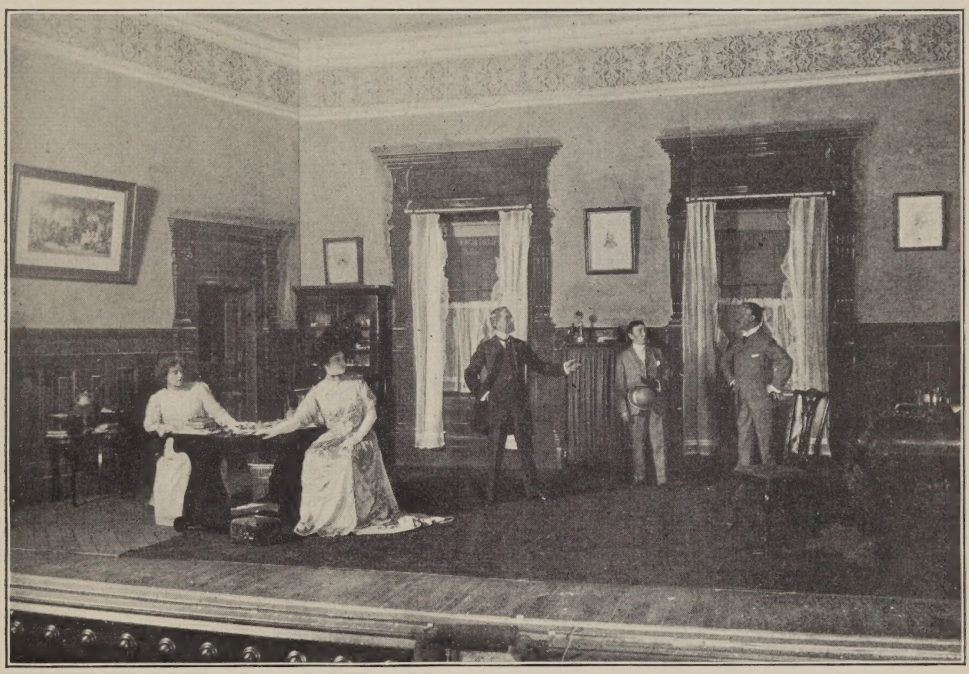
THE MORALITY OF THE PLAYERS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

A discussion of this topic would not avail much at this moment, because the general public has made up its fickle mind on the matter and could hardly be persuaded to the contrary. Prejudice dies hard, even in the presence of facts and figures. And with regard to the average morality of the player folk statistics are sadly wanting. The popular opinion acquits the individual actor of immorality, if his career has proved his innocence; but the same opinion condemns the entire body of players as outside the common sphere of everyday right living. Quite naturally custom often contradicts opinion, and the preju-

diced attend the theatre and lavish admiration on the players publicly and privately. This should not be surprising, because in the matter of prejudice truth is constantly invading its narrow sphere, and forcing it to inconsistencies. These are concealed under the specious term of exceptions to the general rule. All actors lead a bad life, but some actors do not, and may therefore be tolerated and even fêted, is the popular excuse. I have often had the honor to point out the reporter is at least respected, until he proves himself undeserving; yet the journals spread more error in a year than the stage in a century. There is much inconsistency here, and it is very human.

What do the players think of the popular judgment as to their virtue? They are not indifferent by any means, but resent it according to the measure of their sins, one may suppose. Edmund Breese, the cleverest of the players in



"BEFORE AND AFTER." SCENE I. ACT I.

that the popular novel and the average newspaper are less moral than the stage, both as to production and producers; a judgment approved by men of the highest authority. The press is an independent power, the stage is not. The journalist is feared, the player is despised. The play is accepted as literature, the manager finds no door closed to him; but the interpreter of the play is shut out. The newspaper invades the home like an atmosphere, the editor is honored, *The Lion and The Mouse,* scoffs at the popular estimate. As a Catholic and a convert of eight or ten years, and as an actor of considerable experience, his views have considerable weight. Briefly he is of opinion that morality among the players varies in proportion to their practical religious belief and their training in youth. He finds them just like the world around them; some good and others bad, and in the same ratio. Their virtues and their vices spring from their

FRITZ WILLIAMS.

natural and cultivated tendencies, and not from their surroundings. As to the temptations encountered in theatrical life, he points out that they exist in every department of society, in which women are employed. They are not peculiar to the stage alone. It happens that stage people are more interesting to the public than shopkeepers and typewriters, and therefore their sins get more publicity through the press. Divorces for example are not more frequent among actors than among other professions, but the divorce of a popular star gets more space in the newspapers. Thus discourses Edmund Breese.

Fritz Williams echoes his sentiments with the emphasis peculiar to this comedian, who went to school in St. Francis Xavier's long ago, and enjoyed a college course in Fordham. He has fought the fight and kept the faith, and his experience as a metropolitan actor entitles him to a most respectful hearing. At present he is appearing in a funny farce entitled *Before and After,* which has tickled New York for the past three months to loud laughter and the surrender of its untainted money. The critics did not praise it too highly, but the managers lavish upon it their profound respect. It is a difficult task to make a successful farce, and therefore its structure is not to be too harshly criticized if it has won success. Fritz Williams is an all round actor, capable of almost anything in the dramatic line; but fate has fixed him in the specialty of farce, for the simple reason that specialists of his rank are very few. He is the gentleman by instinct and training. His part in a farce is always that of a serious-minded young man who never perceives the humor of a funny situation, never laughs at himself or his blunders, and manages somehow to come out right in the end; while the audience has side-stitches from laughing at him.

He played years ago the part of the Frenchman in the polite farce known as *The Amazons,* and made a fine impression. A short time ago he had the single decent character in Pinero's wretched play *Letty.* As the simple-minded photographer, in love with his business and his art, ridiculous in his effort to pose subjects properly, he made the audience laugh; but at the same time his unconscious, unaffected honesty, his innocence, and his indifference to worldliness, made him a noble foil to the elegant blackguard whose mouth spoke sweetness but whose heart gave out corruption. He married the somewhat spineless Letty, and gave her a decent name, a good home, and a protection against the silliness of her temperament. Pinero is clever enough to know a good thing when he does it, but the marrying of Letty to the photographer must have been for him a happy accident. In the farce *Before and After,* Mr. Williams plays the part of the serious gentleman who gets into all sorts of scrapes without seeing the fun in them. To ward off a threatening danger from his wife he

begins a series of lies which land him in Saratoga, under suspicious circumstances, and all the characters in strange confusion. This is your modern farce, whose one glory is that it pays.

Not to wander too far from the subject, Mr. Williams has an emphatic opinion on the average morality of the players, which may be given in his own words. "The popular prejudice on this point has no more foundation in fact than if it were held against the lawyers or the doctors," said he, when the matter was laid before him. "I have been on the stage about twenty years, and have seen as much of its inside working as any other. I know the people connected with it, and I can say that they are no better and no worse than the general human society to which they belong. There are good and bad among them, and all the grades that lie between the two extremes. It is my conviction that if they were compared as a body with the lawyers or even the medical men, they would make a better showing on the score of morality. They are a simple class, mostly poor, generous to a fault, forced to work hard at one period, and at another condemned to leisure without pay. The element of uncertainty enters largely into their labor, and their misfortunes are so peculiar that they have to bear them in silence. There is little redress against defaulting managers. One section of society regards actors with suspicion, another admires and pets them, and a third tries to corrupt them. There is nothing fixed and regular about their profession, as in other professions, and the relation of society towards them is without sense or consistency. If their moral character is as bad as painted the missionaries should find a way to reach them, as they find a way to reach the sinners of the slums. Society should neither pet nor ostracize them, but reform them. Its only idea of reform is to take away from them their profession. This is sheer foolishness. The institution of the stage is not bad in itself, and has not to be abandoned in order to attain salvation. I am a Catholic, and have never felt any difficulty in practicing my religion because of my profession. The occasional denunciation by the clergy is keenly felt by actors, not alone because it is unnecessary, but because it reveals such ignorance of actual conditions. Our own indifference to public opinion is partly to blame for this ignorance We do not seem, as a

LEO DITRICHSTEIN.

class, to have the means of properly resenting unjust criticism and popular slanders. Perhaps we do not care, since society itself does not take the trouble to inquire into the moral character of its entertainers. One thing I am sure of, that actors are no worse morally than the other classes of society. The same conviction is creeping by degrees into the common mind, but it will be a long time winning universal acceptance."

Actors know very little about one an-

other's religion, but are well acquainted with the history and character of individuals in the profession. A curious instance of this fact, in connection with the dramatic booth at the recent Summer School bazaar in New York, sheds some light on the situation. Fritz Williams mentioned to Leo Ditrichstein, author of *Before and After,* and actor in the farce, that as a Catholic actor his photograph was to be in the exhibit at the bazaar. "Then I can offer mine to the exhibit," said Ditrichstein. Although the two actors had been acquainted for years, and had then been playing six months together, neither knew the religious belief of the other until this incident revealed it. Ditrichstein is a Hungarian, a clever actor, also a dramatist of no mean ability. He has not thus far achieved notable success, such as has come to Barrie and Thomas and Pinero. Other elements than literary merit enter into the building up of popularity, and these elements Ditrichstein has not yet been able to command. They will come at his bidding later. Meanwhile he is studying his public, making sure of his tools, and earning money. It is a fine achievement to be able to keep a farce on Broadway four months. It is also a comfortable revenge on the managers who declined it. The qualities of this dramatist, as revealed in *Before and After,* are strong characterization, vivacious dialogue and funny situation. He is weak in logical development of character and in construction of the plot. As a rule the dramatists, while fair psychologists, have no knowledge of logic, and never reach down to the fundamentals in character. Perhaps if these accomplishments were theirs they would give us no plays; assuredly they would write us no farces. The man with a strong sense of the logical could not write the popular farce of the English stage. On the question of morality the opinions of Mr. Ditrichstein varied nothing from those of Fritz Williams. If the Puritans had not called his attention to the matter by their extravagant pictures of the moral condition of actors, he would never have thought of discriminating between the morals of players and the morals of the time. However, since his attention had been aroused, his experience inclined him to the opinion that actors as a class could be compared favorably with any other class of professional people. It was as silly to condemn them because of their profession as to condemn lawyers and doctors for a like reason. If there were erring actors, there were also erring physicians and lawyers, and the aberrations of the latter were of a far more

JAMES YOUNG.

serious nature. Robbery through exorbitant fees and the mismanagement of estates is the common crime among lawyers; serious invasions upon the sanctity of human life, the common crime among physicians; while among actors their most serious delinquencies would be personal, inflicted chiefly upon themselves. If the class was made responsible for the crimes of its sinning members, no class, not even society itself, could stand. And with this pointed statement Ditrichstein raised his shoulders in Gallic fashion.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST." Act I.

James Young is leading man at the Fifth Avenue theatre, in a stock company, which puts on a new play each week, and appears before the public twice a day. The invasion of the field by the old-fashioned stock companies is one of the features of present dramatic life. In the good old days all theatres had their stock company, and the stars traveled about the country as stars should, alone. The old system bred real actors. Its exile to the road has not lasted very long, and its revival has been marked in the metropolis by the employment of the very highest talent. James Young has supported the leading stars. He is a good specimen of the average young Catholic, not without vaulting ambition, and plays with courage on occasions such parts as Shylock, to the rage of the critics, who would confine difficult characters to the interpretation of genius. Aren't the critics unreasonable? A partner in stock prosperity with Mr. Young is Mr. William Kelly, leading man and popular idol at the Yorkville theatre, where he has established a reputable company and his youthful hopes on the same basis. It was at this theatre a few weeks ago that Mr. Edward Harrigan

FRANK KEENAN AS JACK RANCE, IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

presented his play *Old Lavender,* one of the real creations of the American stage, but not as highly prized as it should be. Harrigan's portrait of the fallen gentleman is every whit as good, as varied, as expressive and as pathetic as the Caleb Plummer of Joseph Jefferson. Had the latter given us *Old Lavender* the magazines would have had eternal pages in its analysis and praise; since it is just Harrigan, no one pays any attention. As I was saying, William Kelly has established himself at this theatre. He is a cheerful, hard-working young man, as practical as a carpenter, and as neat a Romeo as ever trod the stage. He thought the Puritanical view of the acting profession had just held over, like a lucky office-holder, because there was no one to take his place. "A superstition lingers," said Mr. Kelly, "among people of intelligence, because no one has taken the trouble to investigate it. The stage was once under the ban, and the ban remains, although people go to the play when they feel like it, and recall the ban only when the clergy are about. The thing will wear out as the old-fashioned prejudice against the novel wore out, and for the same reason: because there is no basis in fact for wholesale condemnation of the stage and the actors." Mr. Young had a similar opinion, differently expressed. The public, said he, has set the stage apart in its own mind, and looks at it as if it were remote from itself, a different land altogether, where the impossibly wicked disport themselves. Whereas the players are everyday beings, much like their neighbors, with the same faults and the same virtues, but with more kindliness for one another than most craftsmen have for their own sort. Everything concerning them is magnified, even their sins. The thoughtless accept this remoteness and exaggeration as the necessary evidence of wrongdoing, so that with them simply to be an actor is to be a sinner. It is all very absurd. Both these young men felt sure that conditions had changed considerably in the past decade.

The cleverest Catholic actor in town at

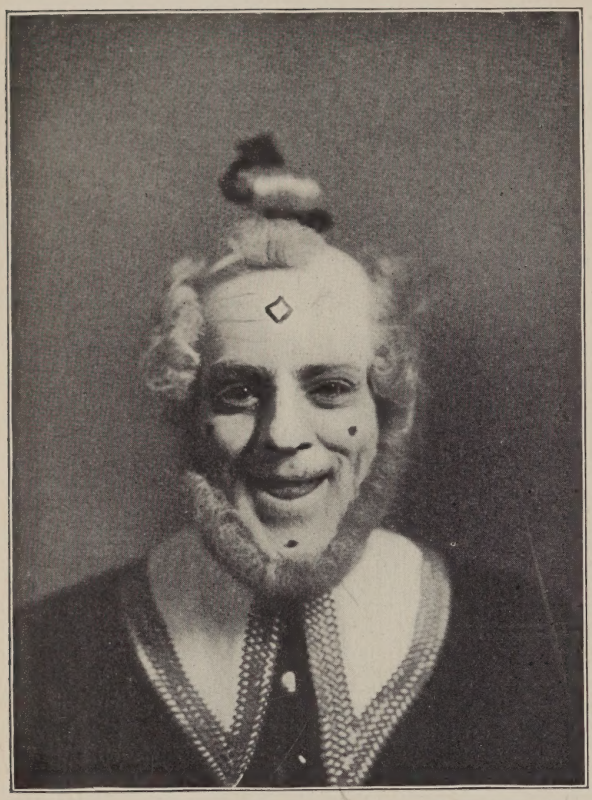
T. D FRAWLEY

the present writing, and also one of the luckiest, is Mr. Frank Keenan of the Belasco company. He plays the part of Jack Rance, the Sheriff, in Belasco's play of *The Girl of the Golden West,* and his praise is on every tongue. The play with the long and shining name is an ordinary melodrama of the days of '49 in California, the golden days fixed forever in American romance by the magic pen of Bret Harte. The theme won immense success thirty years ago, and will win millions again for novelists and dramatists that have the wit to use it well. Belasco does that to perfection. His scenes and his characters fill the stage with the living romance that glowed in the books of Bret Harte. You cannot, dare not attempt analysis. The girl runs a saloon, and the Sheriff is a plain desperado; but she is virtue and beauty in one, and he is a veritable creation of Dumas. They are the antagonists of the play. Keenan is a tall, distinguished-looking man of forty, with high bred air and thoughtful countenance, evidently a thinker. He has had his ups and downs in striving for better things. Whatever he has done has been done so well as to stamp him as an original, and hence his employment under a man of ideas and no prejudices, who must have men like Keenan to carry out his ideas.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

Blanche Bates (The Girl). Frank Keenan (Jack Rance.)

"I never could see," Mr. Keenan said, "why a bar should be placed between me and the Church in which I was born and baptized, simply because I have taken up the acting profession. There is no actual bar of course. I refer to the general sentiment of the pious and decent, that the life of an actor must neces-



LIONEL BARRYMORE AS PANTALOON IN J. M. BARRIE'S ONE ACT PLAYET, "PANTALOON."

sarily be more or less wicked, owing to the associations of the stage. My experience is all to the contrary. The temptations to which women of the stage are exposed are no more numerous or dangerous than meet women in every department of labor, where the sexes work together. Take for example the omnibus stores and the offices of large concerns. If the searchlight of the press were turned upon these places as it is upon the stage and its people, the general result might be favorable to the actors. I have never found the stage different as to morality from the every-day world. A religious man or woman can lead the life of Christian piety and devotion while traveling in a dramatic company with as little trouble and temptation as at home. I know many Catholics who lead such lives. The sooner the old-time prejudice is laid aside the better for all parties."

Mr. Keenan added emphatic sentiments which perhaps it would be imprudent to transcribe.

The views of Barrymore and Frawley were of a like temper, but of such length that they must be reserved for another occasion. The former is continuing the artistic development and maintaining the popular favor which was given him on his first appearance. Mr. Frawley has been abroad and gathered a collection of reminiscences which make conversation with him a treat to be remembered. Study and experience have given him high rank as an authority on the stage and the drama.

The testimony of these successful, moral, and practical Catholics cannot be without weight. It is a common opinion among Catholic actors of the present day. It should go far towards counteracting the effect of popular confessions of retired actresses, which periodically erupt into pious journals and add new features to the stupid countenance of the bogie-man so long a favorite with the inexperienced and misinformed moralists of the age.

So use no word, simply because of rhyme; —
For all your work, take time, dear friend, take time!
Select no phrase high-sounding but not clear; —
Let truth forever guide your eye and ear!
Set down no thought to please a godless world; —
With beauty's holiness be your work empearled!

Thus should you write. Be patient, thoughtful, true;
Hold not your "little public" first in view,
But sing as birds sing, whom their Maker made
To praise Him always, innocent, unafraid.
First dedicate your work to Him alone,
Your joyful tribute at the Giver's throne.

He will perfect it, if it pleases Him,
And it shall join the chant of seraphim,
Echoing forever through the courts above,
Because you did it, meekly, for His love.
It shall reach, too, and comfort, hearts on earth,
If He shall choose to lend to it such worth.

Ah! say an ardent prayer for that intent;
And with it be this wide intention blent, —
That all of us, who write, may ever be
Souls that make others' souls more glad and free,
More strong to bear, more radiant with love
For those about us and for God above.

HOW MUCH OF A PRIEST'S TIME IS WASTED.

BY ORTEXIMIUS.

No other class of men receive such an exact training as the Catholic clergy. No other body of men require such a broad preparation for their life-work, because priests are approached by all kinds and conditions of men, and are obliged to speak and act in the most peculiar and embarrassing situations.

Over the telephone come all sorts of questions — from those who have been in debate about subtle matters brought forth by casuistical schoolmen, to the persons whose memories are defective and want to know the exact time of church services — messages from charitable organizations who wish to have the priest's advice or assistance, and all kinds of inquiries from men and women whose thoughtlessness makes the priest wish he had lived before Edison was born.

Through the mail come all varieties of communications to perplex the pastor and waste his valuable time. Fortunately there are some he feels he may ignore, but there yet remain too many letters from those who think their business to be of paramount importance, and who would never forgive the person addressed if he did not reply.

The city pastor's home is the Mecca to which continue to go the sin-laden, the sorrowing, the sick, the desolate, the financially embarrassed, the person out of employment, the devotee, the hypocrite, the agent, the confidence man, the hungry, the beggar, the tramp, the drunkard, and many others whom it would be difficult to classify.

The sin-laden are always kindly received. The sorrowing awake all that is sympathetic in the human heart. The priest sits down and attentively listens to a long recital of heart-breaking events and conditions — sometimes it is brutal treatment by a drunken husband; at other times he hears of blasted hopes and blighted trust; often it is the story of a life struggle for existence, coupled with the ingratitude of former friends or the neglect of children to provide for aged and sickly parents. Everything that brings melancholy gloom over individuals is poured into the ears of the priest.

> "The whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

The result is that enterprises of "great pith and moment" must be neglected. The valuable time of the pastor is used up. His plans are "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought" and many important things "lose the name of action."

The desolate who have either wandered far from friends and kindred, or through cruel fate have been deprived of the companionship of dear ones, come to find a place where the goddess Friendship sits enthroned, and taste again some of that joy that is the support and comfort of every sensitive individual. It sometimes happens that the visitor has much in him that awakens interest; it may be that compared with his host there is a fair proportion of manners and of spirit, and the result is that time travels on with a soft step, and finally the entertainer becomes conscious of the fact that many golden minutes have passed away.

The stranger in the city who is harassed by distrust and perplexity longs to meet one on whom he can place the fullest reliance, and as a result he wends his way to the rectory of the nearest church

to which he belongs. He knows that the priest is the person who deserves his truest confidence. He is not aware of the value of the pastor's time, and when he presents himself he wearies his informant with a succession of questions which cannot be answered by a simple affirmative or negative.

The financially embarrassed visitor is of the most persistent stamp. His inability to meet his obligations is exceeded only by his superabundant amount of that element in human nature called "brass." It is never his fault that his pockets are empty. He tells a smooth and appealing story, and sometimes receives assistance, not on account of his being deserving but for the reason that he must be got rid of, even at some loss.

It may seem strange that when employment bureaus are so numerous and so easily found that the pastor would be obliged to give audience to so many out of work. Instead of giving all his time to the more serious duties of his calling he finds himself trudging from one department store to another, from mill to factory, from office to private home, seeking employment for one who perhaps will not hold the position long after it is secured.

The caller who esteems herself a devotee is the most time-killing and tiresome of all visitors, and the one whom the courteous pastor has most trouble in getting rid of. She comes when he is most busy — when he is engaged in the preparation of a sermon, or something else of great importance. She feels she is of finer clay than other human beings; she has an exaggerated idea of her importance in church affairs, and expects manifest appreciation of her superior qualities and good deeds. She has nothing to tell that it would profit her host to know, and after chatting for too long a time about unimportant events of a late date she goes back to stories and happenings which she has told about a half dozen times before. The pastor moves uneasily in his seat, he tries to stem the current of her words, he may refer to the vast amount of work he has to do, but all to no avail. She remains and talks until her victim sighs for the silent system of Dartmoor. At last she rises to go, yet thinks of something more; she moves a little towards the door, slowly makes her exit, and as she goes down the steps a fervent prayer of thanks is breathed by her much relieved pastor.

A far too frequent visitor is from the class who are born of parents willing to make the greatest sacrifices to enable their sons to attain to places of honor and power. This individual has had the advantage of excellent home training and associations. His education was well provided for. He was sent to one of the best colleges, and at the time when golden opportunities were opening up to him he threw all aside. He betook himself to a life of indolence and followed that easy pathway that leads first to lack of character and later on to physical and moral destruction. In the days of respectability he came in contact with the clergy. His education put him in touch with many things which enable him to "hold down" a conversation with a priest. His worthlessness is exceeded by his lack of consideration for his unwilling host's time and feelings, and he thus becomes a source of the greatest annoyance to those on whom he calls. It is sometimes the brightest youth in college that throws aside brilliant prospects, and in his subsequent useless life he has lost none of that ability which makes the criminal surpass in many ways the law-abiding citizen. A person of this type can waste more of a priest's time and patience than he can well afford to spare.

The hypocrite comes to the church to pray ostentatiously, and to the pastor to gain his favor, with a face wreathed in

smiles and a saintly halo around him. While not the greatest bore, he is the greatest puzzle. He speaks as if he would suffer death rather than state what is not true. He appears to be the triple extract of all that is honest, and yet he is laying plans to secure a position or patronage he does not deserve. Sometimes he is working to get the pastor's signature to a note he never intends to pay. He is courteous and interesting, does not prolong his stay, but ofttimes accomplishes his purpose during his brief call.

"Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will through heaven and earth.
And oft though wisdom waits, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems."

The agent hustles in with the only proposition worth considering. He starts out to prove to you beyond doubt that the society or corporation which he represents surpasses all others in all things that relate to the good of the masses. He is ready to convince you that the enterprise for which he is agent was launched forth solely for the good of the patrons and policy-holders. He must be listened to. You can't at once get rid of him, and at last in despair the pastor says "I'm very busy to-day, please call again." Here is where he makes a great mistake. The agent comes again, and at last in sheer desperation the persecuted sums up all his independence of spirit with a predominance of old time football feeling and says to the agent: "Good day. I don't intend to transact any business with you."

The confidence man is one of the procession, and appears on the scene a little too often. The games he works, and the stories told are so varied that being once bitten does not safeguard against falling a victim to the person who calls on the following day. The hungry, starving individual puts in an appearance very frequently, and demands money to secure what is necessary to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. Once in a while, to make his story very appealing, the visitor declares he has not eaten anything for two days. The professional beggar comes to seek "assistance," and has countless reasons for being driven to do that which is so repulsive to him. He would rather do anything than beg, and when compelled by force of circumstances to become a mendicant it is only to a priest he would apply for aid. The tramp also favors the pastor's house with a visit. He is quite at home in his dirty rags. He is not the least ashamed of his appearance or his low manner of existing, and approaches the priest as if he feels he may claim kindred and have his claims allowed. The drunkard makes a visit when he is so gloriously full that he can hardly ascend the steps, or when he is so dry that his sub-lingual, parotid, and sub-maxillary gland has about ceased to secrete mouth-moistening fluid.

The last five we might group together, and place them under the general heading "drunkard." In these days of splendidly organized charities, when the city provides for many of the needy, when non-sectarian organizations are doing their utmost for the poor, when every church has its particular societies whose noble aim is to feed the hungry and relieve the distressed, there is rarely need of personal appeal to the priest to secure the necessaries of life. Of that large number who come to beg more than ninety-five per cent. are strangers. A little experience teaches that it is very unwise to take the word of those who ask for money as being gospel truth. If the pastor were to dispense freely the coin of the realm to everyone who asks it of him he would need the revenue of a "Standard Oil" magnate to meet the

demands made upon him. Should he for two weeks give aid and dispense hospitality to every beggar and tramp that called on him he would have twice the number call on him in the next two weeks, and should he continue in his ultra-sympathetic and liberal way of treating his visitors he would shortly discover that his name had gone forth to every tramp abode in the city as being one of the most "easy" kind. Exhaustion of his resources compels him to form the practical resolution that in the future he will help only the deserving.

How is he to find out who is deserving? He doesn't like to turn all over to charitable organizations, who have more time than he to investigate, so he tries some expedient. When a man arrives with the story of being hungry, instead of giving him money he goes to his desk and writes out an order to the head of a restaurant to favor this unfortunate person with one or more meals at the pastor's expense. At the end of a week or two he goes to this restaurant to settle up, and finds to his joy that he has saved very much money by the course he pursued. He discovers that only a small percentage made use of the meal order or ticket. Of course his faith in mankind is much lessened, for he learns that his visitors lied to him, and now when they ask money for a meal he knows that they are not hungry but just simply "thirsty." A general story during the winter months is that the visitor has no place to sleep, and wishes to get enough to pay for a bed. Here again it is advisable to act prudently, and so instead of money the beggar leaves with an order for a bed. When the writer of those orders goes to pay up he has learned another profitable lesson. In this case a much smaller percentage made use of the orders given them.

When it comes to the confidence game both men and women are to be dealt with. The latter are in no way behind their brothers in this well developed science. The woman has some advantages, because a woman should be regarded as being much less likely to be "crooked," and her appeal is far more touching on account of her ability to shed copious tears at the critical time.

A short while ago one of this class called on a reverend friend of mine. She presented the appearance of one whose heart was pierced with sorrow, whose misfortunes were of the most galling kind, and her dress was in accord with the dark gloom that hung round her young life. Of course she asked for assistance, did it pleadingly, and accompanied her request with a flood of the most heart-melting tears. The pastor had a doubt about the truthfulness of all her statements, and instead of money gave her an order on a hotel. Two days afterwards he called to lend her further assistance if she needed it, but didn't find her and learned that she had not been there.

During the early winter days, the chaplain of the City Hospital had given gladly of his limited means to the deserving who were unable to secure work after leaving the hospital, and it was not long until he discovered that he was visited a little too frequently by those who were "hard up." He soon realized that his name was on the tramp record as being one of the soft, charitable kind. His visitors increased until he decided that the number must become less. One day a forlorn-looking individual pulled himself over the step, as if pain and sickness were his most bounteous portion, and started to request assistance on a plea that he believed would bring the coin. "Father, I've just come out of the hospital, and I want you to help me." "From what hospital?" "The City Hospital," came the reply. "When did you leave the hospital?" "This morning." "You are a liar," brusquely replied the young priest who now saw through the bunco

game, "I am chaplain of the City Hospital, and I know you haven't been there since I've been appointed. You are not going to receive any money from me, so please hasten your departure." The tramp realized that there was a strenuous atmosphere in the place, and deemed it wise to make his exit. Just as the door was about to be closed he turned, and expressed his surprise that his reception and expulsion should be of such a business-like and unfavorable kind. He reached the gate, stood there, and pondered. A few minutes later, when the young chaplain was going out, he was still there. The tramp had concluded that he had made a mistake, and to try to make good he said: "Father, I forgot to say that I had just left the City Hospital in——."

Some of these visitors know that the pastor has had experience that might make him "wise," and they attempt to "bleed" the curates. The woman with a sick-husband story has gathered in considerable coin from the younger and more unsuspecting members of the clergy. Her talk about her husband's condition was certainly very clever. Her use of anatomical and medical terms was remarkable, and her gratitude for assistance given her by other priests was the entering wedge into the curate's purse. At last a doubting one took her address and started next morning to get some information about her and her spouse, but when he called at the address given he learned that no person of that name had lived there for years.

More than one assistant pastor now emphatically declares that no person will leave him poorer by telling a story of wealth joined with monetary embarrassment. A few months ago a well-dressed woman secured some "loans" by telling of her possession of vast and rich landed property in an adjoining state. A legal complication had arisen, and she had to come to the city to engage the best lawyer, preferring a Catholic one, — and as she was short of cash she wished to borrow some money for a few days. As soon as the legal knot was untied the first thing she would do would be to return the greatly appreciated favor. She got money in some cases, but I haven't heard yet if her legal difficulty has been settled.

Some men play a very strong rôle during such visits. When advised to place their difficulty before one professedly qualified to settle it, or to seek the assistance of the associated charities, they become very dramatic. They speak as if they have been grossly insulted — that their honesty and truthfulness were never before doubted, and when this last ruse fails they depart after the manner of one who is going to seek legal redress for libelous insults.

Again I say that the large majority who, for various reasons, ask money from a priest, are men and women whom the curse of drink has depraved. It is not desirable to get into that frame of mind where one doubts the word of his callers, but it certainly is wise to dispense charity only where charity will do good. The most of those who claim to be hungry, the great majority of those who say they are homeless and bedless, and about all who invent schemes to "work" the priests, want to get money to spend in the nearest saloon. Certainly few of them belong to total abstinence societies. The thirst for drink has driven out all honesty, truthfulness, and manliness, and they stoop to all that is debasing to satisfy their craving for that will-enslaving potion.

To you, my Catholic readers, I would say don't blame your pastor for not visiting you except to administer the sacraments, and bring the consolations of religion to a dying one. Don't condemn him because he delays attending to some matter you brought to his notice. Realize how exacting are his regular du-

ties. Think how much he is at the call of everyone in sorrow or in difficulty, how his time is spent and energies dissipated by the frequent calls of men and women such as these of whom I have spoken. Societies and charitable organizations cannot relieve him of much of this extra work. People want to pour their stories into the ears of a priest, and there is no rule or regulation that will safeguard him against frequent interruptions in his study, in the preparation of his sermons, and the performance of the manifold duties of his sacred calling.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SOUL.

BY AUSTIN E. WALSH.

At last, all clouds and storms have passed away,
All thunders, lightnings, vapors, winds and rain,
And in their stead the calm blue skies remain,
Resplendent now with eventide's display.
Meanwhile, far westward from the verge of day,
The sunlight flashes over wood and plain,
And flames in gold upon the village fane,
And clothes the distant hills in bright array.
Thus ev'ning comes, and soothes the Christian's soul,
When ev'ry storm of his life is o'er,
When ev'ry cloud is gone, and skies unroll
The glories of the sunset on life's shore;
Then robed in light, as bells of curfew toll,
He enters into rest forevermore.

ST. JOSEPH'S ROD.

BY E. E. BROWN.

Lowly and meek at the Temple gates,
Mary, the Chosen of Heaven, waits;
And many a weary mile is trod
By men of Judah, with staff and rod,
When Zacharias, the great high priest,
Bids them come to the Holy Feast.

To only the pure in heart is given
To love and cherish the Bride of Heaven;
And at Mary's feet the suitors all
In reverent adoration fall,
When lo! on one rod a dove snow-white
Pauses a moment in its flight.

'Tis the rod of Joseph, and now on his head
The white dove rests, but the high priest said:
"Before the altar let each man leave
His rod all night, and thus receive
By a second sign the will of Heaven
To whom the Virgin's hand be given."

And so through the long dark hours he kept
A vigil there, while the whole world slept;
And behold on Joseph's rod that night
A lily opened its petals white —
A spotless lily of heavenly birth
With never a root in the sordid earth.
And Joseph, the carpenter, bowed his head
In lowly awe when the high priest said:

"By the snow-white dove, and this lily bell
That springs from thy rod I know, full well,
That to thy pure soul the boon is given
Henceforward to cherish the Bride of Heaven."

* * * * * *

Ah! blessed the pure in heart alway, —
With them shall the Heavenly Visions stay;
And all life's journey their staff and rod
Transfigured shall be by the smile of God.

RUINS OF HOLY CROSS ABBEY, SEVEN MILES FROM CASHEL.

"CASHEL OF THE KINGS."

BY HONOR WALSH.

II.

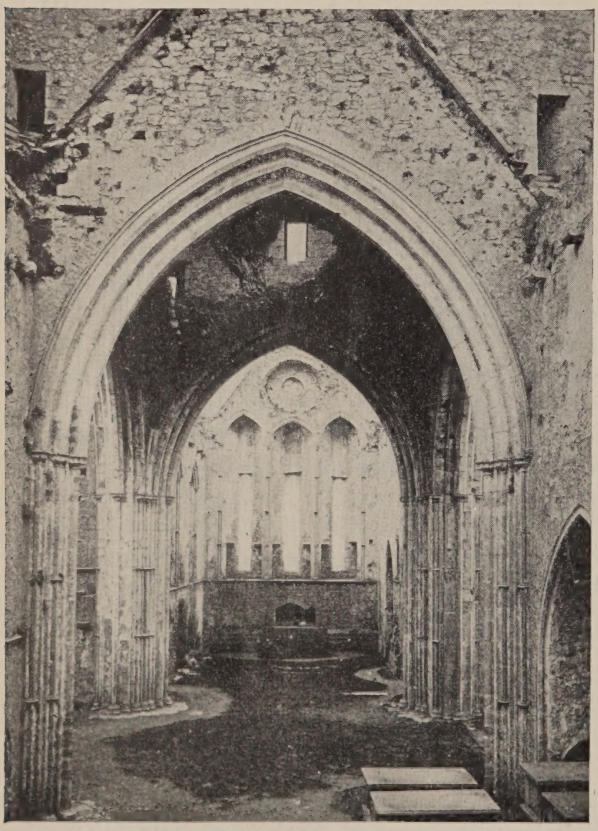
Although St. Patrick had preached Christianity in Ireland as early as 432 he did not attempt the conversion of Munster until fourteen years later, in the year 448, when, before the Druid altar upon the Rock of Cashel, he baptized Angus the King. The altar is still there, the time-worn stone cross of St. Patrick surmounting the more ancient monolith. The bronze crozier used by the Saint, a splendid example of early Irish metal work, is now on exhibition in the National Museum in Dublin. For centuries after St. Patrick's death this relic of the Apostle of Ireland was treasured by a noble family, the O'Kearneys of Cashel, whose ruined castle is still to be seen in the town. The crosier was handed down as a sacred treasure from father to son for more than a thousand years, and the title of which the O'Kearney chieftains were proudest bespoke their ancient prerogative, "Hereditary Custodians of the Crosier of St. Patrick." During the Cromwellian invasion of Cashel it is likely that the then chieftain of the O'Kearneys secreted the crosier, at all events, despite the most diligent search, the relic was not discovered until the close of the eighteenth century when the niche which formerly contained the royal sarcophagus of King Cormac was opened, and there lay the beautiful bronze, undisturbed by the havoc of centuries.

The niche is to the left of the north porch of King Cormac's Chapel in the little angle formed by its junction with the larger Cathedral. Above the porch is a worn carving supposed to represent Sagittarius. Weird gargoyles and dragon-like figures carved on the capitals of the doorway attract the interest of anti-

quarians. Some of the profiles have an odd Egyptian effect. On this head Dr. Cotton relates a little story:

"In the year 1824 when I was employing some of my leisure hours in examining and scraping the interior walls of Cormac's Chapel many persons used to come up to look at the old buildings on the Rock. Among them, one day, came a soldier who happened to be passing through Cashel. On entering the Chapel I perceived that his attention was strongly attracted by the curious group of sculptured heads which surround the chancel arch. I remarked to him that antiquaries were much divided about the persons who were supposed to be represented by those heads. 'Oh,' he said at once, 'I know who they are. I can tell you that — for I have served in Egypt — they are Egyptians.' I stared for a moment, for certainly the idea was new to me, but I bowed in silence; for, as I myself had never served in Egypt, I could neither confirm nor disprove his statement."

In the olden golden time the blank arcades of semi-circular arches in the nave and chancel were filled with beautiful frescoes of which some slight traces still remain. The curiously slanting inclination of the chancel noted by visitors is but another example of the mystical perfection of this early Christian architecture, the Church being supposed to represent the body of Christ with the head inclined to one side, as in the Crucifixion. Altogether, Cormac's Chapel is easily the finest example of Romanesque architecture in Western Europe. The English author and traveler, Sir R. C. Hoar, in his tour of Ireland writes: "The stone Chapel of Cormac at Cashel is nowhere to be surpassed and is itself a host in point of remote and singular antiquity."



NAVE OF CASHEL CATHEDRAL.

In this historic chapel in the year 1172, following the visit of Henry II, was convened that momentous synod of Cashel when the document known as the Bull of Pope Adrian granting the English sovereignty in Ireland was read to the assembled Irish prelates. This document, purporting to be the will of the English Pontiff, was secured as everyone knows by the misrepresentations of "the false King Henry."

The round tower is of remote antiquity. Other ancient structures erected on the Rock of Cashel in pre-Christian times were removed to make room for

the chapel and its adjoining castle. Certain it is that when St. Patrick came to Cashel in the fifth century he was entertained there in the palace of the king. We read in the old Irish records that one of the words for an idol was "idal," pointing to "a derivation from Greek through Latin," and that the native term for an idol was "arracht." As the legend runs: "When St. Patrick went to Cashel all the arrachts in King Angus' palace fell on their faces like Dagon before the ark."

CHANCEL OF CASHEL CATHEDRAL.

It is the pride and glory of the Church in Ireland that Erin was the only country in the world in which Christianity was received with open arms; in which the noble and kindly and scholarly pagans shed not a drop of Christian blood. In this respect the story of Cashel is the story of all Ireland. We read that after St. Patrick had established Christianity in Leinster in permanent form, he went on to Munster where there were already some Christians, and a few churches founded by the four priests who had been doing missionary work before his arrival.

"He went directly toward Cashel in the territory of Eoganach the place where King Angus, the son of Nadfraoch, at that time resided," writes the Abbé Mac-Geoghegan. The account of his reception is strikingly illustrative of the courteous hospitality of the ancient Irish princes. King Angus, "being informed of the sanctity and virtues of the holy apostle, came forth to meet him in the plain of Femyn, a territory which surrounds Cashel, since called * * * Golden-Vale." Here the monarch received the apostle "with every mark of distinction and respect, and brought him to his city of Cashel, where he heard the word of God, and was converted, together with his whole court."

The first Christian king of Munster appears to have been of heroic mould. During the ceremony of baptism, St. Patrick, leaning upon his iron-pointed pastoral staff, accidentally rested the staff upon the foot of the king, which it pierced, causing the new Christian intense pain, which he endured silently until the ceremony was ended, when some one discovered what had happened. The apostle instantly removed the staff, expressing his regret at the mishap, and asking why the king had not complained. To which Angus responded that he had

supposed the piercing of the foot to be part of the baptismal rite!

The priests who were found preaching the Gospel in Ireland before the arrival of St. Patrick were Ailbe, Declan, Kieran and Ibar. These four came to Cashel to assist St. Patrick at the synod which the apostle had convoked.

"Some differences arose about the primacy, which those saints, who, like him, had received their mission from the Holy See, would not at first acknowledge in St. Patrick. However, their charity stifled every sentiment opposed to the cause of Jesus Christ. Those saints were confirmed, at that synod, in the possession of the churches they had founded: that of Imleach-Jobhuir, otherwise Emly, in Tipperary, founded by St. Ailbe, was made the metropolitan of the whole province."

St. Ailbe who thus became the first Bishop of Cashel and Emly, is called by the annalists, "the second St. Patrick." His wonder-working life, and the eventful history of his beloved Emly, are full of interest, but there is no space for a detailed account of him within the compass of this article. Suffice it to say, that Emly, the first See in Ireland, once renowned for its abbeys and schools, is today a little village where neither relic nor ruin of its former importance can be noted save St. Ailbe's Cross in the ancient graveyard and St. Ailbe's Holy Well. On Emly's "patron day," the feast of St. Ailbe, September 12th, pilgrims from all parts of the South of Ireland journey to make the "rounds" from the Cross to the Well. It is the custom in Emly to name the first boy of a family "Ailbe," which is pronounced "Ellby" and shortened to "Ellie." At present there are eighteen nuns in different orders throughout Ireland, who bear in religion the name of the patron of Emly, in the form of "Albeus." The history of Emly and its great services to Church and country are not to be forgotten.

O'KEARNEY'S CASTLE TO-DAY.

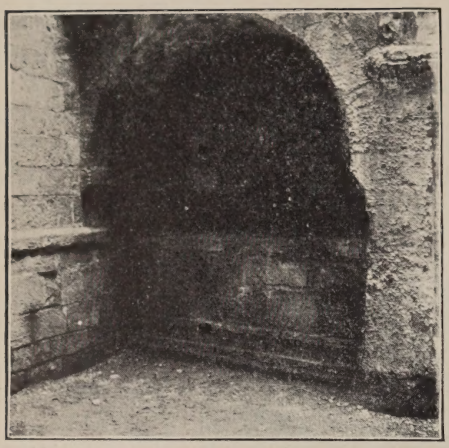
To the piety and zeal of the present successor of Ailbe, Very Rev. Maurice Canon Power, is due the erection of a beauti-

ful Gothic church in Emly, dedicated to St. Ailbe, and showing in marble sculpture and stained glass windows the story of St. Patrick, St. Cormac of Cashel, St. Ailbe of Emly, the venerated Archbishop O'Hurley of Cashel, and that other heroic martyr, Bishop O'Brien of Emly, who were confirmation of his belief in the prophecy, and his horror at its speedy fulfilment.

To this day the ancient supremacy of Emly is commemorated in the title "Archbishop of Cashel and Emly." Until the twelfth century Emly continued to

THE LATE MOST REV. DR. CROKE, ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL AND EMLY.

suffered under Ireton and who, with his last breath summoned the tyrant before the tribunal of God. One of the most tragic instances of justice in all history was the sudden and mysterious death of Ireton within twenty-four hours after he had burned the martyr. His last words be the Metropolis of the Province, when the increasing ecclesiastical importance of Cashel was made paramount in the gift of King Murtough O'Brien who ceded to the Church all the buildings upon the Rock of Cashel, including his own castle, the old strong-hold "Cash-

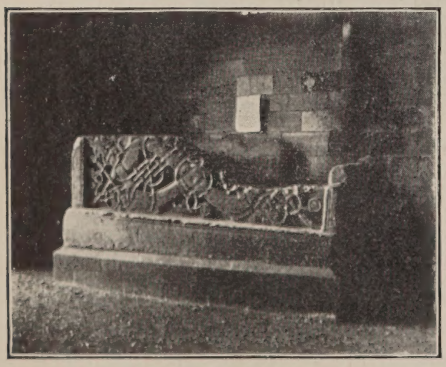


THE NICHE WHICH CONTAINED THE STONE COFFIN OF KING CORMAC.

Beneath, a century ago, was found the (bronze) crosier of St. Patrick, now preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

el of the Kings," thus becoming what it has remained to this day — "Cashel of the Pilgrims."

St. Patrick, leaving his royal convert to the spiritual ministrations of St. Ailbe, proceeded toward the Shannon in the work of his apostolate. Following his blessing of the Rock, Christianity prospered throughout the Province. It would require volumes to tell of the civil, military, and ecclesiastical events immediately connected with the Rock of Cashel, from the time of St. Patrick's visit to the "Reformation" massacres.



STONE SARCOPHAGUS OF CORMAC, BISHOP AND KING OF MUNSTER, AND BUILDER OF CORMAC'S CHAPEL.

Within the limitations of a magazine article we can glimpse in reviewing the flight of years only personages memorably historical such as the first King Cormac, poet, bishop, historian, and saint, whose reign according to the Annals, was, "A period rich in all earthly blessings; an interval of sunshine between past and coming storms, in whose cheering light religion and learning revived, the song of peace was again heard upon the hills, and the smile of returning prosperity diffused brightness over the whole face of the land."

We can see, too, the majestic figure of Brian Boru, King of Munster and High King of Erin, exercising sovereignty from his castle upon the Rock which he had fortified; we can see his descendant, Murtough O'Brien, King of Munster, in an assembly of the clergy, convened at Cashel, voluntarily surrendering the Rock to the Church. Here ruled King Cormac McCarthy who, if he did not actually found the beautiful stone chapel ascribed to the earlier Bishop-King Cormac, at least restored and completed in its present beauty "Cormac's Chapel." After him, King Domnal O'Brien, founder of the great Gothic cathedral in 1169; then, Henry of England receiving the homage of the same O'Brien upon the Rock three years later; next, Edward the Bruce attending Mass in the Cathedral on Palm Sunday, 1316, and in the following century we see Archbishop O'Hedian who built the Hall of Vicars Choral and who had the honor of English reprehension. We may behold, too, the "wild Geraldine" surnamed the "Great Earl" of Kildare, in a foray of vengeance upon Archbishop Creagh, surrounding and setting fire to the Cathedral. Summoned before Henry VII, Shakespeare's Richmond and the last avowedly Catholic King of England, the culprit made the most astonishing defence on record. "Sire," said the au-

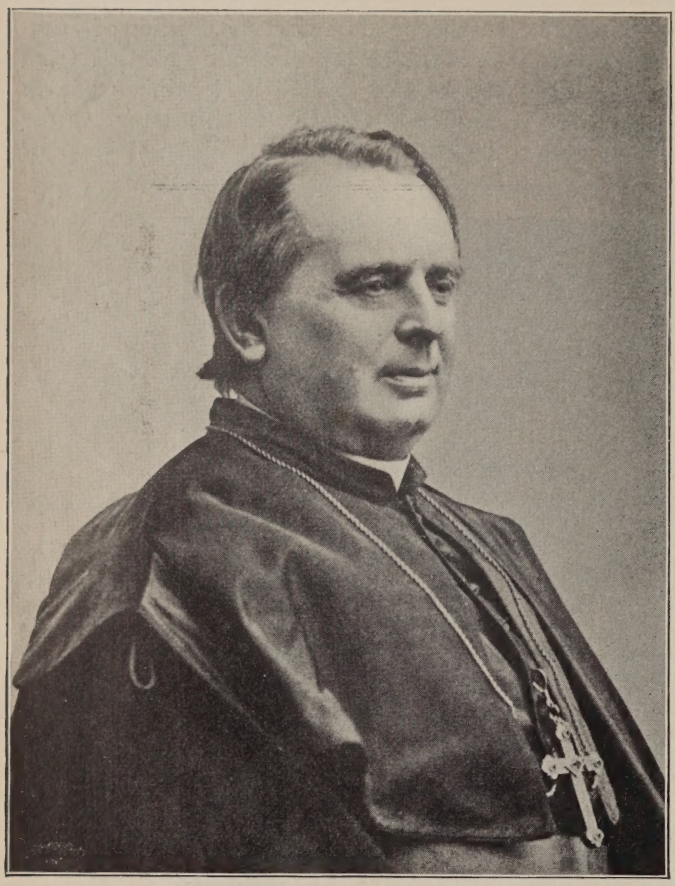
dacious Norman-Irishman, "I would never have burned the building but that I thought the Archbishop was inside!" Such was the rough humor of the times that the wild Earl seems not to have been reproached Maurice, Archbishop of Cashel, with the incontestable fact that from the time of St. Patrick's mission not an Irish bishop had suffered martyrdom for the faith; to which the Archbishop of

MOST REV. DR. FENNELLY, PRESENT ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL AND EMLY.

From a mezzotint portrait by Lafayette, Dublin. Reproduced here through the courtesy of Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Phila.

punished by the King for his sacrilege, of which he appears to have repented later.

That prejudiced Welch historian known as "Giraldus Cambrensis" once Cashel replied, "It is true that our nation may seem to be barbarous, uncultivated, and cruel; yet our people have always shown reverence and honor to men of the Church and never have they raised



MOST REV. P. J. RYAN, D.D.

their hands in violence against the Saints of God. But there is now come among us a people" (the Norman-English) "who not only know how, but have been accustomed to make martyrs. From henceforth, therefore, Ireland will, like other nations, have her martyrs.

The sarcastic prediction was to be fulfilled in most sanguinary fashion. Passing over the reign of Henry VIII, so disastrous to the Church in England and so singularly harmless in Ireland, we find the fiendish policy of Elizabeth and her advisers bearing most terrible fruit in the unhappy island. Miler McGrath the apostate, Elizabeth's appointee to the See of Cashel, enjoyed the false honors and very real revenues of the diocese while the rightful Archbishop, the great Dermod O'Hurley, was preparing to walk the path which was destined to lead him to torture and death.

Archbishop O'Hurley's adventures are as thrilling as the chapters of a romantic novel. His life, of peculiar interest in this, the year of his beatification, has been most admirably written by Cardinal Moran. An excellent biography of the martyr is also to be found in the introduction to the "Analecta" of David Rothe, Bishop of Ossory, translated by Cardinal Moran when his Eminence occupied the See of Ossory. A short life of Archbishop O'Hurley was written some years ago by Very Rev. Dean Kinnane of Cashel: this volume, however, is now out of print. A few words must serve here to outline a glorious career!

Dermod O'Hurley (Irish, O'Uetherle) was born in the year 1519 "within a few miles of Limerick" according to Cardinal Moran, although Froude states with his usual facile inaccuracy in Irish affairs that the great Archbishop of Cashel was a native of Kilkenny. Last summer the present writer saw a ruin, which for centuries, has been called "O'Hurley's Castle." The crumbling stone tower and walls, quite evidently ante-dating the Tudor period, stand upon the brow of a hill near Knocklong in the County Limerick. There is little doubt that this was the seat of the O'Hurley family and the home of the future saint.

He was educated at Louvain, where

he won his degrees in Theology and Canon and Civil Law. He taught philosophy at Louvain for some years; subsequently he held the Chair of Canon Law at Rheims. He was appointed Archbishop of Cashel in the Consistory of September 11, 1581. After his consecration in Rome he tarried in the Eternal City preparing for the mission whose hardships and perils no one understood better than he, Munster-born as he was. The new prelate was obliged to steal into his native country where he landed at Skerries, near Donegal, probably conveyed into port by a fishing-smack. The spies of Elizabeth were everywhere ready to earn a liberal reward by seizing upon a "Popish priest" for delivery to the butchers of the Reformation. The Archbishop was obliged to travel in disguise and to conceal his whereabouts even from his closest friends. A whole romance might be written of his travels through a country sentineled by the enemies of the Church. Despite their vigilance, the zealous shepherd managed to exercise his pastoral functions whenever and wherever he could among the passionately loyal people. He had forwarded his baggage by a Wexford merchant bound for Waterford and he followed on foot or by whatever conveyance he could secure, accompanied by only one priest, Father John Dillon, who shared the perils of his superior. By a mischance Father Dillon was recognized by a Government agent with the malignant name of Baal. Later, he was arrested and escaped hanging only through the influence of his brother, then chief Baron of the Exchequer. In the meantime, to shun the dangers threatening them, the two devoted soldiers of Christ sought refuge in a secret chamber in the castle of the Baron of Slane. The Government officer continued on the alert, and with a change of disguise the Archbishop and the priest proceeded cautiously down through Cavan and Longford until they reached Carrick-on-Suir within the confines of the Archbishop's own diocese. Here they were sheltered at the castle of "Black Thomas," the Earl of Ormonde, a secret friend of all his Catholic countrymen, although he was so much of a politician as to conform outwardly to the "reformed" religion in order to keep the favor of Elizabeth, and, incidentally to keep his estates, which any symptom of "Papistry" would have forfeited. When the Earl extended hospitality to the Archbishop of Cashel, the prelate, ardently eager to serve his flock, made a pilgrimage from Carrick to Holy Cross Abbey near Thurles where he administered Confirmation to some of his faithful people. The ceremony did not escape the attention of the spies; the Lords Justices were informed. Their zeal, accelerated by the prospective forfeiture of a rich estate, made them quick to summon Baron Slane to account for the presence of the suspected strangers.

Alarmed for the safety of the venerated Archbishop, the Baron set out for Carrick-on-Suir to overtake his late guest. When acquainted with the danger that threatened his host, Archbishop O'Hurley nobly surrendered himself at once to the Government officers at Carrick. The miscreants bound the saintly prelate with chains and led him to Kilkenny. Here some of the citizens secretly visited him in jail to receive the sacraments. From Kilkenny he was taken to Dublin and thrown into the public city dungeons, where for nine months he suffered most terrible privations and tortures.

The infamous torture of the "Boots" out-Neroed Nero, whose character was infantile as compared with that of the fiends who served Elizabeth too well. The brave and holy servant of God was led to the prison yard where long tin boots were ready filled with oil and but-

ter.' Into these instruments his feet were forced, and then fire was kindled under them. While the hot oil, blistering the flesh, caused him the most excruciating agony, the Government agents put him to the "question" about the supposed treasons which they wished to fasten upon him, at the same time calling upon him to renounce his faith and to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy enjoined by the head of the church — the pious Elizabeth. Archbishop O'Hurley with all the heroic constancy of the martyrs of old, remained firm and serene throughout the agonizing torture, repeating over and over the aspiration "Jesu Miserere Mei!" It is not easy even to read a detailed account of this fiendish "punishment," such as is given by O'Sullivan Beare. When the "boots" were removed, the flesh was melted away and the bones were laid bare. In a fainting condition the martyr was led back to his cell and healing lotions applied that he might not die with merciful swiftness.

No treason could be proved against the innocent man, and the Government, eager for his death could find no pretext for the scaffold since the letter of the law did not yet inflict the extreme penalty on the clergy merely for profession of faith. The Carew state papers, which came to light only in recent years, show us how expedients were found. English officials in Ireland wrote letters to the Queen recommending death for all "Brehons, Carriaghes, bards, rhymers, friars, monks, Jesuits, nuns, and such like" by act of Parliament. No act was passed. What need, when the mere suggestion was enforced without parliamentary sanction. On the 29th of June, 1584, (19th of June, old style), fully two months after the torture, the warrant for Archbishop O'Hurley's execution was signed by the Lords Justices, Adam Loftus the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Henry Wallop. Upon the following morning, the great and good and brave Christian was led out to execution. We are told that for greater ignominy he was hanged with a straw rope. The scene of martyrdom was a lonely spot in what was then the outskirts of the city. This place is now one of the sights of Dublin, St. Stephen's Green Park, which was beautified and presented to the metropolis some years ago by Lord Ardilaun, one of the Guinnesses. The present Catholic University church opposite St. Stephen's Green marks the site of the martyrdom. The remains were interred by the Government at the place of execution, but William Fitzsimon, a devout citizen of Dublin, placed the relics of the martyr in an urn deep in the ruinous chapel of St. Kevin. The old churchyard of St. Kevin still marks the spot.

So passed the rightful Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, while the usurper of the see, the apostate Miler McGrath, flourished under circumstances of great scandal even to his by no means austere co-religionists. The Queen's Archbishop, as McGrath was called, enjoys the unenviable distinction of having been the solitary apostate prelate of the Irish race in all history. His monument erected by himself long before his death is one of the curiosities of the Cashel Cathedral. In the epitaph composed by the "subject," and still to be deciphered, the wretched renegade boasts of having served England and her princes for fifty years; at the same time he begs his countrymen not to judge him for his motives, quoting Scripture for his purpose "with the impudent faceelity of the divil." Davis White's translation of the Latin inscription runs thus:

Patrick the glory of our Isle and gown,
First sat as bishop in the See of Down,
I wish that I succeeded him in place,
As bishop had an equal share of grace.
I served thee, England, fifty years in jars

And pleased thy princes in the midst of wars.
Here where I'm placed, I'm not, and thus the case is.
I am in both — yet not in both the places!
"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."
"He that judgeth me is the Lord."

This absurdly knavish turn-coat was permitted to live to the venerable age of one hundred and one! For his soul's sake keeping an eye upon the priests who secretly passed through the country, he is said to have summoned one when his last hour drew nigh, but although the priest responded promptly to the appeal of the misguided apostate the poor old sinner, long as his life had been, had waited too late and he died with all the burden of his guilt upon him.

The grass-grown floor of the roofless Cathedral is paved with tombs, many of them, as indicated by the crosses, covering the remains of the "rale" Archbishops and of the "reformed" variety. One of the tombstones bears a baton sinister upon the shield showing that the "archbishop" was illegitimate. He was a son of one of the Protestant Butlers, whose political influence was all-powerful. The inscription on an adjoining tomb lauds the virtues of another successor of Miler McGrath, and generously praises also his "wives" of whom this Anglican Archbishop had no fewer than three.

The walls of the Cathedral and castle are six feet thick throughout. Here and there are passages for the choristers and for servants employed in the castle, who heard Mass in the gallery. Although the Cathedral seems modern beside Cormac's Chapel it is one of the most ancient edifices in the West of Europe, dating from the year 1169 when it was built by King Domnal O'Brien — a most marvelous and truly kingly undertaking, representing a vast outlay of money, a miracle of labor and the highest degree of mediæval art. The famous English architect, Sir George Street, R.A., who had measured the building, informed Davis White, the antiquarian, that the Cashel Cathedral was the most perfect model of proportion he had ever seen. Today, after nigh a thousand years, the eternal solidity of the roofless walls, the airy grace of the windowless arches, impress the beholder with the deepest reverence for the old-time builders the perfection of whose work is the despair of latter-day architects.

Erected on a plain or near a quarry the group of buildings would still remain a marvel of architectural skill. When it is understood, however, that every stone was borne to the top of the lofty Rock of Cashel from the quarries of Drumbane, nine miles distant, and that the pillars of black marble were conveyed from Kilkenny, forty miles away, the accomplishment seems to savor of the supernatural.

Indeed, tradition has invested the wonderful buildings with eerie tales of wizard workers. The "Gobaun Saer," half fairy, half human, and his eleven journeymen masons are buried at Lurgo, seven miles east of Cashel, and these wonder-workers about whom a volume of folk-lore might be collected, are said to have been concerned in the rearing of the apparently indestructible walls which neither the attacks of vicious and powerful besiegers nor the deadly decay of centuries of neglect have been able to undermine.

What is supposed to be the oldest circular stone staircase extant leads to the great central tower. Half way up the one hundred and twenty-two triangular steps is the kitchen of the castle where there is a remarkable chimney. Of this chimney Davis White says, "It would seem that when it was built the principle of the arch was not understood." The great hearth is large enough to roast an ox whole. The dining hall, a few steps

higher, can be reached only by walking along the top of a wall; there is a curious passage or shaft between the kitchen and dining room which would seem to indicate that so ingenious a contrivance as the modern dumb-waiter for the conveyance of food and the removal of dishes was not unknown to the "barbarians" of Ireland eight hundred years ago.

Everyone climbs to the top of the Cathedral tower, whence a glorious view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Up the steps to the tower-top long ago fled the women and children from the fanatic soldiers of Cromwell, and hither, too, were borne the old and the sickly who had no means of defence. The Cromwellians knew no pity; they regarded neither age nor sex nor debility. The infants, the helpless women, the defenceless old people were stabbed or brained to death, or flung from the battlements to the precipitous rocks below.

The great Hugh O'Neill had re-taken Cashel from the Elizabethans. After the crushing of the Northern chieftain, the Rock and the City of the Kings passed once more into English hands. In 1641 Philip O'Dwyer and the Confederation of Kilkenny again handed Cashel over to its native owners. For six years the Catholic Irish defended their ancient stronghold against the assaults of a greedy and persistent enemy. Then, when the besieged were exhausted and depleted, arrived powerful re-inforcements to the Cromwellian assailants who promptly entered upon the last siege of Cashel.

The Day of Massacre (1647), one of the blackest days in Ireland's history, was the supreme day of martyrdom in Cashel of the Kings. An enormous force of Cromwell's soldiery, generaled by the murderous renegade, "Murrough of the Burnings" stormed the city, plundering and murdering as they went. The unarmed people sought sanctuary in the Cathedral upon the Rock of Cashel, defended only by the dauntless little garrison of three hundred men. Inchquin and his followers scaled the walls and tried to make terms with the soldiers, who were offered permission to depart with all their arms and ammunition and all the honors of war provided that the clergy and people be abandoned to the mercy of the fanatics. The gallant little army — soldiers of Christ everyone — scorned the offer, refusing to listen to any conditions which did not guarantee the safety of the priests and the people whom they had undertaken to defend. "They chose," wrote a survivor of the terrible day, "rather to consecrate their lives to God on that Rock of St. Patrick than to allow the sanctuary to be profaned by heretics."

Their dauntless answer maddened the besiegers, who at once renewed the assault. The conflict so unequal could not last long. In a very little while the seven thousand assailants were within the walls and in another little while the sanguinary ruffians had steeped themselves in the blood of the innocent. Altars, chapel, sacristy were covered with the dead. "In no place could the foot rest on anything save on the corpses of the slain," according to the graphic narrative of the Irish Superior of the Jesuits. Of priests alone, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans, from the abbeys of Cashel, no fewer than thirty perished in the sanctuary, rejecting to the last any offer of life and liberty accompanied by renunciation of the Faith. Some of the names of these martyrs have come down to us: William Boyton, S.J., two Theobald Stapletons, one the author of an Irish catechism printed in Roman type, the other, chancellor of the Cathedral, two Franciscan Fathers, Richard Butler and James Saul, and the heroic martyr Father Redmond Barry, Prior of the Do-

minican Abbey, who was singled out for especial trial. The story of his resistance and death is one of the most glorious in the annals of Christendom.

The venerable old man who survived, when all the other priests had shed their blood, attracted the attention of the arch-ruffian leader. Saintly Father Barry appears to have been a most impressive personage. In his boyhood he had been known as "handsome Redmond Barry," and in his old age, as he stood like a lion facing a multitude of hyenas, his personal beauty, even in that hour of carnage seems to have captivated the eye of murderous Murrough. His tall stately figure, robed in the picturesque habiliments of his Order, his silver hair framing his noble face, the saintly Dominican calmly awaited the attack of the assassins. Struck by the dignity and sweetness of the old friar's bearing, Inchquin became magnanimous. He extended a second urgent invitation to the priest to forsake his faith. He did not require him even to speak the words. "Your life is your own," said he, "provided you fling off that habit. If you cling to such a banner, verily you peril life itself!"

The grand old hero replied gently that his habit was an emblem of the Passion of his Redeemer and represented what was more dear to him than life. With astonishment the soldiers saw that their leader, instead of striking down the Papist at once, offered him another chance for his life, advising him not to indulge in "a blind passion for martyrdom" when the world offered him so much. Finding him firm, Inchquin sought to move him from his resolution by detailing the tortures which awaited him. The heroic priest was as immovable to threats as to temptations.

Thereupon, the Puritan general gave orders to his soldiers to bind the old friar to a stone chair and to light a fire under his feet. His martyrdom was as unflinching as Archbishop O'Hurley's in the preceding century. His hands were free, and to the last moment he held his crucifix as high as his strength would enable him, all the while commending himself to Jesus, the Martyr of Calvary. The unspeakable tormentors kept the fire "slow" that the agony might be longer, and for two hours the inhuman persecutors roasted the venerable Abbot until a martyr's death crowned his agony.

The temper of Cromwell's adherents was murderously fanatic, to a degree impossible to conceive in these saner days. The language of a Puritan pamphlet of the time distributed among the soldiers, and quoted by Cardinal Moran in his history of the persecutions, shows that the parliamentary troops were anything but the "plain, sane men" for whom their latter-day apologists profess such unbounded admiration:

"Curseth be he that holdeth back his sword from blood," runs this "religious" document, "yea curseth be he that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood — that maketh them not heaps and their country a dwelling place for dragons, an astonishment to nations. Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand be spared that pities or spares them; and let him be accursed that curses them not bitterly!"

Before Cromwell's ignorant and ruthless depredators had stormed the Rock the Cathedral, although for a time in the hands of the Protestants, suffered no injury. Now, however, the altars were overthrown, the glorious paintings cut from their frames and used for bedding for the horses, and the destroyers paraded through the ruined city attired in the sacred vestments.

They had despoiled the sanctuary, they had murdered the priests and the unarmed people; their last act upon leaving the desecrated Cathedral, whose splendid walls they could not demolish, was to

behead the great crucifix at the entrance to the choir, and to amputate the hands and feet of the beautiful image of their Saviour. Nothing remained but the mock procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of the fallen city, where the dead still lay unburied, their homes in ashes, their abbeys and churches reduced to smoke-blackened walls.

Not many escaped to tell the tale of the terribly unequal conflict between seven thousand armed besiegers and the helpless townspeople defended by only a few hundred soldiers. One of the survivors who made his way west out of the hands of the murderers was Father Saul, S. J., a brother of one of the martyrs. In a letter to Father Young of the Society of Jesus, written on November 1st, 1647, while remembrance and grief were still fresh and poignant, Father Saul paid tribute to the unswerving Catholicity of the soldiers of the little garrison. The full text of this letter is quoted by Father Edward Murphy in the Appendix to his "Cromwell in Ireland — The Destruction of Moore Abbey." Here is an extract from this testimony of an eye-witness of the massacre:

"On they come with lightning speed," (the troops of Cromwell), "on their way throwing firebrands into the monastery of the Friars Minor and burning it." Then follows a graphic description of the burning of the city, and the dirge of one who loved old Cashel of the Kings. "What we hope for now is that Cashel may not become a by-word among men, and may acquire greater glory by its losses for the faith than by its triumphs. * * * While we mourn that loved ones are no more, we rejoice that they are crowned with the martyrs' crown above, and it is not wrong to think that their souls are in bliss. For, on the night preceding the destruction of the city, when we went to the soldiers of the garrison we found them compliant beyond measure and prepared to shed their blood for the Faith. Before they engaged the enemy all cleansed their consciences by confession, and received the Bread of Life. But if they are still detained in the cleansing fire of Purgatory, I recommend them most earnestly to the prayers of your Reverence and the rest of the Fathers on the day of the Commemoration of the Souls of the Faithful Departed."

The "greater glory" has come to Cashel of the Kings in 1906, (two hundred and fifty-nine years after her Day of Massacre), by way of the *Processus Apostolicus* which is to lead to the beatification of her martyrs.

Once, and once only, (as recorded in a previous article), has the Holy Sacrafice been offered in the Cathedral upon the Rock since the massacre of 1647. A natural question is, "May the buildings ever be restored to their rightful uses — and to their rightful owners?" "Some time," is hopeful, if indefinite. In a fine poem, too long to quote here in its entirety, Very Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D., of Maynooth, prophesies a new dawn for the sacred Shrine of Cashel:

Love of my love and temple of my God!
How would I now clasp thee
Close to my heart, and even as thou wast trod,
So with thee trodden be!
Oh, for one hour a thousand years ago,
Within thy precincts dim,
To hear the chant, in deep and measured flow,
Of psalmody and hymn!
To see of priests the long and white array,
Around thy silver shrines — * * *
To see the Prince of Cashel o'er the rest,
Their prelate and their king,
The sacred bread and chalice by him blest,
Earth's holiest offering.

* * * * * *

Thy glory in a crimson tide went down,
Beneath the cloven hoof.
Altar and priest, mitre, and cope, and crown,
And choir, and arch, and roof.

Oh, but to see when thou wilt rise again —
For thou again wilt rise,
And with the splendors of thy second reign
Dazzle a nation's eyes!
Children of those who made thee what thou wast,
Shall lift thee from the tomb,
And clothe thee, for the spoiling of the past,
In more celestial bloom.
And psalm, and hymn, and gold, and precious stones,
And gems beyond all price,
And priest, and altar, o'er the martyrs' bones,
And daily sacrifice.
And endless prayer, and crucifix, and shrine,
And all religion's dower,
And thronging worshippers shall yet be thine —
Oh, but to see that hour!
And who shall smite thee then? — and who shall see
Thy second glory o'er?
When they who make thee free themselves are free,
To fall no more!

The blessing of St. Patrick still hallows the venerable Rock of Cashel, the sanctity of Cormac, Bishop and King, is a heritage shared by the priests and prelates of the diocese, at home and abroad. The late Archbishop Croke, a giant in physique as in intellect, a flame of piety as of patriotism, was a Gael of the Gaels, as devoted to the old tongue as was his brother prelate, the immortal "John of Tuam," Archbishop MacHale. Thanks to the zealous energy of the late Archbishop of Cashel, the Irish language is spoken to-day in every truly Irish home and taught in every school in the South of Ireland. The present honored and beloved Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, is an eminently capable successor to Dr. Croke. From Thurles, the modern seat of the archdiocese of Cashel came "the Bossuet of America," Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia: from Thurles, too, Bishop Bonacum of Lincoln, Neb. From Clonmel, Bishop Prendergast of Philadelphia; and, assuredly, the Archbishop and Bishop of the City of Brotherly Love are splendid examples of Tipperary's long-renowned line of "big men." Monsignor Ryan, Vicar-General of Dubuque, hails from historic little Emly. It would be interesting to have a roll-call of the priests and bishops all over the world who were born in the arch-diocese of Cashel.

"The dead have not died in vain." The light that burned through the ages upon the Rock of Cashel has given flame to many a torch for the enlightenment of the dark places of the world. The royal purple of the kings has vanished from the Golden Vale, but still in the valley of the Suir and in the distances beyond the seas the purple of prelatic dignity renews the ancient glory of Cashel of the Kings, whose highest pride was not of place or power or riches, but of faith unsullied by temptation, unbroken by persecution, unconquerable by death.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Psalm 129.

BY HENRY COYLE.

Out of the deeps, O Lord, I cry to Thee,
Hear Thou the soul's prayer — O pity me!
If Thou wilt mark iniquity and wrong,
Who, without sin, may stand before Thee, strong?

With Thee there is forgiveness. I may win
Thy mercy, Lord, and pardon for my sin.
In deeps of sorrow I no longer grope —
For I have faith — I trust Thy word and hope!

My prayers like incense heavenward rise
From morn till night; on Thee my soul relies:
O God of Israel, hear Thou my plea:
"Clamini, Domine, Exaudi me!"

THE BROWN GLOVE.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

It was peaceful within, although stormy enough without. Though the night was still young, snowdrifts as high as the windows were already piled high up against the tight little cottage of the Fairview farm. Every now and then, a sudden patter of snow against the panes told of the unabated violence of the storm, which had begun late in the afternoon and now threatened to last all night.

Gathered about the table in the living room of the cottage were three persons. A ruddy-faced, medium-sized man, whose features just now wrinkled with troubled thought, bespoke habitual good nature and jollity; a sweet-faced woman with eyes of a haunting sadness and hair just touched with gray; and a bright-cheeked, pretty girl of fifteen.

"Well," said the man, lifting a steaming glass of punch to his lips as a gust of wind shook the house, "with it all, we still have the house above our heads. And that is something a night like this. When I came up from town this afternoon after finding it was all true about the bank, that the teller had skipped with the money and that we were liable to lose our five hundred, I was that blue I fairly dreaded to come into the house. It seemed as if the whole world of a sudden had gone black, for somehow, I kept hoping it wasn't all as bad as the papers said! But now somehow, with this cozy fire, and mother here on one side, and Eileen here on the other, things don't seem half so bad. They don't, for a fact!"

His wife smiled cheerily, though her heart was heavy enough. The loss of the money although it did not reduce them to penury, curtailed their prospective joys to a painful extent. A dozen cherished plans faded into nothing at all. There was Eileen's piano, which had seemed such a pleasant certainty but a few hours ago, the prospective possession of which was now postponed for years. There was her own new hat, and Tom's new coat. All had gone the way of many another dream. And as dreams of any kind were rather a scarce commodity on the little New England farm, Mrs. Desmond sighed. A world of bitterness welled up in her heart for the man who had ruined so many homes by his dishonesty.

"They say he's but a young fellow, too," she said aloud, "that he was always pleasant and respectable?"

"Oh, the teller, you mean?" exclaimed her husband. "I don't know that I'd remember him now. I never notice any of them much, except Scott, the cashier. Shouldn't wonder but what this fellow was pleasant and off handed. They usually are, nowadays — with someone else's money. He got away from them neat enough."

"How did he do it?" asked the young girl, speaking for the first time. To no one perhaps, did this unlooked for event bring keener disappointment.

"Why, the examiner discovers something wrong and sends for young Wilson, to come to the cashier's private office. Young Wilson excuses himself for a moment, fills a bag with twenty, some say fifty thousand, in bills, slips down through the basement and out. Whatever the amount he took, it's closed the bank for a time, so it must have been considerable. Now they're all on the hunt for him."

"Was he married?" asked Mrs. Desmond, with just a hint of pity in her voice.

"No! He lived with an aunt, an old lady in Norwich."

"There's someone knocking at the door!" cried Eileen suddenly.

"Nonsense! At this hour? Who'd be out in the country a night like this?" demanded her father incredulously, as the wind rattled casements and doors noisily.

"There! I told you!" repeated the girl, with paling cheeks. "There it is again. There *is* someone at the door!"

"There's Cato's bark, too," cried her father, springing to his feet, while the two women looked at each other anxiously, as the smothered bay of the collie broke upon the night. In the sudden lull of the storm there came a prolonged knock.

Tom Desmond walked to the door and boldly flung it open. There stood a man in a great-coat, with a collar about his ears. Great patches of snow lay thick upon his shoulders and powdered the front of his coat. He looked as if he had been walking for many hours, through heavy drifts.

"I fear I have lost my way. May I beg your hospitality — for an hour or so?" he asked, in a clear, musical voice that had a peculiar lilt to it. Something about the voice won Tom Desmond's heart at once. Although he was seldom inclined to accord the privileges of his house to strangers, he said heartily,

"Come in, come in! I don't know who you may be. But it would be bad luck to refuse anyone a night like this!"

The stranger hurriedly obeyed, and stamped into the little hall. There, Tom, promptly handing him a broom with which he brushed the snow from his feet, saw that the stranger carried a traveling case which he deposited upon the floor while he took off his coat.

"I am but a sorry visitor to come in upon you unannounced in weather like this," he began, with that undefinable air of gentle breeding that cannot be hidden any more than it can be simulated, "but the circumstances must be my excuse. I left the train at Norwich intending to ride across country to a friend of mine near here, for a stay over the holiday. But I missed the rig, or the rig missed me, and unwisely I started to walk it. I soon perceived I had missed my way. And was almost exhausted and quite bewildered when the light from this house caught my eye. I tell you, sir, no storm-driven mariner ever hailed a light with greater joy."

"You may thank my little Eileen for that, sir," said Tom. "'Tis she who always sees to it that the little red lamp is lighted and placed here in the hall on stormy nights."

Now that the newcomer was divested of his great-coat it seemed as if he thereupon shrank to half his size. Outside in the doorway, with the half light of the snow and the night upon him he had loomed up large and forbidding, whereas now he proved to be a pleasant young man of medium height and build, graceful alike in gesture and speech.

"If you'll step into the room here," said Tom, cordially, "you can meet the missus and the little girl. I was just sitting down to a glass of punch. It will do you no harm I'll wager to have a taste."

The young man thanked him.

"It will do me all the good in the world, I am sure," he said, "for, frankly, I *am* cold!" He shivered slightly and followed his host into the living room.

"I trust I am not intruding," he began apologetically, and Mrs. Desmond, like her husband, was immediately won by his voice and manner. Eileen gazed at him shyly, her fears quite forgotten in the contemplation of this handsome stranger, who did not seem so very much older than herself. Something very like a blush stole in upon his face as he turned suddenly and found her contemplating him.

"'Tis a bitter night, sir," said Mrs.

Desmond, "and we are only too happy to give you a shelter. We are plain people, sir, but you are welcome to what we have."

Mrs. Desmond was Irish and the warm-hearted generosity of her race rang true in the words she spoke. The stranger smiled appreciatively, and drew near the open fire which burned with a warm glow upon the hearth.

"I thank you!" he returned, simply. "It is very homelike here. If I owned this house I should feel like sitting by that inviting fire — forever!" A sudden note of weariness had crept into his voice, and his eyes dropped with a sudden air of dejection, to the floor, as though in his abstraction he had quite forgotten his surroundings. Intuitively, Mrs. Desmond fathomed that some trouble or grief weighed upon his soul. And for anyone who grieved the good woman had sincere sympathy.

"You are tired and chilled, sir," she cried impulsively, drawing a chair for him at the table, "after you have had a glass of good warm punch you will feel much better."

With a quick change of manner, the stranger seemed to fling off the brooding thoughts that wrapped him about and entering into the spirit of these whole-souled people became quite gay and vivacious. Very soon they were sitting about the fire on the hearth, while he regaled them with witty anecdotes, bright snatches of travel, and fantastic tales of other lands, until they felt as if they had known him for years, instead of minutes. It seemed to be tacitly understood that he was to remain the night, although he had but specified a stay of a few hours. Yet, through all his brilliant flow of story and wit, Mrs. Desmond felt that there was an undercurrent of quiet reserve which convinced her that he meant to tell nothing of his real self. She felt he was a mystery and marveled at the strange chance that had thrown him across their path. At times, his face was strangely haggard and worn and he seemed to age in a few moments; but these were but brief lapses, which he quickly cloaked in added gayety.

"And this is the good angel, to whom I am indebted for all this hospitality," he said at length, with a bright smile at Eileen, "the fairy of the red lamp! But for the red lamp, Heaven only knows where I'd be at this moment!"

Eileen's face grew steeped in carmine with sudden strange pleasure, as he took both her hands in his. The woman within her, as yet hardly known to herself, was gratified at his notice.

"If I were a fairy prince," he continued gaily, "I should reward you with half my kingdom, or perhaps all of it for having sheltered the homeless."

"You would not need to give a kingdom," returned Eileen, smiling, while her blushes came and went in the prettiest way, "if you could only restore the money father lost to-day with the bank, we'd be satisfied."

The stranger stared at her, then stooped quickly toward the shadow as a sudden emotion swept across his face.

"The bank?" he repeated. "What about the bank?"

Briefly, Tom told him. Told him of the hardship it brought to many worthy people, of the denial of many needful things it forced upon him for one, and concluded by saying "he'd like to have that Wilson in his clutches for just one minute."

"But the hardest thing," continued Tom, earnestly, "about the whole thing to me was knowing that Eileen here would have to do without her piano, after we saving for years to get it for her. She's a brave little girl, though! She's never said a word. But you're not looking well, sir! Is there anything the matter?"

"What was the amount you said you — lost?" asked the stranger, ignoring

the other's question and covering his face with his hand.

"Five hundred dollars, straight, sir," replied Tom, stooping to poke the fire. "We may get some of it, but I don't think from the way they talk we ever will. That Wilson won't have any luck with it. It will burn him worse than any of us he robbed."

The unknown was silent for a moment. Then he said.

"You wouldn't show him any mercy?"

"Mercy!" Tom laughed. "I'd give him the full benefit of the law, if I had to do with it, and that's no lie!"

The other stood up suddenly, shivering much as he had when first he entered the house.

"It's a world full of lies, suffering and wrong. I am not old, and yet I sometimes grow very weary of it. It is only when an occasion like this comes unexpectedly to us that one feels it may be different. I have felt the influence of a good home to-night, sir, as I never did before!" He laid a hand upon Tom's shoulder. "Believe me, I shall never forget your kindness, never! Or the people in this house."

Conscious of the earnestness in his words, without understanding their necessity, Tom stammered in an embarrassed way.

"'Tis nothing, sir, that anyone would not have done. Here comes mother, now. I have no doubt she has your room all ready, tight and snug. Shall I wake you early?"

"I shall be early," replied the other, following Tom, toward the hall, where Mrs. Desmond stood waiting.

"There's no fire in your room, sir," she said, "but there are plenty of coverings, so that once you are in bed you'll be comfortable enough."

"I can never thank you, by half, for your goodness to me, a stranger. But some day perhaps I can repay," said the visitor, with glowing eyes, as Mrs. Desmond stepped quickly up the stairs. As he was about to follow his hostess someone touched him on the arm. He turned. It was Eileen.

"I — I want to tell you," she began softly, "that I am so sorry for you!"

"Sorry!" he gasped. "Why? for me?"

"Because — I like you. And I am sure you are in trouble!"

For a moment the young man looked at her, and there was something very like tears in his eyes, as he bent down to whisper:

"I do not deserve your sympathy. God bless you. I shall ever remember you."

Somewhere about three o'clock in the morning Tom Desmond was awakened by the persistent barking of the collie. He finally got up and looked out of the window. The snow was still falling, and as he could see nothing amiss, he went back to bed and speedily forgot the circumstance in sleep. But when daylight dawned, he had the explanation of it all. Their guest was gone!

"He's gone!" cried Tom, when reaching the room to call him for breakfast he made the astonishing discovery. "After all our welcome to clear out without so much as a 'thank you.' There's something wrong about that fellow, I'll bet," he continued, when the rest of the family reached him, "and yet I liked him."

Mrs. Desmond was dismayed, while Eileen was too crestfallen for words. It was soon evident that the mysterious stranger had left by the window, which gave upon a shed adjoining. Departure was easy and noiseless enough as the half-effaced tracks in the snow proved conclusively.

"There was something strange about him all the time, Tom," commented Mrs. Desmond, "he may have had to go, for some reason we can never know."

"I am sure he wasn't bad," said Eileen, while a soft blush suffused her pretty face, "or he wouldn't have thanked us as he did."

"Maybe not," replied her father. "Hello! What's this? I did not notice it before." He went over to the chair by the bed and picked up a small package, to which a hurriedly scrawled note was affixed. At the same moment an object on the floor by the window caught Eileen's eye. She stooped quickly, and picked it up. It was a brown glove, one of the two which the stranger had worn on his arrival the night before. She hid it hurriedly, and turned to her parents who were reading the note together.

"My dear Friends: —

"This brief note will give you perhaps an inkling to many things, as well as serve to explain my hurried departure. It gives me melancholy pleasure at least to be able to replace your loss. Keep it. It is yours. And try and think less hardly of me — "

Without a word Tom opened the package. It contained five hundred dollars in bills. A sudden light burst upon his dazed wits. They had been entertaining the escaping bank teller, who had taken this dubious way of repaying their kindness.

"I'd have sooner never seen the money than know that pleasing young fellow with his winning ways had taken it," said Mrs. Desmond, dismayed. There were tears in her kindly eyes. Through all this strange experience she felt there was still some subtle good about this young man, who for some strange reason appealed to her in a singular way. Though her faith in human nature was shaken as it had never been, she could not help feeling sorry for him. The earnestness of his gratitude the night before rose up before her, and she found herself wishing he might escape. And for many weeks after, she waited anxiously for news of his detection. But none came. The earth seemed to have swallowed him up. As for Eileen, after the first throb of terror and grief at their discovery had passed, she buried her thoughts deep within the recesses of her own heart, and only opened that treasure house, when she was alone in her room with the brown glove. Tom still fumed at the stranger.

Winter passed into spring, and spring into summer, when her father came to them one day all alive with a new sensation. The stolen money had been mysteriously restored to the bank. And it was openly stated that in consequence all prosecution of young Wilson for the theft had been withdrawn. He was free to return unmolested. But he never came. The year passed into another and that again into a third, while all trace or memory of the missing bank teller seemed to have passed out of the minds of everyone but the three at Fairview farm. Eileen had grown from the girl of fifteen to a dreamy-eyed girl of eighteen. Tom thought her the most beautiful creature in all the world. It tickled his pride to see that some very eligible farmer neighbors thought the same, apparently, if their persistent struggle for Eileen's notice counted for anything. But his daughter would have none of them. He sought to chide her in an easy, gentle way.

"Sure, it would be no harm if you acted a little more friendly and neighborly, with Mr. Gordon, girlie," he said, tentatively. "I thought it only decent to ask him over, seeing that he was fairly expecting me to do it."

Eileen looked up and smiled.

"What a terrible matchmaker you are, father," she said. "I should think it would be nicer to have the evening to ourselves. And Mr. Gordon is so, so hard to entertain."

"But we must be neighborly," chided her mother, "and the man is really very good-natured."

"He means well enough," replied Eileen, indifferently, "I refused to go

sleighing with him, so I suppose I ought to make amends."

The gloom of a winter night had barely fallen upon the household next evening when Tom, who was alone in the kitchen, was aroused by a peremptory knock at the front.

"Rather early for Gordon," he thought, hurrying to the door and flinging it open in the full expectation of seeing his neighbor. But instead, a strange figure in a great-coat stepped in, hat in hand. With a shock, Tom's mind went back to the night three years ago.

"You!" he cried, almost too surprised to remember his old-time anger.

"I!" replied the stranger, carefully closing the door. His voice still had that same strange lilt to it that had won their hearts years before. But his cheek was bronzed now, and there was an undefinable air of maturity coupled with authority about him that impressed Tom.

"You are a bit surprised at seeing me?" he said, his eyes wandering about the room as if in search of someone. "Nothing is changed here. I am glad it is still the same."

"It's about the last place you ought to think of coming, young man!" burst forth Tom, suddenly finding his tongue. "I'm not forgetting the dirty way you treated us after all our kindness. You've got more than a nerve to come here at all! That money you left didn't do us any good. I gave it right over to the bank next day. And I ought to be giving you over to the police even now," he continued harshly. "How do I know but what you have some more stolen money to palm off on me."

The newcomer raised his head quickly, and with unlooked-for spirit repeated, "Stolen money! That money, sir, was mine! and as honestly gotten as any could be! It was a blunder perhaps to — "

"A blunder," cried Tom, scornfully, "that's just the way you fellows have of figuring those things every time. Taking someone else's money is nothing at all."

"Why, is it possible you do not understand," demanded the other in great perplexity. "I thought you knew. *I* did not take the money. It was my brother!"

"Your brother!" cried Tom, incredulously, as a startled exclamation came from the doorway. Both looked and saw Eileen and her mother.

"Oh, I cannot tell you how, how glad I am," cried the girl stepping forth impulsively. "I always felt there must be something that would set it right!"

"But you had the money that night, young man!" contested Tom, stubbornly. "How do you explain that?"

"Very easily. When I discovered my brother's plight, I immediately set out with all the money I could muster to repay the bank if possible. I was on my way there when the storm forced me to take shelter here. Your story unwittingly illumined me as to the real result of my brother's crime. I determined then and there to make good at least your loss. It was a foolish way to do it perhaps, but the motive was of the best. I was half mad that night with the trouble that had come upon me. And I thought only of my brother and — restitution!"

"I believe you," said Mrs. Desmond. "But why didn't you wait till morning?"

"That *was* a mistake," assented the stranger earnestly, "but it seemed to me then to be nothing less than sacrilege to intrude further upon your hospitality, after the loss you had suffered through my brother. I could not wait till morning. I got my brother safely to New York without detection, and then to Argentine, where after some hardships we fell in with an American construction company. We prospered and worked early and late to repay and — forget! We repaid the bank in full. But the way of the transgressor is hard. The climate

and my brother's state of mind undermined his health. Six weeks ago he — died."

"Poor boy," said Mrs. Desmond, softly.

"With all his faults he was my brother, and I loved him. But I want to say to you all that in all that has befallen me, I never forgot your kindness. It has been the one sustaining thought of these dreary years that I might yet stand in this room again and — thank you! I never dreamed you thought *me* the thief."

A note of the old-time weariness had crept into his voice as he moved slowly to the door. Mrs. Desmond looked at Tom appealingly, and he looked at Eileen. The same thought was in the minds of all three, but it was the girl who impulsively stepped forth and laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"We do not want you to go," she said, "for we ought to tender apologies now. Besides," she added shyly, in a lower tone, "if you stay I shall return you something you left behind — that other night."

Something in her eyes seemed to answer the question in his heart. Wherefore he stayed. And a very happy evening they had of it, perhaps the happiest the little cottage on the Fairview farm had ever known. Neighbor Gordon came, and it was only after he left that the newcome and Eileen found themselves alone near the brightly burning fire on the hearth.

"You were to show me something I had left behind that other night?" he queried.

"I wonder if I ought," she said, with averted eyes. Leaving the room she returned presently with a little package which she gave to him. It was an old brown glove. He took her hands in his, a great joy in his heart.

"You kept it, all those years? Then you believed in me — always?"

"Always," she answered briefly.

And looking down into her eyes, he felt there was need for nothing more.

WHEN OLD DREAMS CAME TRUE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

The green on the meadow was faint and new,
And the air was soft, and the skies were blue;
And a brown bird sang in an apple-tree,
And her notes held joy — and a prophesy.
Old, old dreams come true.

A zephyr stole out of the South to woo
A wee, shrinking flower, of azure hue;
And the brown bird croon'd in her tiny nest,
As she snuggled wee birdies to her breast —
Old, old dreams come true.

The summer had fled, and the fields were bare;
And each shrub and tree wore a listless air;
And the brown bird gazed at an empty nest,
While the wind swept boldly out of the West;
And the wee, shy flower, of azure hue,
Lay forgotten, and dead — when dreams came true,
When old dreams came true.

MOST REV. WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

A little more than twenty-two years ago, the Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, was ordained, in Rome. His rise to a position of high preferment in the Church has been rapid. He was made first prefect of the College before his ordination and remained in that capacity for a year following. He then returned to America, and spent the next ten years as curate at Medford, Mass., and at St. Joseph's Church, Boston.

From a curacy he was called to assume the responsible position of rector of the American College at Rome, and during his five years at the head of the

REV DANIEL C. CUNNION.

institution, it made remarkable progress in every way. The young rector was made a domestic prelate by Pope Leo XIII. He made many friends in Rome, and at the death of Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., was appointed his successor in that see, being consecrated by Cardinal Satolli, in the Church of St. John Lateran, Rome, May 19, 1901.

The Bishop has labored with characteristic energy in Portland. He has improved the cathedral, done much for higher education and has organized Catholic young men into Catholic clubs wherever possible. He has taken an active part in the civic life of the community and has made many friends among non-Catholics.

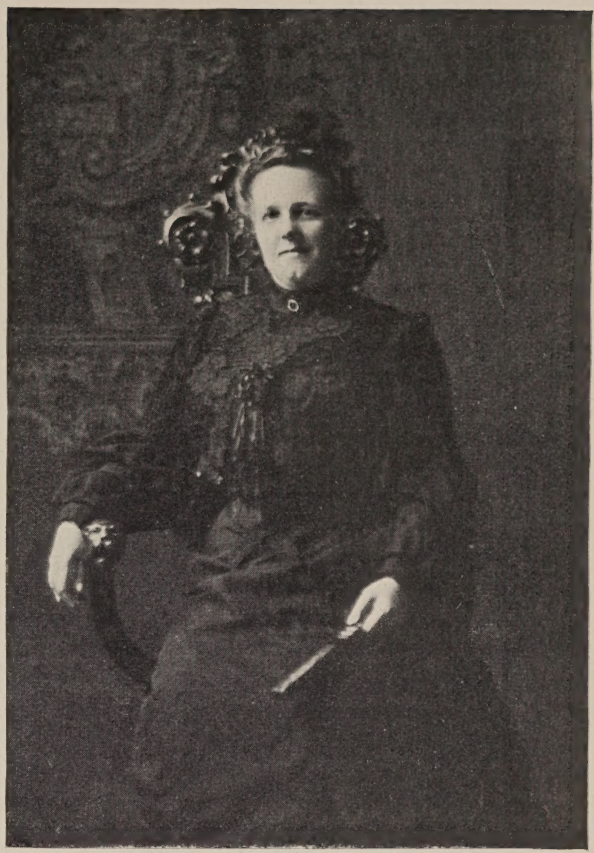
The Coadjutor Archbishop is a man of notable gifts. As a linguist he is said to have no equal in the American hierarchy. When sent to Japan by the Holy Father he was able to conduct his negotiations with the Mikado in the Japanese tongue. The Pope gave a private audience to Bishop O'Connell on January 14, learned the result of the embassy, and expressed the utmost satisfaction with the manner in which it had been conducted. He remarked that if all American envoys did their work as well they would become the first diplomats in the world.

It is reported that it was intimated to him that a place in the Sacred College would be offered him in order that he might reside in Rome and become, by virtue of his gifts as a diplomat and his remarkable linguistic talents, a member of the papal diplomatic corps. He expressed his preference to return to America, and the appointment to Boston was made at the next meeting of the Cardinals.

The Coadjutor is only forty-six years of age, and is a man of varied scholarship and of great energy and ability. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, the youngest of eleven children. His parents were hard-working people, not over-blessed with the goods of the world, but managed to give the boy excellent educational advantages. He graduated from the Lowell High School in 1876, studied for three years at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md., and for three years at Boston College. He was selected by Archbishop Williams to take one of the scholarships at the American College at Rome and was ordained in the Eternal City, January 8, 1884.

One of the most grievous problems that absorbs the attention of our municipalities, is that of the increasing army of homeless and dependent men. Probably nowhere is it of more alarming interest, than in the great city of New York, where over thirty-five thousand of this class are to be found in cheap lodging

houses. It is carefully estimated that twenty thousand of these men infest the famous thoroughfare of the Bowery, ekeing out there a miserable existence, and proving a menace to the community. The Rev. Daniel C. Cunnion has been lately assigned to minister to these unfortunates, and is about to open a mission house for their special benefit — under the title of "The Mission of the Holy Name." The general scope of the mission will be to aim at a spiritual awakening of these churchless men, to make strenuous effort in directing the young men, — of whom there is a deplorable number, — to safer channels of life, and to afford ready relief to the deserving. The possibilities of the mission are inspiring, as the field has not hitherto been specifically covered by our Church, and yet it is now known that three quarters of this army are of Roman Catholic extraction. Father Cunnion enters the lists with his non-Catholic brethren, who maintain seven district missions among the Bowery lodgers. He volunteered to make this missionary endeavor his life-work, and his selection has won universal approbation.



MISS ROSEMARY ROGERS.

Father Cunnion was the first volunteer of the New York Apostolate for non-Catholics, in connection with which he served six years.

Soon after his ordination, Father Cunnion's conspicuous talents for organization work made him a marked figure in church societies. He was president of the Archdiocesan Union of Young Men's Societies for five years, and was one of the earliest and most indefatigable workers in the ranks of the Knights of Columbus, and has made more friends for that organization than perhaps any other of its advocates.

A pious and devout priest, a lofty-minded citizen, a supporter of every good cause, hearty in his denunciation of every wrong, with a heart full of sympathy for the poor and the oppressed, and a tender feeling for the struggling, no honor and no success that come to Father Cunnion in his new field will be undeserved.

Father Cunnion volunteered for mission work on the Bowery three years ago. He saw a great field there for Catholic endeavor, both from a religious and a sociological standpoint.

It is his purpose to associate himself with leading Catholics in the philan-

thropic and charitable field. He will also make special appeals to lay organizations to emphasize the work as one for men in the solution of one of the most perplexing and urgent problems in our religious and civic life.

The Fenelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn, New York, the leading literary and social gathering of Catholic women of that borough, has chosen for its president for 1906, Miss Rosemary Rogers. The daughter of a distinguished lawyer, the late James J. Rogers, Miss Rogers has found time in her busy life as a teacher, to take a course in law in the New York University Women's Law Class; and, inheriting a literary taste from her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, a writer of note, she has already contributed to the prose and poetry of the period. Miss Rogers possesses a beautiful dramatic soprano voice, and has delighted many audiences with her artistic singing.

The purpose of the Fenelon is to spread a taste for literature, and Catholic literature particularly. Two regular meetings are held each month, one for the active members, and the other for both active and social members and their friends.

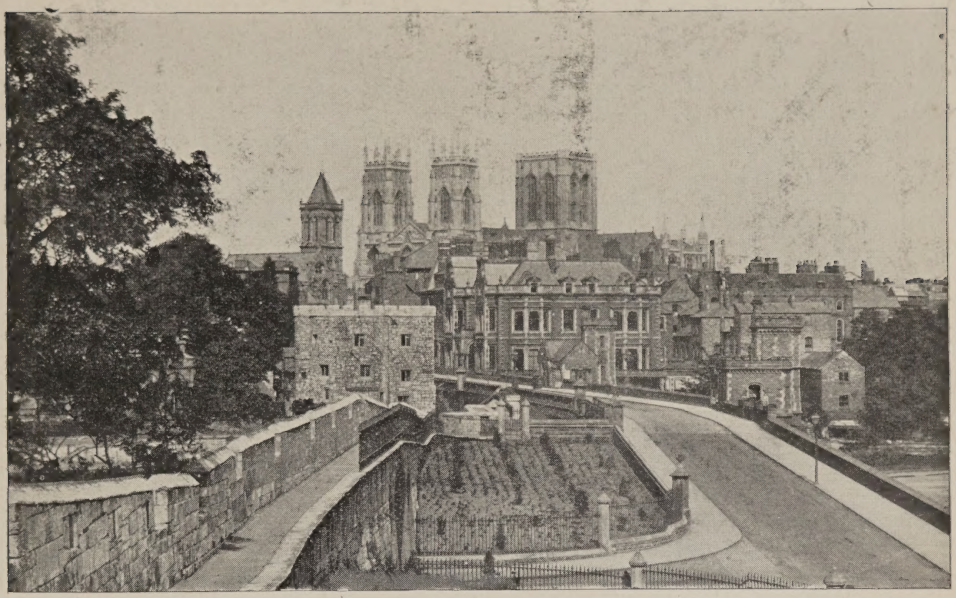
The Fenelon has existed many years; it has done, and is still doing, a grand work in extending Catholic influence in the literary and social world. Much credit is due its originators, and the faithful members who are still laboring hard to keep up its standard. It has the approbation of the Bishop of Brooklyn, the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, who has always maintained the position of the Fenelon by his kindly interest and fatherly advice.

THE PEARL OF YORK.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

The city of York has interests not a few for the historian and antiquarian. It is commonly said to be the most ancient town in England, for Cæsar's conquering legions found on its site a stronghold of which they took possession and to which they gave the name of Eboracum. Geoffrey of Monmouth, indeed, held that the city owed its foundation to one Eboracus — a great grandson of the hero of the Æneid — who ruled in Britain ten centuries previous to the birth of Christ. The Romans made Eboracum the capital city of their new province and fortified it with rampart, fosse and wall. It was entered by four gates; and one of these, Micklegate Bar, is still in tolerable preservation.

The stately cathedral of York is an object of attraction to all visitors, and especially so to Catholics. On the spot where it stands, Edwin, the first Christian King of old Northumbria, was baptized on the Easter Sunday of 627; and there he afterwards erected a church in honor of Saint Peter. The church was destroyed and rebuilt many times before Walter de Grey, in the reign of King John, began the erection of the present noble minster. It suffered less at the



TOWERS OF YORK CATHEDRAL FROM THE BRIDGE.

hands of the so-called reformers than other English churches, and is to-day in its structure, very little altered from the time when Margaret Middleton was born in the old city of York. Her parents were wealthy people, we are told, and had conformed to the new religion of Henry and Cranmer. Consequently, Margaret was brought up a Protestant, and in 1571 she was married to a butcher named Clitheroe who also professed the new faith.

In what way or by what means Margaret came back to the Church we do not know. Father Gurdon, who has written a short life of this brave woman, supposes that the bulk of the citizens of York were at heart Catholic, and that the butcher's wife must have necessarily been influenced by the lives of her neighbors. Perhaps some of her dead kith and kin remembered her before God's throne. At any rate she was received by a priest, who was in hiding in the neighborhood, into the Catholic Church, shortly after her marriage. Her easy-going, tolerant husband did not interfere with her action. Neither did he object to his children's baptism, and Margaret had the satisfaction of preparing them for the sacraments. She also fitted up a room in her home in York Shambles as a chapel, and many a priest, destined to swell the martyr train in Heaven, said Mass there secretly and safely. Some of their names are known. Father Thompson who died outside the city, with the words, "I have never been so joyful," often sought the Clitheroes' house. So, too, did Father Hart. To both these names the title "blessed" has been prefixed. They shed their blood for Christ's sake.

The number of those who died at York Tyburn as martyrs was only equalled by the number of those who passed to their reward at the place of the same name in London; and it was customary for the Yorkist Catholics to steal at night from the city to kneel and pray on the hallowed spot. Many a time Margaret Clitheroe passed through Micklegate Bar with her co-religionists to visit Tyburn.

So her life went on. At length attention was drawn to her by the fact that one of her sons had been sent across the sea to a Catholic school; and the sheriff of the city proceeded to the house in the

MICKLEGATE BAR.

Shambles with a crowd of followers. The building was ransacked and the room where the chalice and vestments were kept was in due course discovered. When the sheriff left the butcher's abode, Margaret accompanied him as a prisoner. She spent the night in a foul dungeon of York Castle, and on the following morning the Protestant Council of the North sat to hear the charges. She was accused of harboring priests, of assisting at Mass, and of sending her child to a Roman school. For some reason (probably because she did not wish to have her husband or servants summoned as witnesses against her) she refused to plead, and was immediately sentenced to be crushed to death under a heavy oaken door in the York Tolbooth.

On the succeeding Good Friday, Margaret met her doom. She walked bravely to the spot where the oaken door and heavy weights lay, bearing a linen shroud on her arm. In this she was robed by some kindly women, and then, as she lay with wide-extended arms, the door was laid upon her and the mighty stones hurled upon it. Her agony was brief. In a quarter of an hour she had gone, we may hope, to join the blessed in Heaven.

Just before the door was placed on her a Protestant clergyman asked her to pray with him. "I will not pray with you," Margaret said, "neither will I say Amen to your prayers, nor shall you to mine." And to a bystander she observed, "This road to Heaven is short as any other."

Her body was buried outside the city walls, but was afterwards removed by the Catholics to a more worthy burial-ground; but where we know not.

It was only fitting that the children of such a mother should be of that mother's faith. Margaret Clitheroe's two sons became priests, in course of time, and her little daughter, Anne, when only twelve years of age, was cast into prison because she refused to conform. In prison she remained for years, but was released at length through the influence of a friend. She managed to escape to the continent, and became a nun in a convent in Louvain. That her three children in penal times died in the religious state may surely be ascribed to the prayers of Margaret Clitheroe, "The Pearl of York."

MARY MAGDALEN ON HER WAY TO PROVENCE

GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

IX.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

"She hath done what she could:
Lo, the flame that hath driven her
Downward, is quenched! and her grief like a flood
In the strength of a rain-swollen torrent hath shriven her:
Much hath she loved and much is forgiven her;
Love in the longing fulfils what it would —
She hath done what she could."

—*Father Tabb.*

O more than virgin in thy penitent love!
And more than martyr in thy passionate woe!
Who kneel not with thee on the gory sod,
How should they now sit throned with thee above?
Or where the crown our worship could bestow
Like that long gold which wiped the feet of God?

—*Father Edmund Hill, C. P.*

The sweet fragrance of thy ointment
All the earth is filling now;
All thy tears are turned to jewels
For a crown upon thy brow:
There are thousands in all ages
Come to Christ because of thee,
Oh then, Mary, with thy converts
In thy kindness number me!

Like the rising of the ocean
Was the tide of glorious grace;
Like the beauty of the morning
Grew the beauty of thy face;
Like the glory of an angel
Was the purity within
Like the whiteness of thy namesake,
Of the Mary without Sin!

—*Faber.*

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept — and was forgiven.

When bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet —
The precious odors poured; —

. . . . .

Were not those sweets so humbly shed —
That hair — those weeping eyes —
And the sunk heart, that inly bled —
Heaven's noblest sacrifice.

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, would'st thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much" and be forgiven.

—*Moore.*

"RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM O'BRIEN."*

These recollections, from early childhood to the Mallow election when practical results broke forever the power of Dublin Castle in the Irish boroughs, make a volume of rare interest. Quiet home scenes, school adventures, early encounters with adverse fortune, and political struggles and triumphs covering a memorable period of history, are narrated with the charm of the litterateur and the intimate personal knowledge of the active participant.

Very tender are the author's reminiscences of his home in Mallow, where in his leisure hours the father "always appreciative, but, in a quiet way, authoritative" sat playing in the parlor "what time he was not out in his shirt sleeves cultivating his garden." The influence that shaped the boy's life is revealed in every page on which the man of more than fifty years records his memories of his mother, "handsome Kate Nagle."

"Of my mother I almost fear to write at all. When I came back to Mallow, after a long absence, an unknown youth, to contest a seat in Parliament with Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, the reply of many an old elector, especially if he were of the old kindly Mallow Protestant breed, was, 'I don't know much about you and I don't like your politics, but I can't refuse a vote to Kate Nagle's son.' She came of a stock that was rooted in Mallow probably even longer than the 'Big Tree' whose colossal girth still decorates the causeway of Mallow Bridge. How far or near may have been our connection with the aristocratic Nagle family of Annakissy, who gave their name to the mountains that stretch across the Nagle country, and among whose glorious offshoots are numbered James the Second's Irish Chancellor, and Nano Nagle, the famous foundress of the Irish Ursulines, and the still more famous Edmund Burke — the connection was always taken for granted in family gossip — I have never been at the pains to inquire. What is certain is that my grandfather, James Nagle, was one of those thriving, jovial, and big-hearted merchants who made considerable fortunes in Ireland during the high prices of the Napoleonic Wars, and lost them in the years of depression that followed. He and his brother Pat — of whom history only records that he was a big man who broke an iron bar across his knee to show some English officer what an Irishman was capable of — seem to have been among the principal local potentates of the day, the Barrys being their most considerable rivals and friends. 'The Nagles for bacon and the Barrys for beef,' used to be one of the current Mallow proverbs of my young days."

An event of his childhood which stands out sharply in the author's memory is the occasion on which he made his first speech, — a brief but intrepid effort. The tyranny of his first teacher, "a disappointed and irascible pedagogue," incited the school to rebellion, and it was decided to bar out the master until he should agree to give a vacation. The elder O'Brien brother, Jim, was the ringleader in the uprising, but the services of a blacksmith interrupted the carrying out of his plans. The door was smashed in and the master rushed over the ruins of the barricade in furious pursuit of young O'Brien, whose voice he had heard urging on the fray. The youth escaped by jumping through an open window into space. "There was a cry of horror; the master stood paralyzed, white as death. Then somebody near the window looked out into the gulf below and gave a shout of joy. My

*Recollections of William O'Brien. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1906.

brother had jumped to the top of a load of hay, which was passing at the moment, and was jogging along around the corner, safe in his comfortable elevation."

"My own little affair was of a less heroic character," he says. "The elder boys put me up, in my tiny frock and drawers, to demand vacation. Doubtless their calculation was that my ridiculous smallness and rather larger schoolfee would protect me from the consequences that would have overtaken themselves. They were obliged to hoist me on a desk in order to make me visible. From that awkward eminence I cried out 'Vacation! Vacation!' It was the first speech of my life, and it made its sensation. 'Vacation! Vacation!' shouted the whole school. The master, who was writing at his rostrum, bounded to his feet, lightning in his eyes, and the box-wood club in his hand. 'Who was it that spoke?' he cried, not at once perceiving his diminutive enemy on the top of the desk. Under his eyes the boys were as silent as the waves under the frown of Neptune. Not having, probably, the smallest perception of the danger, my own small treble voice piped calmly away: 'Vacation! Vacation!' The master's eye had now fixed me, and a shudder went through the school as he brandished the box-wood club, as if to take aim. Suddenly, at sight of the small rebel in bib and drawers, he burst into a fit of laughter, and whether he yielded to the petition for the holidays or no, all I remember for certain is that the master was, on that day, in a boisterous good-humor, the like of which schoolboy memory never found a parallel for before."

A score of years after when master and pupil again met the latter was a candidate for Mallow. When elected to the House of Commons it was a matter of pride to him that he had been sent there by the votes of such men as his old teacher, in days when votes were worth thirty pounds apiece at least, a sum that would have purchased many comforts for the poor old master in his deserted schoolroom.

Among the portraits of famous men skilfully portrayed by Mr. O'Brien's pen is one of Dr. Croke, who figures prominently in those memories of childhood:

"My first memory of one of the foremost Irishmen of our generation — Dr. Croke, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel — dates from these shadowy days. He was at the time a curate in Mallow, and, owing to a cousinship on my mother's side, was an intimate family friend. He was a strange compound of schoolboy drollery and of sternness in essentials. Two of my first impressions remain. One is of a sermon on Immortality, with a refrain of 'Far, far beyond the grave' running through it — as to which I can still see the dark figure and hear the dread words in which he, so to say, drew aside the curtain beyond which endless worlds of pain and joy revealed themselves. 'My dear man,' said the Archbishop, one Christmas night when I was going back upon the sermon at his hospitable fire in Thurles — 'my dear man' (with one of his roguish smiles) 'that sermon lasted me all the way to New Zealand and back, for fifteen years of my life.' The other incident was of his playing marbles with me once on my way to school, with results that made me turn upon him indignantly with the cry, 'You're a cheat!' 'That's what people have been saying of me all my life, because I beat them,' was the Archbishop's comment, in one of our fireside gossips. 'But,' with one of those unexpressed laughs that diffused a ruddy glow over his rugged face and lighted up his blue eyes with fun, 'I daresay you were right on that occasion, William.'

"People who did not know him, and even some who ought to have known him better, sometimes so far misunderstood his love of a joke and contempt for cant as to suspect of insincerity and cunning one of the softest-hearted of men, and one of the most scrupulous of churchmen. His character was not inaptly hit off in an anecdote I have heard him relate of himself with a relish. When Dr. Croke was nominated Archbishop of Cashel by Rome, in the teeth of the votes of the Tipperary priests, and to their bitter disappointment (the feeling ran so high that it used to be said the new Archbishop had better come to Tipperary with a coat of mail, like a landlord, at a time when landlords sometimes found a shirt of mail a useful article of wardrobe in Tipperary), a priest of the Archdiocese asked a priest from the diocese of Cloyne (from which Dr. Croke came): 'What sort of a man is this you're sending down upon us from Cloyne?' 'Well, then,' was the reply of the Cork priest, 'one of the queerest fellows you ever laid your eyes upon. He'll play pitch-and-toss with you in the morning, and suspend you in the evening, if you deserve it.' Certain it is that if ever the men of Tipperary thought of welcoming him with a blunderbuss, he lived to see them ready to die for him, to a man."

"Father Danger," who could disperse a band of "mitching schoolboys, or clear the Navigation Road of whispering lovers as effectually as a troop of dragoons," and the Abbe Moriarity, who personified sweetness of character and holiness of life, are other priests of whom the author has distinct memories. The former was his first confessor, and his method of dealing with juvenile depravity made a lasting impression. Young O'Brien with some kindred spirits had robbed an orchard owned by an old woman, whose control of invective was perhaps a greater inducement to the boys than the inferior quality of apple her trees produced. "Restitution!" was the one word "Father Danger" uttered as he vigorously shut the slide, leaving the penitent to ask of himself what was to be done. After much despairing reflection he went on a solitary pilgrimage up the Gallows-hill road to the rifled orchard, "probably in at least as miserable a frame of mind as some of the wretches who formerly mounted the Gallows-hill road on their last earthly journey." From outside the orchard fence, he called the owner, with an uneasy apprehension that she would recognize him, but the fear was groundless. On his demand for a pennyworth of apples, she brought a handful of green pippins, and the boy's resolution was speedily taken. "I put into her hand the threepence which represented all my earthly savings in the pasteboard bank supplied to us children for that purpose, and at the same moment, dropping the handful of apples at her feet, took to my legs and fled as though Phooka were pursuing me, leaving the poor old lady with her apples and her threepence, and, I have no doubt, with the most extraordinary intellectual puzzle of her life to unriddle."

Fortunately indulgence in such pranks was less frequent than the pursuit of other diversions which did not require the aid of his orchard-robbing companions. A manuscript book, "The Poetical Works of William O'Brien," was visible proof of the boy's literary inclination, though he condemns his own verses as "irredeemable rubbish," and seems to take more pleasure even now in "The Voice of Ireland," a two-column sheet of four pages which contained his first efforts at journalism. But more satisfying than journalism even was the military entertainment that he devised for himself — nothing less ambitious than the creation of a pasteboard army, on which he

spent two years of such patient effort that every toy soldier and officer was to him a living personality in whose fortunes he became painfully interested. He describes at length the formation of his army and the military exercises through which he conducted his numerous regiments:

"A spare room at the top of the house was given up to me as the field of war. Here the entire floor was often covered with mimic soldiers (they must have numbered at least twelve thousand all told), waging their pitched battles till the sun went down. The idea of this queer *Kriegspiel* was to work out the intestine wars of the five Irish provincial kingdoms, on the theory that National Unity would develop itself after all by the survival of the fittest. The force was accordingly divided into five armies, whose combination and conflicts under their provincial kings dragged along for many a month of varying fortunes. I was myself the strategist that planned the manœuvres, surprises, and combinations, with impartial brain, on both sides; the far-darting Apollo who dispensed wounds and death with a little steel-tipped arrow; and the disinterested historian who, instantly that the fight was over, placed the facts on record in every particular in voluminous Orders of the Day. Sternly as I strove to an Olympian superiority to the affairs of the small mortals in pasteboard arrayed beneath me, I am afraid it must be owned that the far-darting Apollo was sometimes, at critical moments, a bad shot as against the O'Briens. Certain it is that, when the wars were interrupted, National evolution was tending decisively towards the victory of the O'Briens and the men of Munster. Absurd as the avowal may seem to be, if I were asked to pick out the labor of my life which involved most patience, devotion, dogged persistency, and hard work, I should be obliged to point to my toy armies and their prolonged campaigns. The only consolation I can find for the wasted energy is, that it possibly helped to train me into habits of patiently thinking out details and planning out vast combinations of men."

The wars were "interrupted" when his father discovered the army and its records and promptly ordered their destruction, lest, in event of a search by the police, they might be seized upon as strong evidence of sympathy with the Fenian movement.

The effect of Master O'Connor's educational methods on William O'Brien was to convince everybody that the boy was a hopeless dunce. Books were a torture to him, and school a place of torment until his wise mother insisted on a change of teachers. He was sent to a classical school kept by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald "under whose scratch wig the whole world of ancient Greece and Rome was palpitating." Under this prodigy of learning, called by his pupils "Old Edward," the O'Brien brothers studied for some time before entering the Cloyne Diocesan College, where at the age of fifteen the younger won the first prize in the senior division. This triumph was not unalloyed with discontent because being a "weedy, gawky lad" the football captains gave him a wide berth, preferring big fellows, "who were demons in a scrimmage, but weak in the classics." Curiously enough with this desire for the stirring life of an athlete the youth combined a love of solitude which all the after years of active public life proved powerless to dispel. The only form in which he was ever at home in crowded assemblies was that of a looker-on, the ways and amusements of other people commanding his sympathy as long as he was permitted to glide among them unobserved.

So fascinating are the chapters dealing with the boyhood of William O'Brien

and his brother that it is difficult to pass them over hurriedly in order to reach a crisis in the affairs of the family, when James O'Brien identified himself with the Fenian movement. He was a dashing young giant, barely eighteen years of age, massive in build and with a strong, square face, lit by a pair of honest blue eyes.

"The knowledge that a Rising was in contemplation was almost public property long before it took place. I was not, therefore, surprised when one afternoon in March my brother, who had spent a couple of hours composing some ringing verses beginning —

Be ready, be ready to-night, my boys!
Our camp's in the wild wood glen.

read them over for me, and asked, 'Can you guess what to-night means?' He would go into no further particulars with me, however. It was Shrove Tuesday night, and my poor mother, who little dreamed of what was before her, had made us an enormous dish of pancakes. When the feast was over, I followed Jim upstairs, where I found him disinterring the revolver from the receptacle at the back of the fireplace. He had mounted his topcoat, and I noticed that he had stuffed the pockets full with pancakes. It was his boyish commissariat for the campaign against the power of England! It must be confessed that my own heroic contribution to the scene was to break down crying — I think it was the second last time in my life I was able to indulge in the luxury. He turned upon me with a very unusual gruffness. 'What the mischief do you mean?' he said; 'they'll hear you!' Then relenting, he caught my hand, and whispered very softly, 'Good-bye, Bill.' (I was Bill for my father and brothers, and Willie for my mother and sister). 'Good-bye, Bill; you'll hear some news before morning.' He noiselessly undid the bolt and was gone into the night, from which a biting wind came in upon my face and froze me to the heart."

During the night a company of rifles despatched from Cork passed through Mallow and marched by a road not more than a mile from that by which two thousand of the Cork Fenians were marching to the same destination. When morning broke a deadly stillness brooded over the town and lasted until towards midday when a rider came into Ballydaheen, shouting, "The Fenians are coming!" Later news told of the attacking of the constabulary barracks, and the surrender of the policemen. And still later the policemen themselves straggled in with highly colored stories of the hosts that attacked them. At the close of the day, footsore, hungry, and utterly crestfallen, young O'Brien crept back to his home, under shelter of darkness, but during the night the police thundered at the door and arrested him on a warrant for high treason. The rigor of prison life was mitigated by the little attentions his family were permitted to give, and the grizzled old Bridewell keeper was very tender with the lad. He would shout fiercely, "Prisoner O'Brien!" if the police were listening, and presently in a lower tone would cheer the lad's mother with "Don't you fret, ma'am, if you had him at home you couldn't take better care of him." Another friend, the wife of a sergeant, was instrumental in securing his freedom by deliberately denying that he was of the attacking party, — though she had seen him feeding a part of his pancake to her baby, a delicate attention that probably won her mother-heart.

The failing fortunes of the family brought about numerous changes obliging the father to begin life anew in Cork, and directing the thoughts of the younger son towards a means of adding to the family income:

"It was then for the first time I learn-

ed from my mother's face and from various little domestic pinchings, such as the disappearance of butter from our breakfast-table, that there was serious trouble in the house, and then also the thought first struck me that the scribblings and dreamings which had begun to occupy me night and day might, by some possibility, mean money, and be even as useful as Tom Herlihy's rents."

Though he had never met a newspaper man nor been inside of a newspaper office, O'Brien had an intuition that through journalism he could conquer fortune. It became a strong purpose with him to force a way for himself in newspaperdom. But that little success waited on his efforts is revealed in a "precis of correspondence" in which he conscientiously recorded his failures. This precis is very amusing, showing forth in every line the courage and confidence of the writer, who was then little more than fifteen years old:

Feb. 1st. Letter to R. Pigott, Esq., asking explanation of the reticence he has observed with regard to my stories, and threatening to withdraw my contributions if not satisfied with his answer. Imprudent perhaps, but nothing else for it.

Feb. 3rd. Letter to Editor of *Nation*, enclosing a story, "The Traitor and the Betrayed," for publication in that journal, and advising additional space for literary papers.

Feb. 9th. Letter to Pigott, with undoubtedly my last appeal for his notice of my letters and price of story published.

Feb. 17th. To G. P. Warren, publisher, offering for eighty pounds, my newly completed story "Blasted Hopes, or Irish Life in the Present."

Feb. 19th. From G. P. Warren declining my offer. At least he answered. Patience, they say, will carry a snail to Jerusalem.

Feb. 19th. Offering same to *Cork Weekly Herald*. I suppose they could not pay.

Feb. 21st. Offering same to James Duffy, Dublin. Most likely with the same result.

Feb. 23rd. To John Mullany, publisher, enclosing for publication in the *Catholic Chronicle*, some sketches of Irish History, romancified and brightened. Also starting a project for my appointment as Southern correspondent of that journal. I suppose nothing will come of it as usual, but *sic itur*, etc.

Feb. 28th. Very satisfactory news. From *Irishman* I hear that my stories have been only partially examined. The *Catholic Chronicle* has accepted my contributions, with thanks, and also my proposal to act as Southern reporter. This is good news indeed.

This last entry marked the turning point in his life. As southern correspondent his first work was a description of the trial of the young Fenian leader, Captain Mackay, and, he tells us, "the prisoner in the dock was not consumed with apprehensions one-half so miserable." Nevertheless the report brought O'Brien to the attention of Mr. David A. Nagle, proprietor of the Cork *Daily Herald*. "Was it you did that thing about Mackay's trial?" this potentate asked, and then, reading the answer in the boy's face, "Would you like to get on the paper? Very well, turn up at the *Herald* office at eleven." Life on the *Herald* afforded endless variety of adventure, and brought him knowledge of both the upper and under world of a great city. It also brought the boy the opportunity to fall hopelessly in love with an actress, "for a smile from whom the entire gilded youth of Cork were ready to die in arms." At this time he had reached the mature age of sixteen years, and after meeting the dramatic star three times he asked her to marry him. The death of his father, however, and the home responsibilities that fell upon the shoulders of William made marriage an impossibility — or at least so the actress thought. Though the ardent wooer repeated his proposal her practical good sense guided her to a sane decision. "For seventeen years after," he says, "there was a secret chamber in my heart where I enshrined the faded flowers and sweetmeats of our brief idyll." In 1885, when a member of the House of Commons, a black-bordered letter was delivered to the member for Mallow, and on opening it he found it was from his early love, who in the lapse of years had been twice happily

married, and was the mother of a charming family.

With membership in the Land League movement began O'Brien's public career in Irish politics. A letter written in 1870 and reprinted at length in the "Recollections" under the title of "An Irish Rebel's Views of Irish Politics," contains the substance of the political creed of his life. "I should not greatly care to alter a comma in it," he avers, after thirty for reconsideration. The Mitchel election made him acquainted with John Mitchel and John Dillon, and introduced him as a public speaker:

"My own first words in public were spoken a few nights after in Cashel. My only part in the campaign was that of a newspaper man; but there being no speaker available except Mr. C. G. Doran (a builder and engineer who, throughout the Mitchel campaign, and throughout his self-sacrificing life, has been one of the foundation-stones of Irish National resistance, all the more powerful, like the foundation-stones, for being buried out of sight), he besought me to come to the rescue and dragged me to the window. I said very little — I don't in the least know what; but, whether it was the darkness, the wild Tipperary whoop of the crowd, or mere desperation that nerved me, I felt a rush of hot words blowing like a tropic wind across my brain, and when the hot blast was over, I heard the crowd crying out for me again, but with some difficulty, as they did not even know my name. My facility of speech was only an accident, and a momentary one, however. The next day, Mr. Doran, inspirited by my little success in Cashel, dragged me to the front again at Fethard. But this time there was no friendly darkness. The eyes of the crowd flashed on me with the devouring terror of a den of lions: merely to hear my name announced, covered my face with crimson, and paralyzed my tongue and brain, and — I was not heard in public again during the Mitchel campaign, nor for many a year after."

O'Brien received his first intimation of the greatness of Parnell from "honest Joe Roynane" who was returned to Parliament for Cork City. Roynane, sick of the vainness of the parliamentary fight, complained bitterly to the personnel of the party and said: "I would not think it worth the price of the railway ticket to go back there, only for one young man who's barely able to utter three consecutive sentences. Keep your eye on Parnell. He's as meek as a Methodist minister, but he'll tread upon John Bull's corns harder than ever Boney did."

In the next five years, though deeply interested in the political struggle, William O'Brien also followed up his literary work, and again the entries jotted down from time to time show that little success came to him. *Bow Bells,* even, rejected "Neath Silver Mask," his first full length novel, and he was glad to sell it to a Dublin journal for ladies, *The Billet-Doux,* for ten pounds. Some months afterwards bankruptcy compelled the publishers to compromise with the author for thirty shillings. However, better fortune was in store. Among the publishers to whom the copyright had been offered was Mr. Patrick Donahoe, and on April 16th, 1871, John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of *The Pilot,* wrote to Mr. O'Brien the formal acceptance: "Mr. Donahoe will take the story for publication in *The Pilot,* and, of course, remunerate you for it." A note scribbled on the other side of the sheet was entirely personal, and the author justly considered it the most precious portion of the communication:

"I wrote the other side as editor of *The Pilot.* Let me write a word as an admirer of your story. When you sent your first communication here, I read it and advised Mr. Donahoe to accept it.

I have since read what I have seen in *The Billet-Doux,* and I congratulate you heartily on your success and ability."

Passing over years, years marked by family troubles, discouragements, and struggles, formidable enough to have broken a weaker character, O'Brien's recollections bring the reader's thoughts back to the advice, "Keep your eye on Parnell." His diary under date of Nov. 15th, 1878, records a three hours' journey with the great leader, in the same carriage from Mallow, where they enjoyed an astonishingly confidential chat. On the 16th and 17th there are other entries, one of which gives an intimate view of Parnell when off guard.

"Alone in the train from Tralee, then for three hours in Mallow, and then all night long as we traveled up. He has captured me, heart and soul, and is bound to go on capturing. A sweet seriousness *au fond,* any amount of nervous courage, a delicate reserve, without the smallest suspicion of hauteur; strangest of all, humor; above everything else, simplicity; as quietly at home with the girls in Mallow as with his turbulent audience in Tralee. We exchanged no end of confidences. As romantic as Lord Edward, but not to be shaken from prosier methods. In any case a man one could suffer with proudly."

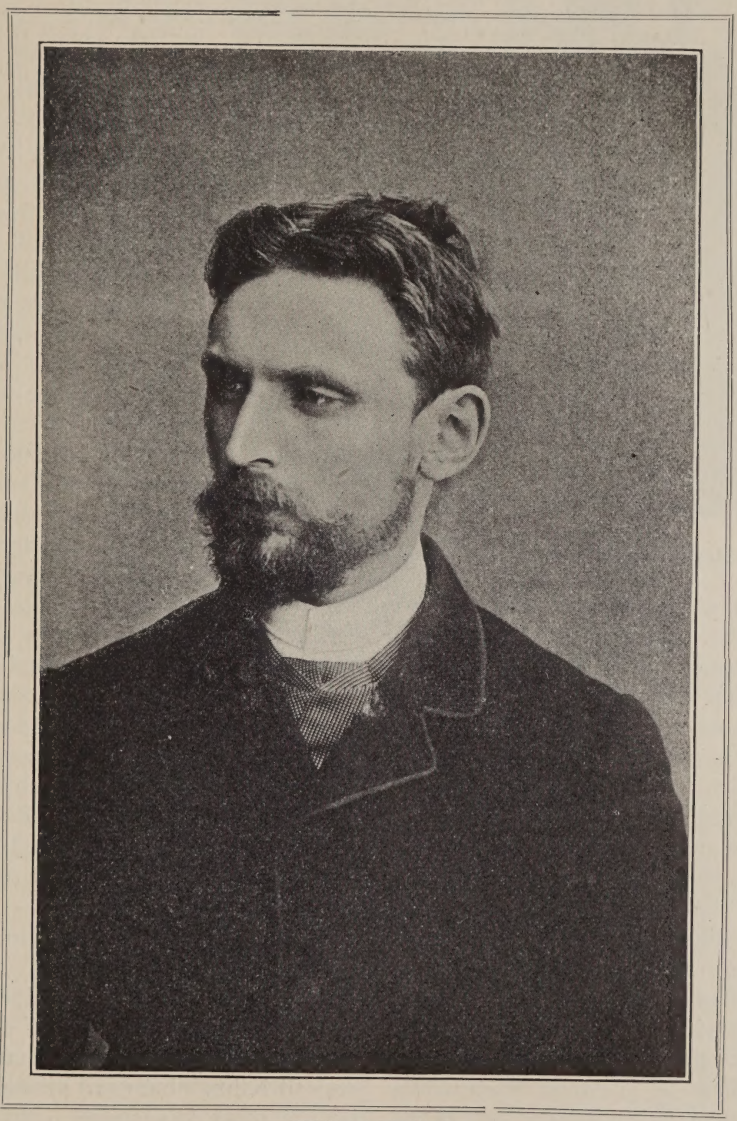
The public will share Mr. O'Brien's regret that he did not commit the conversation to writing. It was the self-revelation of a man who passed for one of the most enigmatic of men, "yet yielded me an extraordinary rich harvest of impressions, which in the course of more than twenty years intimate experience I never found reason to change." One remark of Parnell's which grated upon his friend was his characterization of Isaac Butt. "Mr. Butt," he said with one of his softly satirical smiles, "is a professor."

Though disclaiming any attempt at writing history the writer of the "Recollections" graphically depicts the series of events marking the land war, and the woeful condition of the people confronted by famine and disease. The distress general at this period is epitomized in an incident bearing on a visit to Clare Island. A police expedition on board a gun boat was awaiting a lull in the storm to make a descent for rent upon the island, which was so destitute of food that the best the priest of the island had to offer to Mr. O'Brien was a cup of tea and a homemade cake of Indian meal.

Parnell's American tour makes an interesting chapter. *The New York Herald* threw all its weight into the assault against Parnell, but, unperturbed, he went from one great city to another and completely succeeded in arousing American enthusiasm for the Irish cause. The methods he pursued and the astuteness of character he displayed are set forth in the following:

"It was at one of his Boston meetings on this trying tour that the famous orator, Wendell Phillips, began his speech with the exordium: 'I have come here to see the man who made John Bull listen.' Parnell's business capacity was never better displayed than by the arrangements by which he managed to extract the last cent from his audiences for the object of his visit. 'There was always,' he used to tell, 'a Judge or General in the chair to give the people a fine speech. Then, when Dillon and I had sufficiently depressed the public with our speeches, we would go through the hall with our hats in our hands, and men would tumble over one another to throw in a 100 dollar bill.' He related one amusing experience of one of those great gatherings in the West. The Governor of the State, who presided, and who probably knew little more of the Irish question than the size of the Irish vote

in his section, was discussing the evening's proceedings after the meeting in the hotel. 'Somehow,' he said, 'Parnell did not impress me a bit. When I saw this sleek young dude, as well fed as you or Dillon, came along with hunger written on every line of his face, I said, "Ah! that's a different thing. There's the Irish famine right enough!" and I guess my 500 dollar bill would not wait in my



WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

I and a darned sight better groomed, I said to myself, "The *Herald* knows what it's about. The idea of sending out a man like that to tell us they are all starving!" But when the other man, poor pocket any longer.' A procession of State troops and Hibernian military companies, with flags and bands of music, would generally await the Irish envoy at the railway depot to escort him

WILLIAM O'BRIEN FOUNDING "THE LEAGUE."

through the city. It was soon noticed that on these occasions Parnell had a way of disappearing at the back of the train, and not discovering himself until the business meeting in the evening. His explanation in a confidential moment was characteristic. 'All that half the people in an American town want to see in these shows is the man. If they can see him for nothing, you won't find them turning up for the collection.' Many mistook proceedings like this for the tricks of a mystery man. Many more will doubtless find the hard materialism of his little joke somewhat trying. Nevertheless, there could be no grosser misreading of his character than to attribute such traits to cynicism, or to anything except an honest simplicity and directness of purpose, which was not a selfish purpose. His business was to collect money for starving people, and he took the shrewdest means of achieving his object in the largest measure, in place of basking in the idle popularity of street parades."

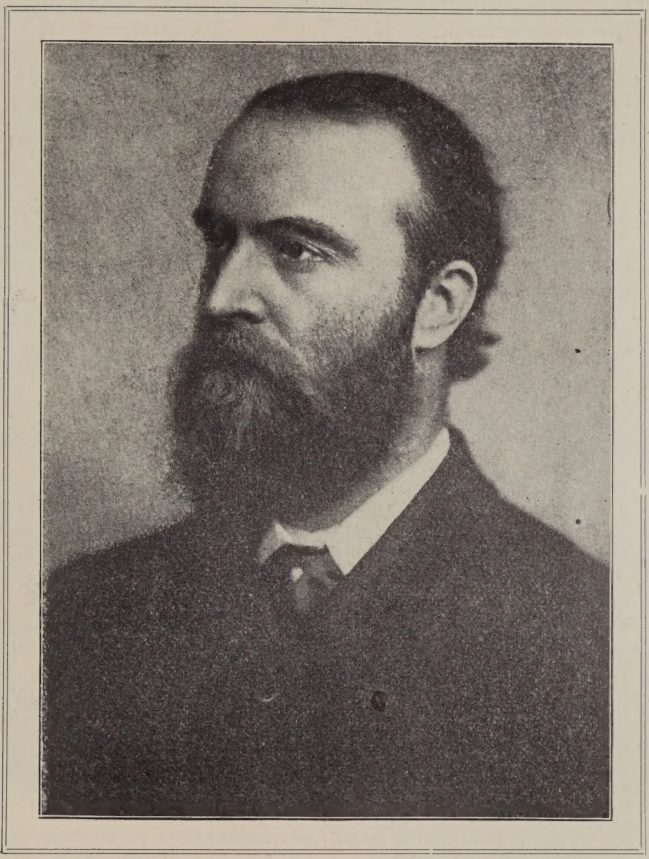
Bringing his recital of events to the general election, Mr. O'Brien gives warning of a gap in his journal, as it was not safe to commit thoughts to paper. Fortunately his memory serves him well in describing Dr. Coke's "Visitation" and its results, and also in forming estimates of the leading men of his party. The description of Parnell's campaign is stirring, and fairly minute in detail, from the time he left his Wicklow home to the hour when the porter at Morrison's was called up by the Chief of the Dublin Detective Division with a warrant for the arrest of the leader as one "reasonably suspected of treasonable practices." Of his own arrest the author says: "My arrest caused me only one real pang. My mother was already so broken that this new blow made one shudder to think of the consequences. My poor company was the last ray of light the world contained for her. . . . Parnell's first greeting to me as I entered the prison yard was characteristic, and dispelled my dreams of a haven of rest.

"O'Brien, of all the men in the world, you are the man we wanted," he said, and he begged me during the dinner hour to draft a no-rent manifesto."

It is not surprising to learn that his stay in Kilmainham jail proved to be one of the most laboriously active passages of his life, "sweetened by an exhilaration of combat and a companionship with revered and trusty men."

There are many reminiscences of Parnell in this connection, — his subjects of conversation, his superstitions, his amuse-

ments, the last including a carpenter's bench and tools, which stood higher in his favor than all the poets, novelists, and sages. On religious topics Parnell was closely reserved and never disrespectful. His attitude towards the Catholic Church is expressed in his assertion that, "the Catholic Church is the only one that can make a man die with any real hope."



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

The Kilmainham Treaty, the introduction of the Coercion Bill, and other important issues are taken up at length, and "The Deepest Depth" reviews a series of events little less than tragic in their bearing on Ireland's fortunes.

In 1882 it was noised abroad that Attorney General Johnson was about to vacate his seat for Mallow, and Parnell urged upon O'Brien to stand for the vacant seat in opposition to Mr. Naish, law adviser to the Castle. The whole electorate was less than two hundred, but O'Brien shrank from the contest, a considerable obstacle in his way being an almost unconquerable aversion to public speaking. Parnell was inexorable in forcing him to the effort, though not hopeful of his election. "I suppose you will get beaten," he said, "but you will get the least bad beating of any one I know." To add to O'Brien's discomfiture Dr. Croke disapproved his candidature, and prophecied, "You will be beaten, "adding angrily, "Parnell ought to know you will be beaten." However, he gave him a check for one hundred pounds, with

the words "There is as much more where that came from." "The gift and the manner of it gave me one of the sweetest memories of my life," says the recipient, "and the fact deserves to live as a stone in the monument that will yet record the greatness of the man."

The Archbishop's farewell as O'Brien knelt to kiss his ring was, "Well, God bless your mother's son." To that blessing O'Brien attributes the overthrow of the Castle power in Mallow. Upon the morning of the polling one hundred voters walked to the courthouse, and in the evening not only had these hundred been as good as their word, but sixty-one more gave O'Brien a handsome majority, and the joy of the people was shown in the "chairing" of the successful candidate. With this scene these intensely interesting "Recollections" come to a close.

"These lines are written two and twenty years after, once more by the banks of the Blackwater," says the writer, "and in the midst of the survivors — sadly thinned and gray, alas! — of those who participated in the delirium of that night. It is a reflection which fills me with more humble thanksgiving than the rewards of princes or empires could inspire, that, after all the cruel vicissitudes of a revolutionary war of nearly a quarter of a century — after all the injustices and infidelities which are the common fate of man and especially of political man — I find myself still surrounded with the same trust and love and clinging tenderness in my native town as on the first wild night when I was Member for Mallow."

WILLIAM O'BRIEN AT FIRST MEETING OF IRISH LAND CONFERENCE AT MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN.

LE PORT DE MARÉE.

A BRETON FISHING TOWN.

BY ANNA M. MITCHELL.

On the northern coast of Brittany — not far from the Bay of Mt. St. Michel, which marks the boundary between Brittany and Normandy — is situated the picturesque old town of St. Malo.

Among the names that are proudly inscribed in its temple of fame is that of Jacques Cartier, whose explorations in the New World, in the early part of the sixteenth century, ushered in a remarkable period of prosperity for the Malouines and gave their seamen a world-wide reputation.

The first view of St. Malo, as one approaches it by water on a clear day, is very impressive. The grey stone ramparts encircle the city in a graceful curve, throwing up at the northern extremity an imposing round tower which stands like a sentinel guarding the broad expanse of water below. Behind the Ramparts rise tier after tier of grey stone houses, ranged with such wonderful precision that they seem like ranks

A ST. MALO FISHERMAN.

of grey-coated soldiers presenting arms. You almost listen for the sound of martial music as you draw near this military-looking town. It was with a little feeling of trepidation that we approached the Grand Porte, its principal gate, one beautiful spring day. But no sooner had we passed under the low arch-way, flanked on either side by massive towers, than we found our fears quickly dispelled, for the first thing to sombre streets, lined on either side with houses five centuries old, but giving no evidence of being bent with age, for they stand with martial-like erectness. A remarkable feeling of dignity seemed to pervade everything. The women in their immaculate Breton caps, had an earnest air as though life assumed a serious purpose within those old grey walls. We sauntered on through the principal high-ways, with their shops

LA PORTE DE NOTRE DAME DE BON SECORS.

greet us was a symbol of peace in the form of a Madonna that looked down on us from her niche over the gate. This is the statue of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, which was erected there after the great fire in 1663, and the natives affectionately call the old gate La Porte de Notre Dame, for they have implicit faith in her protection. With what a feeling of interest we began to explore the old town, climbing slowly its displaying attractive wood carving and metal ornaments decorated with the coat of arms of St. Malo. The gaily painted china adorned with the figures of Breton peasants, which lend themselves so well to the picturesque, gave a bright touch of color to the shop windows.

What is this old house? we queried, as we stood in front of a dilapidated looking structure filled with quaint little

windows. Surely it must have a history. As we approached and examined it more closely we found under the almost effaced coat of arms these words *"Ici est né Dugnay Tronin,"* and we suddenly realized that we were standing in front of the house of St. Malo's famous corsair. Two boys paused a moment, in passing, and regarded the house with a kind of reverential awe. They had probably heard their fathers tell many a tale, around the winter-fire, of the adventures of this hero of the deep, who was a pirate captain at eighteen, and had captured over three hundred merchant vessels and twenty war-ships during his eventful career. With unflagging interest we next turned our steps into some of the by-ways, which were so narrow that the occupants of the houses might easily have shaken hands across the street; dark and sombre they were, to be sure, but scrupulously neat and clean. Having made a circuitous tour across the town we emerged in front of the Porte St. Vincent, which opens on the Place Chateaubriand. This square gets it name from the famous author of "The Genius of Christianity," who was a native of St. Malo. To our right arose the high walls of the grim old chateau begun by Francis II. Duke of Brittany, and finished by his daughter Anne in the sixteenth century.

LE PORT DE MARÈE ON THE EVENING BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF THE FISHING EXPEDITION.

This ancient residence has been converted into a fortress. Blue-coated soldiers now reign supreme in the halls that were once sacred to the tread of lords and ladies of high degree. The sentinel on guard refused to gratify our curiosity with even a peep at the interior of the court, so we turned our back on royalty and crossed the square in order that we might lay our tribute of admiration at the feet of genius. Here stands the house that was once the property of the Chateaubriand family. It has been enlarged to meet the requirements of a modern hotel, and is now known as the Hotel de France. Having crossed the court-yard, we asked to be shown the room in which the great Frenchman was born. Our attendant conducted us up a narrow winding stairway, and ushered us into a small square room whose only article of furniture was a high posted rosewood bed standing in one corner. As the shutters were thrown open, a flood of sunlight entered the room, revealing at one side of the mantel a portrait of the author himself. His hand-

A BRETON WOMAN GATHERING COQUES.

some features looked down on us with a somewhat imperious air, as though he rather resented this intrusion on his privacy. On the other side of the mantel hung his coat-of-arms with the motto *"Notre sang teint les banniers de France."* On the opposite wall hung two steel engravings illustrating scenes from Atala after Chopin. Through the open window we stepped out on the balcony overlooking the sea, and off to the west, beyond the Ramparts, we could plainly see the simple granite cross enclosed by an iron railing which marks his tomb, the only thing on this solitary island of Grand Bey. His dying request was that he should be buried there, and it seemed appropriate that when his stormy life was ended he should rest as near as possible to the restless, seething ocean which symbolized that passionate life with its dazzling triumphs marred by all the weaknesses of genius. As we stood in the room of his birth, and let our eyes rest on the tomb in the near distance, we felt that the span between life and death was very small.

A walk on the Ramparts is a feature of a visit to St. Malo that no visitor can afford to miss. The water rises fifty feet at high tide and when it has completely surrounded the town and has taken on that wonderful turquoise blue hue, the view that one gets from the Ramparts more than compensates for the fatigue. From the northern side you look out on the broad unbroken stretch of the English Channel, while on the southern side a very different view greets the eye, for here lies the crescent-shaped harbor with St. Malo at one point and the lovely villa-crowned cliffs of Dinard on the other. Off to the south, behind the Fort of the City, winds the picturesque Rance with its velvety green shores coming down to the water's edge. As we stood there, we could see with our mind's eye the flight of the French fleet which Browning so vividly describes in Hervé Riel:

"And the thirty-first of May, helter skelter through the blue
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance
With the English fleet in view."

When, a century later, Admiral Anson led another English fleet into the harbor of St. Malo it met with a very different fate. We thought we could picture the look of chagrin that must have supplanted the confident air after he had unsuccessfully assailed these ramparts again and again, and then, having vented his spleen on the shipping in the harbor, he sailed away leaving this Gibraltar of Brittany unconquered.

In reviewing the history of St. Malo one must not lose sight of the fact that what strengthened the right arm of these Malouines was the fact that love of God went hand in hand with the love of country. The heart and centre of their life was the Church, and with this in mind we next directed our steps to the Cathedral whose graceful spire looms up in the very centre of the town.

Eight centuries have elapsed since the inhabitants of the Roman city, Aleth, ruined by piratical invasions, sought refuge in this rocky island with their bishop, who brought with him the relics of his predecessor, Malo; and so the church gave to the town its name.

As we entered the Cathedral with its attractive modern façade we were much impressed with the beauty of the interior. The low Norman arches are supported by massive round pillars, and at the top of each was gracefully arranged a group of French flags, whose bright color lit up the sombre stone and gave the interior a somewhat festive appearance. We walked down the nave, admiring the fine paintings on either side. On reaching the choir we found placed in the centre a miniature ship whose masts were also decorated with tiny flags. "What does it all mean?" we queried. "Has the martial spirit of this old town permeated even the Cathedral?"

We were told that if we had been there in the morning we would have seen a congregation composed of two thousand men and boys who were about to depart on the fishing expeditions. They were attending the grand Mass which closed a retreat. It was thus that they had prepared themselves for the perilous journey that they were about to undertake. A week had been spent in meditation and prayer by these sturdy men who are not afraid to be reckoned among those who go down to the sea in ships. Our interest in the seamen of St. Malo was aroused, and we decided to repair to Le Port de Marée, where the preparations for the departure on the morrow were in course of progress. Here were anchored several large fishing schooners, and on the adjoining quay all was bustle and excitement. Every fisherman had to provide himself with a straw bed, and a strong wooden box, containing the clothing needed for the voyage. On every side were to be seen these beds and boxes, waiting to be transferred to the vessels. Sometimes they were guarded by a mother, who anxiously awaited the coming of her son as she tenderly watched over his belongings. Here and there were young women who had evidently come for a few last words with brother or lover, their tense faces showing that they were trying to meet the parting bravely. Many of the young men had large paper flowers, of a brilliant hue, pinned in their button-holes. These had been placed there by some loving hand, and would probably be carefully preserved as a precious memento during the voyage. At the end of the quay the man who was selling these flowers beamed with delight at the flourishing business he was doing. Surely "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." Mingling with the crowd were bright-coated soldiers from the fort, and here and there a black-robed priest could be seen moving among the men, saying a few last encouraging words. On looking at the women, one was impressed with the variety of head-gear they displayed. These Breton caps, or coifs, as they are called, are the first thing that attracts the attention of a stranger in Brittany. Each section has a coif of different pattern, and the arrangement of the strings distinguishes the married from the single women. They are much more picturesque than the Norman coif — many of them being made of dainty

lace — and very becoming to the wearer. As the fishermen, who embark at St. Malo, come from miles around, the women on the quay displayed a great variety of coifs; but one feature they all had in common, and that was their immaculate whiteness. If the head-gear of the women in Brittany may be taken as a criterion these Breton wives must be marvels of neatness in the homes.

Since Brittany and Normandy send out every year some ten thousand men on these fishing expeditions to Newfoundland, it is not surprising that the stranger notices at once the absence of men. These expeditions used to leave the first of March, but owing to the great number of lives lost, (amounting in one year to fifteen hundred), the Government issued an order that the ships should not sail until the last of the month — to avoid, if possible, the severe weather which usually prevails at this season of the year. This change in the sailing time, together with the improved equipment of the vessels has reduced the death rate, but there are still a large number of men lost on every voyage. Last year the number amounted to five hundred. This great loss of life is caused by the storms which come up so suddenly at the Grand Banks that the barometer gives no warning of their approach. So great is the hardship to which these men are exposed that none but the most rugged are able to endure it. Only men of very vigorous constitutions who are in the prime of life are selected. They are paid the meagre sum of four hundred dollars for six months' work, the boys getting about one hundred dollars. This money is paid them before they sail, and forms the allowance that supports their families during the year. Little wonder then that life takes on a serious purpose in this Breton town where women must work unceasingly:

> "Man's work is from morn till set of sun,
> But woman's work is never done."

is well exemplified in Brittany, for besides attending to the ordinary household duties, the women reap in the fields, and carry on quite a fishing industry of their own. When the tide is low the Breton women gather in large quantities a species of shell-fish called *coque.* These they afterwards peddle, sometimes walking miles into the country to dispose of them. When engaged in this work the neat Breton coif gives place to a white handkerchief, which is tied over the head. With their dresses tucked up to the waist, and their feet encased in wooden sabots, they work away laboriously in order to fill their baskets before the tide comes in and puts an end to their labor.

Is it surprising that the children of these women love the sea? and that a fisherman's life with all its attendant hardship is dearer to them than a life of comparative ease on shore? Many of the men return from these cruises in shattered health, for they are badly fed and obliged to sleep in a small room where they breathe at night the vapor emitted from their clothing. This is the way that they rest, and while they are at work they are often enveloped in fog, which makes every moment a perilous one; for the small boats in which they catch the cod are often run down by the steamers that come upon them in the fog. For six months of the year this is the kind of life that a Breton fisherman leads, exiled from all he holds dear on earth, and wrestling daily with the sea that he loves, notwithstanding its cruelty to him.

It has been the custom on the departure of the fishermen from St. Malo for the Curé, vested in surplice and stole, and accompanied by an acolyte

carrying a cross, to repair to the Port de Marée, and there, as the ships moved out of the harbor, he solemnly bestowed on the men a parting benediction. Then as they took their last look at the shore, which many of them were never to see again, they saw the cross, that emblem of suffering which gave them renewed courage for the dangers they were about to encounter.

The Government has recently issued orders that this religious observance on the departure of the fishermen must be suppressed. Thus, in its mad zeal to eradicate everything that savors of religion, this republic whose motto is "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," will soon succeed in eliminating from the lives of the Breton peasant that element of the picturesque which has made Pere Loti's *Pêcheurs d'Islande* a great French classic, and which has proved such a powerful magnet to tourists, drawing thousands annually toward the Breton coast.

WHEN WINTER WINDS.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

When winter winds are coldest
  On hillside and on lea,
Still, still, my heart then holdest
  A dream of days to be!
A dream of song-birds singing,
A dream of flowers up-springing,
A dream of summer bringing
  Its dear delight to me!

'Tis thus, when aught comes clouding
  My spirit's starry rays,
Comes shadowing and shrouding
  The brightness of my ways,
However dark or fearful,
However sad or tearful,
My heart holds one thing cheerful —
  The thought of better days!

A FAIRY GODFATHER.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

The cobbler had installed himself, when the little Pennsylvania town was still young, in one of the best residential streets, which rejoiced in the appellation of Spring-Garden. Gardens certainly bloomed there in delightful and carefully cultivated luxuriance, and surrounded by very charming villas, the abode of the local gentility. To the inhabitants of these villas it was a source of vexation that the cobbler should have taken up his station amongst them, and could not upon any terms be induced to move away. Nevertheless, his services were occasionally found useful by even the most fastidious, and the knowledge—which the grim and silent man was known to possess—of the inner history of almost every family in the town induced them to treat the mender of shoes with a certain measured civility.

One of that circle, however, had shown real kindness to the cobbler. This was Dick Mather, the most popular young man in the town, a leader in athletics. His people,—that is to say his father and mother, for two brothers had died young and one had drifted out west to be lost as it were in a whirlpool,—were among the first in the town. Of course there were three or perhaps more millionaires on the hill. They lived in palatial splendor and drove gorgeous equipages, but they could not, like the Mathers, trace their ancestry back much farther than the Mayflower.

Dick, as a little chap in knickerbocker suits and Eton collars had struck up a friendship with the cobbler, and had sat upon his doorstep and watched him work, and listened to his quaint scraps of talk. He had done many little acts of kindness towards the solitary man, who, dry and undemonstrative as he was, scored these to the boy's credit and took him to his heart.

Growing older, Dick still made it a point to drop in almost every day for a chat with his childhood's friend, and on Sunday mornings, to the scandal of his fashionable acquaintances, he was often seen to walk home with him from the Catholic church, which both attended. Once the cobbler fell ill, and Dick nursed him through a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, with more than a woman's tenderness. He likewise settled the doctor's and the apothecary's bills, without a word to the old man, who only discovered the circumstance long after his recovery.

Matters went on in this way until just about the time when Dick celebrated his twenty-third birthday. His father died, and then there was a crash, a financial crash, which took everyone by surprise. There was scarcely anything left, even the Mather homestead was mortgaged to its full value. Dick had spent his morning of life very much in the sunshine, occupied chiefly with sport and with the various amusements which beguiled the monotony of college existence and brightened the delightful vacation times in the gay and sociable little country town. But he now rose pluckily to the occasion. He left college, and gave up the engineering course which he had been following, and accepted a clerkship. The salary was sufficient for his own needs and added considerably to the scanty pittance upon which his widowed mother was endeavoring to live.

II.

One beautiful afternoon just when summer was blending into autumn, Dick

Mather paid his customary visit to the cobbler, and seated himself upon the doorstep, in deepest dejection. The gardens were still in full bloom, giving forth the richest of scents, and the shaded streets of the pretty American town were cross-barred with the brilliant sunshine that forced its way through the branches. A veery was singing wild, sweet notes in an adjacent tree. The insects droned contentedly in the sun, or flew hither and thither upon their multitudinous errands. The cobbler waxed his thread and stitched away, eyeing Dick from time to time in a silence which at last he broke with the query: "And what's up with you now?"

"Everything's up, I'm afraid, old friend," Dick answered. "I don't know whether I ever told you that I'm in love with a girl."

"Who, to make a long story short, is the most beautiful and knowledgeable of her sex," interposed the cobbler, "but, indeed, anybody could see with half an eye how it was with you in regard to Miss Marion Miner up there on the hill. So it's stale news you're telling and no mistake."

Dick reddened, and forced himself to join in the old man's chuckling laugh, while the latter proceeded.

"What has she done. Turned her back upon you or walked by the riverside with some one else?"

"She hasn't done either one or the other," cried Dick, hastily, "but her father has—"

"Done which, walked by the river or turned his back?"

"He has done the latter as far as I'm concerned," Dick responded dolefully.

The cobbler for the next few seconds plied his trade both hard and fast, making a fierce onslaught with hammer and tacks upon a shoe he was soling. One might have thought it was the head of Miss Marian's father upon which he was thus operating, to judge by his next remark.

"Turned his back upon you, did he, the ould curmudgeon?"

"Oh, come now, he is quite right from his point of view."

"His point of view, indeed! I mind the time he was tramping the country with his pack on his back."

"Well, old friend," expostulated Dick, "that gives him all the more right to turn that same back on me now. He may very well say go and do likewise."

"Your father's son with a pack on his back," cried the cobbler in high indignation, "he that was the grand, fine gentleman and used to entertain the governor of the state at his table when this town was just a village."

"Mr. Miner does not insist upon that extreme measure," said Dick, "between you and me, I scarcely think he would approve of a pack. But he says that unless I can resume my engineering studies or take up some other profession he will not permit me to marry his daughter."

The cobbler gave a grunt expressive of hostility towards the curmudgeon, but he agreed in the main with his opinion.

"Well, I've often wondered myself, Master Dick, why you didn't go on with your profession. It would be fitter for you than clerking it over there in the mill."

"You don't understand," Dick said gravely. "It would take two more years of time and a lot of money to complete the course."

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars I should say at least."

"And the old curmudgeon never offered?"

Dick flushed all over his fair face.

"Mr. Miner only knows in a general way," he explained, "about our financial

difficulties, and I could never accept that from him in any case."

The cobbler, suspending work, meditated, looked forth to where the gardens bloomed freshly and the trees waved idly in the passing wind. Dick's eyes likewise wandered as he listened to the song which the veery sang overhead.

"Perhaps, then," the cobbler said, and he appeared to be addressing a large speckled butterfly that flitted by, "you'd accept it as a bit of a loan from myself."

Dick's eyes came down suddenly from the veery in astonishment.

"Accept a loan of five hundred dollars from you?" he cried, "out of the fund you've saved by hard work for your old age?"

"Oh, but I've had a windfall within the last few months," explained the old man, blandly, "a legacy of ten thousand dollars, no less, from a brother I haven't seen this forty years, since we sailed from Londonderry together. He went off up there into some of them wild places in Canada, and did well for himself."

"A legacy!" cried Dick, reproachfully, "and you never told me!"

"It's just as well not to tell all you know, like a clucking hen," answered the cobbler.

"Ten thousand dollars, and you intend to stick to this?" Dick indicated the bench, whereon the old man sat.

"To be sure I do. It's not all the money in the world would make me give up my work as long as God spares me the health to do it. And the ten thousand dollars, safe over there in a Philadelphia bank, is not all I have to my credit." He nodded significantly to his young friend who, with his straw hat slightly tilted over his eyes, watched the speaker.

"It's not for nothing that I've been tacking and stitching these twenty years. I have a tidy sum laid by, and that's a lesson for you on the value of industry and frugality. I have spent next to nothing. I own the place I live in, and I've a good bit of land up the Lehigh, betwixt here and Bethlehem. I'm telling you all this to show that you needn't be afraid of borrowing from me a matter of five hundred dollars."

Dick jumped up to wring the old man's hand.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, old friend," he cried, "and I can tell you that I'd rather accept such a favor from yourself than from any man living. But it's impossible. For the fact is my mother couldn't get on as things stand without my salary."

"As if I didn't think about that all the time we were naming five hundred dollars," said the cobbler. "Wasn't I thinking myself that five thousand dollars would be the proper sum to name."

Dick laughed and made a movement to rise.

"I think I'd better go home," he said, "or you'll leave yourself without a roof to cover you. No, no, I shall never forget your kindness, but I am young and strong and I ought to be able to help myself."

"Sit down there again, for I see I'll have to tell you."

Dick involuntarily resumed his place upon the door-step, wondering what was to come next, and the cobbler once more appeared to be addressing the butterfly, which now sat with wings folded, cloak fashion, upon an adjacent shrub.

"I see I'll have to tell you what I never thought to mention till the clay was covering me, and Father Neelan had sung the Requiem Mass for my soul. I have no one but myself, neither chick nor child. I never married, owing to the bad-heartedness of—no matter who. Only be certain of one thing, Master Dick, that nearly all the mischief in the world is connected some way or another with a woman."

Dick could not help laughing, despite his gloom, but the cobbler continued earnestly.

"Well, having no one to leave it to it's long been my intention to bequeath whatever I have to yourself."

The butterfly with a joyous flinging out of its wings soared away, and Dick could only utter an astonished exclamation.

"My will is signed and sealed over yonder in Philadelphia. You can see it for yourself any day in the—botheration to their long names—in some court or another."

"The surrogate's," said Dick, forcing a smile, though his eyes were full of tears, and his voice husky with emotion.

"That's it," cried the old man, "and you can see for yourself that, barring a few hundred to Father Neelan for Masses for my soul, every ha'porth I have goes to you. I thought it would come as a surprise some day when I was under the sod. But if the want of a few dollars is to go between you and your happiness, a loving wife and a prosperous future, why then man alive isn't it better draw upon the fund now, and give me the pleasure of seeing you spend it."

The discussion continued till the sun set in a dazzling splendor of gold, the butterfly had vanished in its radiance, and the veery began his vesper song. There was a powerful array of arguments against reluctant Dick, love, hope, ambition, filial affection and the fear of wounding his humble but royal-hearted friend.

III.

The vanquished Dick obeyed the cobbler implicitely, going up that very evening, by his advice, to explain his change of plans to Mr. Miner. The old man had bound the younger by solemn promise to keep his name and share in the matter a secret, for the time being at least. Mr. Miner received the visitor very kindly. In fact, the clerkship apart there was no other man whom he would so willingly have for a son-in-law as Dick Mather. He was glad of a decent pretext to give his consent, and it was settled that the young man should immediately resume his studies at the college.

Dick and the cobbler proceeded next day to Philadelphia, where the money was duly transferred to the former's name. He covenanted indeed that he should accept it only as a loan and repay it when his profession enabled him to do so. Dick was the host at a very merry dinner of which the two partook at a delightfully cozy restaurant, and, then, the old man referred to another matter which was upon his mind.

"Now, Master Dick," said he, "this very evening, with the blessing of God, you'll ask Miss Marion Miner to go out with you for a bit of a walk, and that and no other will be the time to slip a bit of a ring upon her finger. So, while we are here we'd better step into a jeweller's and choose her as pretty a one as the heart of a girl could desire."

The old man was not to be gainsaid, and he took such genuine delight in the selection of a costly and exquisitely beautiful ring, that Dick had not the heart even to enter a protest. While the sun was still leaving a trail of glory in the western sky, Dick had indeed sought Marion's company in a walk. Dick purposely passed by the cobbler's door and called out joyously to the old man who peered at them with dimmed eyes and such a look of happiness upon his face as had not been seen there since a girl long before had thrown away the gold of a sterling and generous heart.

Their way led by the beautiful Delaware just where it falls into the Lehigh

and they beguiled it with that wondrous absorbing story of love which is the key-note of creation. They had scarcely an eye for the beauties of Nature, so lavishly shed all around them. The moon had arisen and was illuminating with a new resplendence the ring upon Marion's hand and the listener heard with pleased ears her wonder and delight at its beauty.

"My darling," Dick said to her, "some day, not now, for I am bound by a promise, I will tell you the true story of that ring and of my up-to-date fairy godfather."

CLOSE COMRADES.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

There are no closer comrades found
  Than Idleness and Poverty,
Though one may search the wide world round
  From north to southern polar sea.

And men of lore and wit profound
  In every land and clime agree
There are no closer comrades found
  Than Idleness and Poverty.

Castor and Pollux close were bound;
  And ne'er did Damon disagree
With his dear friend, the sage renowned
  Through Sicily's every grove and lea:
Yet ne'er were closer comrades found
  Than Idleness and Poverty.

A RONDELET.

BY KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

Is just the gleam of first pale star
A rondelet?
Is echoed chime of bells afar —
The glimpse of shining silver spar —
Of drifting bark beyond the bar —
A rondelet?

THE PURE FOOD MOVEMENT.

HOW TO GET PURE FOOD WITHOUT FEDERAL LEGISLATION.

The people are knocking at the doors of Congress again for legislation to protect them from impure and adulterated foods. If Congress does pass a pure food law it is not likely that it will afford full protection against food frauds. It is apt to be a very harmless affair fixed up to satisfy public clamor. It will call forth a number of pretty speeches intended for "home consumption" and that will end it all.

There is wide difference of opinion as to what sort of legislation would prove effective. Nearly all the states have pure food laws but the stream of adulterated foods flows on unchecked. On one thing, however, there is little room for difference of opinion and that is this: The best way to help along "the pure food movement" is to eat a pure food — a food you know is clean and pure. Such a food is Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit. It is made of the choicest wheat, cleaned, steam-cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds so that the weakest stomach may take up all its strength-giving elements. There's nothing secret about the process. Over 100,000 persons passed through the plant last year and inspected the process of shredding wheat. It is the cleanest, purest and most nutritious cereal food made. It is not "treated" or "flavored" with anything — nothing but pure cooked wheat. Delicious for breakfast. All grocers keep it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Humility of Heart. From the Italian of Father Cajetan Mary Da Bergamo. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

What higher testimony can we have to the practical value of this work than the fact that it was, for many years, a source of daily inspiration to the apostolic Cardinal Vaughan? The modern world does not regard humility as a "fashionable" virtue, nay more, it rather despises the lowly of heart as lacking a proper sense of personal dignity. Yet what student of Christian teaching can fail to recognize the absolute need of this virtue for a life moulded by the sublime precepts of Christ of Nazareth? Most aptly does Father Bernard Vaughan in his Preface to the book say: "Humility may not inappropriately be called the starting post in that race for heaven of which the Apostle speaks. It is the *terminus a quo* in the spiritual life. It is the first of the many lessons set before us in the school of sanctity — a difficult lesson, I grant you, and one which nature seeks to shirk or to put off indefinitely, but for the man who means to graduate for heaven there is no escape from it. Accordingly our divine Master, Who is not exacting, reminds all His would-be followers, without distinction, that they must learn this lesson, get it well by heart, and into the heart; for Humility is the alphabet out of which every other virtue is formed and built up. It is the soil of the garden of the soul, 'the good ground' on which the divine Sower goes forth to sow His seed.

"It is in the school of Christ, and from the lips of Christ Himself that we must learn Humility. 'Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.' By following the Master Himself, by studying His own Heart, we have to acquire, to appreciate and to practise this first, this vital, this vitalizing energizing virtue, without which no man can hope to make any progress at all on the Royal Road heavenward."

The Life of Denis M. Bradley, first Bishop of Manchester. By M. H. D. Manchester. The Guidon Publishing Co.

Good, devoted Bishop Bradley was in many ways a remarkable man. He combined the sweet simplicity of a St. Francis of Assisi with the deep penetration of a St. Augustine, and the burning zeal of a St. Francis Xavier with the practical judgment of a St. Gregory the Great. He led a most unselfish life — for he spent his energies, his time, his revenues most generously for his people and he wrought a work of spiritual regeneration in the State of New Hampshire which cannot be adequately told in words. This touching record of his life with his soul-stirring addresses form a volume which should arouse the deepest spiritual feelings in all who have the good fortune to peruse it. The memory of Bishop Bradley and of his Christlike deeds is a priceless legacy not only to the diocese of Manchester, where his works have been so ably taken up by his scholarly successor, but also to the entire American Church. May his apostolic example lead many an earnest young soul to upbuild a noble character and to do heroic deeds.

The Bible Beautiful: A History of Biblical Art. By Estelle M. Hurll. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

The aim of this book is to trace the development of Bible illustration from the crude pictures of the Catacombs to the great art which embodied in visible form the Bible Beautiful. The story is carried through the art of various countries, and is brought down to the work of the present day.

In pursuance of this plan we have illustrations of mosaics from St. Mark's, Venice, of illuminated choir-books from mediæval cathedrals, of famous works by the great masters, and specimens of the artistic trophies of recent times, such as Hagar and Ismael by West, the Angels of Creation by Burne-Jones, St. Paul by Partridge, and the prophets: Amos, Nahum, Ezekiel and Daniel by Sargent. The typographical setting and the illustrations are of the highest order, and the book presents a truly beautiful appearance. Some of the expressions have a strange sound — as, for example (p. 51), "the annunciate Virgin" — but the general description is sympathetic and sound. The entire book is a conclusive proof of the efficacious methods adopted by the Church to instruct her people concerning the incidents of Sacred History in an age when the art of reading was not widely diffused. We are rather puzzled by the following remarks on p. 97 about the paintings in the Sistine Chapel: "It is rather surprising that so complete an expression of Biblical story should belong to a period when, to all intents and purposes, the faith it stood for was discredited." Since the crowning subject of the decoration, the Last Judgment, was executed under Paul III, whose deeply religious feelings caused him from the very beginning of his reign to raise no one to the cardinalate who was not eminent for piety and learning, the condemnatory statement of the writer scarcely harmonizes with facts.

The Christian Family. Seven Conferences adapted from the Original of Monsignor D'Hulst. By the Reverend Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. 1906.

Father Bertrand Conway has done a genuine service to the cause in giving us an English adaptation of Monsignor D'Hulst's Conferences on the "Christian Family." In view of the deplorable sentiments regarding marriage and family life which are so prevalent in modern society, it is absolutely necessary that the sublime dignity of sacramental marriage and the divine institution of the family should be kept before the world. We cannot too frequently impress these truths upon our people — and Mgr. D'Hulst's thoughtful discourses will greatly help in the preparing of a Lenten or an Advent course upon a subject of vital importance, not merely to Catholics but also to the country at large.

Il Libro D'Oro of those whose Names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Translated from the Italian by Mrs. Frances Alexander. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

What lover of the inner life does not long to possess this splendid volume with its rare collection of miracle stories and sacred legends from sunny Italy! The cold-natured, the hypocritical, the sluggish may fail to grasp the inward beauty and pathos of these narratives, but for all who appreciate the power of faith, the attractiveness of absolute sincerity, the rarity of artlessness and of perfect candor, together with the sublime nature of things spiritual — the book will be a deeply-valued and much-sought-for treasure. We have only one suggestion to make and that is to give the work an English title. It would, we think, extend its usefulness. We tender our profound gratitude to Mrs. Alexander and to the publishers for these charming stories so ably Englished.

Sermons Preached in St. Edmund's College Chapel on Various Occasions. With an Introduction by the Most Rev. Francis Bourne. Collected and arranged by Edwin Burton. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

St. Edmund's College holds a large place in the history of the restoration of the Catholic Church in England. For seventy years the majority of the diocesan clergy in the south owed to St. Edmund's their whole clerical formation. It was consequently, a wise plan to publish in one volume some of the important addresses delivered on various memorable occasions during the eventful history of the College. Many an inspiration can be drawn from these able speeches — and though all are excellent, many will ponder longest over Bishop Hedley's address on the spirit of St. Edmund. Notice the magnificent tribute he pays to learning: "In the Catholic Church learning is not an ornament, or an amusement, or a luxury, but it is a necessity. Speaking of the Church at large and of the well being of each part of the Church, we must unhesitatingly say that it is a necessity. For learning is the fuel of the Faith. It is true that learning sometimes leads to doubt or to rashness; but that is accidental. What learning really does is to widen the field on which Faith shines, and to gather together and heap up, as the priests in the Temple heaped up the victims, material of every kind for the action of Faith thereon. Faith may, and often does, burn with very little knowledge; but for a blazing holocaust of Faith there must be the treasures of the student's labor, or the infused knowledge of the Saint. Moreover, without learning the Church herself does not grow. There are men who sit at home and whose ideas circle round the fence that divides them from the outside world; and there are men who travel over oceans and continents and bring home stories of a vast and beautiful universe. The Kingdom of the Precious Blood is a limitless inheritance; but it is an inheritance to be won by the work of human faculties. Growth and development mean the co-ordination of truth, the comparison of truth with truth, the setting out of consequences, the unfolding of meanings, and the slaying of pernicious error. And finally, learning is required to meet learning — Catholic learning to oppose heterodox learning; or else the Church of God will be despised."

Kyriale seu Ordinarium Missae. New York. Pustet. 1906.

A useful collection of Masses in the Gregorian style. The richness, the harmony, and the majesty of Gregorian music are splendidly brought out in this very inexpensive volume.

Attitude of Catholics Towards Darwinism and Evolution. By H. Muckermann, S.J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

The vigorous discussions upon these topics in scientific circles make a book of this nature doubly welcome; and there are many Catholics who will find it to their advantage to provide themselves with a copy of Prof. Muckermann's work. For it is impossible to be in any circle of scientific men for a length of time without hearing these subjects hotly debated — and the question invariably arises: What is the attitude of the Catholic mind concerning these theories? Professor Muckermann gives us a series of

carefully arranged answers, which represent the views of conservative theologians and of able scientists — so that the entire question is placed under easy grasp. But why was the title of the book not printed on the back of the cover A book loses half its usefulness by not having title and author clearly stamped on the back.

Rambles in Brittany. By Francis Miltoun. With Illustrations by Blanche McManus. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

The same care, the same dignified style and the same thoughtfulness which made the "Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine" so attractive a book are here found in a delightfully prominent manner. Like the secluded valleys of the Tyrol, Brittany has retained the simplicity, the quaintness, and the open life of former ages. There is, consequently, a novelty about these "Rambles" which is extremely fascinating to one whose journeys may have been restricted to the beaten-lines of travel; and many a delightful tour can be made in spirit under the guidance of Mr. Miltoun. It is to be regretted that the chapter on "Religious Festivals and Pardons" was not submitted before publication to a well-informed member of the Church. Had this been done certain obnoxious expressions and several ambiguous statements would have been radically changed. It is pleasant, however, to note the broad treatment generally manifest throughout the book.

Cross and Chrysanthemum. By the Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A charming story of the Mikado's domain. Love and separation, persecution and unswerving loyalty to the cross, lend rare life and interest to the various incidents. Father Spillmann's deft pen has herein achieved another literary triumph and we are sure that both young and old will read this finely constructed story with deepest interest and pleasure.

A Week With Jesus, Reflections and Meditations for Holy Week. By Rev. Anthony Baumstark, Fr. Pustet & Company. New York, Cincinnati. 1906. 40 cents, *net.*

In the preparation of this manual the author was actuated by the desire to reach readers who have not the time or inclination to read an elaborate treatise, but are yet anxious to know more than a mere historical account of facts in the most eventful week in the life of Our Lord. Beginning with Palm Sunday, Father Baumstark takes each day of Holy Week, describes the scenes and events that mark it, and makes a practical application of the Gospel to the needs of the reader.

Another useful Lenten book, issued by the same firm, is "Devotions for the Way of the Cross," containing two forms for public devotion, and two for private devotion.

The Method of the Catholic Sunday-school. By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. 1906.

Father Halpin in a previous work unfolded to us in vigorous words the importance of the Catholic Sunday-school, now he shows us how to conduct it successfully. His treatment of this difficult subject is so suggestive and stimulating, that we should like to see a copy of this booklet in the hand of every Sunday-school teacher in the land. We call particular attention to his notes upon "The Higher Catechism."

Outlines of the History of Ireland. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Seventh edition. Longmans, Green & Co. New York. 30 cents.

This little book is written in very simple language for school use, and is an abridgement of "The Child's History of Ireland." The first part gives in popular form trustworthy information on the literature, laws, and customs of the ancient Irish people; the second deals with Ireland under native rulers; the third with the period of invasion; parts four, five, and six, take up many important issues, from the insurrection down to the Home Rule movement and the industrial progress of the country.

It is readable and interesting, though necessarily brief, and gives to the reader, whether child or adult, a clear view, in small space, of the leading features of Irish History.

The Sacrifice of the Mass Worthily Celebrated. By Reverend Father Chaignon, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros.

No one has written more beautifully, either of the Christian priesthood or of the transcendant act of Christian worship than Père Chaignon. This work, consequently, will be a valuable addition to a priest's library, for it unfolds the way to a life of high personal holiness and of broad usefulness.

A Few Simple and Business-Like Ways of Devotion to the Passion. By Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905.

In the preface the author explains why he has used the word "Business-like" in the title. It is, he says, "Father Faber's word" and seems to express better than any other the earnestness that he wishes to inculcate in the practice of devotions. This little book will be found very helpful in forming the habit of meditation even amid the many engrossing pursuits of life in the world.

Mary the Queen. A Life of the Blessed Mother. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

The story of our Lady's life beautifully told, exquisitely illustrated, and permeated throughout by that winning sympathy which appeals so strongly to the little ones. May it meet the appreciation it deserves.

Patron Saints for Catholic Youth. By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1906. 50 cents.

There are certain books that immediately attract the attention and hold it through every page, and to this class belongs the collection of stories of the saints, from the pen of this deservedly popular author. Stories and legends are skilfully woven into the biographical sketches, and will no doubt aid in fastening in the memory the lessons taught by the lives of St. Joseph, St. Anthony, St. Agnes, St. Anne, and the other saints of whom Mrs. Mannix writes so lovingly.

Lay Down Your Arms. By Bertha Von Suttner. Authorized translation by T. Holmes. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

This is a book with a mission, namely, the promotion of peace, and the author strives to attain this result by a truthful but vivid narration of the horrors of war. The pictures are, we know, true; they are not overdrawn, and no one can peruse this work without feeling drawn to resolve that he will effectively aid every effort and promote every project tending to the banishment of war from the world. Let nations act like well-developed, well-trained human beings, who do not proceed to blows in their difficulties, but either discuss them amicably or refer them to a disinterested arbitrator.

Familiar Instructions on the Commandments of God and the Church. By a Catholic Priest. New York and Cincinnati. Pustet & Co. 1906.

A handy manual for the home and the Sunday-school. It would be well to place it in the hands of every Catholic child.

The Dublin Review. Edited by Wilfrid Ward. Jan., 1896. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

Under the able guidance of Wilfrid Ward the sterling *Dublin Review* will undoubtedly not only continue its splendid work in the various branches of literature, but will win still greater victories in its special sphere. Fortunate the library which contains a complete set of this valuable periodical, for in its different numbers we can find enlightenment and instruction upon nearly every point connected with Catholic truth. A full set of this *Review* ought to be found in every Catholic and in every public library in the land.

The Tragedy that Wins and other Stories. By the Seniors and Juniors of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. McVey. Philadelphia. 1906.

All credit to the enterprising and well-trained young men who wrote these stories. They all show power and ingenuity and many of them would stand development into a more pretentious form.

The Woman of Seven Sorrows. By Seumas MacManus. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, Ireland.

This allegory in which Memory and Hope take leading parts has for its setting green fields, wood, lake, and mountain. "Shiela of the Sorrows" in conversation with them recalls her woes, and makes a passionate appeal against the power of Might and Treachery. Little children gather round her, Youth, Maiden, and Artisan pay tribute, and the Poor Man is convinced by Shiela's eloquence that he "is rich beyond a miser's dream in things that last forever." Shiela lifts her drooping head, and sets her feet upon the pleasant way that leads to her heritage, "all tortures past, all anguish over."

When produced at the Samhaim festival this drama proved to be a successful stage play, and the author was encouraged to publish it in book form, that the country dramatic societies might use it for propagandist purposes.

Fair Margaret. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1905.

Readers familiar with Marion Crawford's earlier books, will close this latest novel with a feeling of disappointment.

The heroine of this story, Margaret Donne, is a clever, and fairly good-looking English girl, with a musical career as the means of bringing her to the knowledge of an enthusiastic public. In outlining her character the author does indeed produce a portrait, and an attractive one. As she waits for admission to the house of the prima donna the girl is conscious of a crisis in her life, realizing that on the opinion of Madame Bonanni her future as a singer depends. Her first glimpse of the great prima donna, with tousled hair and gown of Turkish towelling, is not reassuring, but a closer acquaintance makes known the sterling qualities of Madame Bonanni's character, qualities that have proved stronger than the chain of circumstances which made the peasant woman the favorite of a king. Her love for her son, and her generous renunciation of her stage career in favor of a younger

woman, together with her efforts to secure a brilliant debut for her rival for public honors, lend to the story a touch of true nobility. Margaret, indulging in flirtation with the Greek, Constantine Logotheti, and supremely indifferent as to public opinion of her conduct, is a very modern type. Fortunately through the services of her friends, and the assertion of her own common sense, she escapes unharmed by the Greek's attentions, and her gratitude to Edmund Lushington promises to win for him the reward he seeks.

That a sequel may be expected is suggested by the closing words of the last chapter: "And with the big-hearted woman's laugh ends the first part of this history."

The Most Popular Home Songs. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. New York. 1906. 50 cents.

As its name indicates this collection of songs is intended first of all for the home, and includes every song familiar to generations of singers, nearly one hundred and fifty titles appearing in the contents. Among others are "Annie Laurie," "Auld Lang Syne," "Do They Miss Me at Home," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Hush Thee, My Baby," "The Bridge," "Lead, Kindly Light," "The Old Oaken Bucket," and many more favorites, besides the home songs of other nations, from the "Blue Bells of Scotland" to "The Watch on the Rhine."

The Official Catholic Directory. M. H. Wiltzius Co. Milwaukee, Wis.

This, the twentieth volume of the Official Catholic Directory and Clergy List, includes not only the revised edition of 1905, but also reports of Norway and South Africa; and to the list of English-speaking confessors abroad has been added information for the benefit of Catholic travellers. The reports of the Cuban diocese, formerly printed in Spanish, are here translated.

Every effort has been made to obtain complete and accurate reports, and the publishers state that any errors that may have been printed are not the result of lack of proper care, but due to the exactions and difficulties of compiling and verifying such a vast collection of data, an explanation that the thoughtful and considerate will bear in mind.

A Bunch of Flowers. By Kathleen Don Leavy. Angel Guardian Press. Boston, Mass. 1905.

In a neat volume, daintily bound in blue and gold, Miss Don Leavy gives to the public a collection of poetic thoughts. "Heart Music," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Holy Name," "Our Rosary Queen" and many other uplifting themes have given inspiration to the author. "The Coronation Song" is illustrated by a fine portrait of Pius X, who sent his blessing to Miss Don Leavy as a mark of his appreciation of her tribute to the Immaculate Mother.

The book is dedicated to the Holy Father, in the following words:

"We reverently and gratefully dedicate this little volume, believing that 'A Bunch of Flowers'—tribute to the Immaculate Conception for its Golden Jubilee—from one of his children is far more precious to him than rarest gems from others."

Juvenile Round Table. Third Series. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905.

Though this book is set apart for the young people, and no doubt will be fully appreciated by them, its contents will also engage the attention of their elders. It is pleasing to note the activity of the Catholic publishers in getting out popular reading matter for the Catholic home, and it is to be hoped that generous patronage will reward their efforts.

Catholic Home Annual. Benziger Brothers. New York. 25 cents.

The calendar features for 1906 are generously supplemented by numerous illustrations and a fine table of literary contents, making the *Annual* a welcome visitor in home or office.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the general teaching of Catholic Theologians concerning Darwinism?

The answer to this question may be best given in the words of the learned Professor Muckermann, S.J., whose book is noticed in another part of this review. The word "Darwinism" is used in four different meanings. In the first place, it denotes Darwin's theory of natural selection; secondly, Haeckel's monism; thirdly, man's animal descent; fourthly, the theory of evolution as opposed to the theory of constancy. This last signification, however, of Darwinism, is a wrong use of the term and serves to create confusion.

(1) *Darwinism, properly so-called*, that is the theory of natural selection, first advanced by Darwin in 1859, *is to be unconditionally rejected*, because it is insufficient in principle and it is contradicted by facts. It is insufficient in principle because when called upon to offer explanations for the origin and increase of useful characteristics and of new organs more perfectly developed, the theory of natural selection is desperately hopeless. Nor can it be otherwise. For, by virtue of natural selection nothing new can be produced. Selection can merely choose between already existing conditions, nothing else. It may destroy, but it cannot create. That this theory is contradicted by facts is abundantly proved by Heer, the Duke of Argyll, Hugo de Vries and others.

(2) Haeckel's monism (that all things in existence constitute an undivided because identical whole) is not only a philosophical absurdity, but on account of its atheistic character, undermines the very groundwork of religion and morality. The reasons for this are clear.

(3) Similarly the doctrine of man's animal descent is directly opposed to faith, and from a philosophical point of view untenable. For man possesses a spiritual soul. Nor does man's body descend from the animal, it being directly produced by God. Every attempt to argue to the contrary from a scientific basis has proved to be a failure.

(4) The theory of evolution, on the other hand (that is, the theory which declares that the species of plants and animals existing at present were not always as they are to-day, but have descended from other entirely different species, and these in turn from still more primitive forms, until finally we arrive at a more or less limited number of species which were directly produced by God) is a harmless doctrine which belongs entirely to the domain of the natural sciences. For this theory does not consider the origin of life, nor the origin of man. It supposes, moreover, intrinsic causes of development and rests on the principle that God does not act by direct and personal intervention, if secondary or created causes can achieve the same results. Hence the theory of evolution is not opposed to faith, nor does it contradict the principles of reason. On the contrary, being in full harmony with the Christian view of creation, it is supported by facts, the probable argumentative force of which can hardly be denied.

These are the general views adopted by conservative Catholic Theologians. On the other hand, Father Zahm, in his "Evolution and Dogma" inclines to the view, put forward by Mivart, namely, that the *body* of Adam, was evolved, like the bodies of other animals, according to evolutionistic principles, and ultimately animated by a spiritual soul, the creation and infusion of which into the organic body, is to be attributed to the direct and immediate action of God.

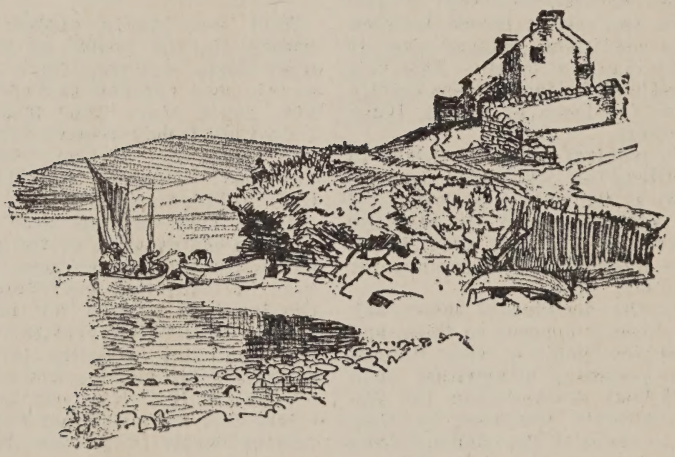
Much light will, undoubtedly, be thrown on this subject when the Biblical Commission now in existence publishes its interpretations of the early chapters of Genesis.

Will you kindly explain the following passage in the gospel of St. Mark: "And when Jesus was gone forth into the way, a certain man running up and kneeling before him, asked him: 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may receive life everlasting?'" and Jesus said to him, "Why callest thou me good? None is good but one, *that* is God." (St. Mark, x.)

Some have thought that our Lord's answer to the question of the young man was an extremely strange one. But we must bear in mind that our divine Saviour met the inquiries of men, not merely according to the literal interpretation of the words used, but also according to the disposition of the speaker and the motive which prompted the inquiry. Now our Lord clearly perceived that his questioner regarded him as a famous doctor of the law, but only as one, indeed, whose powers were not beyond the limits of ordinary human nature. In other words, the young man had failed utterly to grasp the object aimed at in all the teachings and miracles of Christ, namely, the establishing of his divinity. Hence, our divine Saviour wished to make the young man more reflective. "In what manner," he asks, "do you salute me by that title, do you regard me as good in the ordinary, limited sense, or do you look upon me as good in the fullest absolute sense?" In other words, "When you call me good, what form of goodness do you attribute to me — that

which belongs to man or that which belongs to God? Do my deeds show that I am only a limited, created being, or do they emblazon forth the truth that I am God. Absolute goodness belongs to me — that is, God." Hence, as Father Knabenbauer says, the object of the Redeemer in replying as he did was to impress upon the young man the truth of his divinity. It is as though Christ answered: "If you call me good, then believe that I am truly the veritable Son of God, for no one is good of himself except God, the absolutely perfect one."

There is another lesson contained in our Lord's answer, and that is the warning that we must refer all praise to God to whom we owe the strength and grace which underlie all moral perfection. Moreover, as à Lapide observes, the word *good* means the same as perfect, and God alone is absolutely perfect. For in God we contemplate the infinite perfection both of nature and of wisdom, of power, holiness and virtue. There is, therefore, in Him the highest goodness, natural, moral and supernatural. Consequently, He is the Fountain of all good, in whom all the excellencies of all created objects are gathered together, and that, too, in a far higher form than they exist in creatures. Every good, therefore, exists in God, but in a perfect and infinite degree. Hence we see that to God alone belongs the title "good" in its absolute, highest sense.



THE THREE MARYS AT THE TOMB.

Donahoe's Magazine

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HE IS RISEN!

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

He is risen; He is risen;
Tell the tidings o'er and o'er;
He has left His earthly prison,
He now lives to die no more;
He has proved His Christly teaching,
He is Victor o'er the grave;
And the joyous news is reaching
To the souls He came to save.

As partakers in His glory
Let our gratitude be shown;
Let us spread the wondrous story
To the lands where yet unknown
Is the tale of our salvation
From the toils that Sin has set;
Tell it out to ev'ry nation
That our Lord is Master yet!

APRIL.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

The year is in its childhood,
And ev'rything is play;
Birds laugh the while they're singing —
The month's a holiday.
The violet is hooded
With snow down in the glade;
The hills are wrapped in sunshine,
A lovely masquerade!

PIUS X DRIVING IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

AN IMPRESSIONIST SKETCH OF PIUS X.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

The biography of our Holy Father, Pius X, is now the property of the world, yet the time is but short since the Cardinal of the patriarchal see of Venice led his busy apostolic life almost unknown to the world beyond his dioceses. However, a slight and intimate sketch may still be of interest, a few touches of human nature which show the beautiful, lovable character under many sidelights, as no accurately compiled records of a splendid pastoral life-work could ever hope to do.

Even before the election of a sovereign pontiff, the world felt reverent interest, not unmixed with sympathy, for the person who would be the choice of the Sacred College. When the anxiously expected Pontiff appeared before us in the person of the Venetian Cardinal, not vigorous and confident, but bowed almost to old age with the weight of his high appointment, the impression produced on all minds was that of intense personal sympathy with the "man" apart from the Catholic reverence given to the "pontiff." At that first glimpse one realized that Divine Providence had once more given the Church not only a ruler but a father in the tenderest sense of the word, a pastor who would be loved by his universal family as the beloved Patriarch of Venice was idolized by his flock. Nor was this first impression merely a passing idea, it was an instinct, an intuition, call it what you will, a conviction verified by after events.

Now that we have known and reverenced Pius X, and watched him crowned in that most solemn, mysterious and im-

pressive of crownings, we love to dwell on those "Post-Conclave" hours in the Sistine Chapel, when by virtue of that wonderful election the Patriarch of Venice was changed into Pius X, so gloriously reigning. As priest, as bishop, as cardinal, his first thought was for others, nor did this characteristic fail him as Pope. The Sovereign Pontiff's first visit on leaving the Sistine was to the aged and infirm Cardinal Herreras, (who had been struck down with illness during the Conclave) to bring him greeting, comfort and apostolic blessing. Nor had the kindly heart of bishop and father forgotten for one moment his desolate flock. The Pontiff's first thoughts were for Venice, and his first telegraphic message as Pope was to his Venetians, his people by the sea, — to quote the words of the brief yet touching message, *"my most beloved people of Venice,"* whom he had blessed repeatedly from his gondola, under the shadow of St. Mark's, ere his departure for the Conclave. In all human probability Pius X will never see Venice again. As the Pope paces the enclosed and leafy alleys of the Vatican Gardens he sighs for the salt sea air, blowing fresh and sweet across the Adriatic, to his episcopal palace by the sea, where the waves lap gently about the gondola gates. They tell a pathetic little story of the Pope's first days in the Vatican, in the burning Roman summer heat, how he turned to his faithful Venetian secretary, a smile half humorous and wholly wistful on the face whose goodness is never clouded, to say with a quick sigh — "Oh for our lagoons, Monsignor!" Only a few words spoken almost involuntarily, but they bore a world of meaning, of the pangs of a homesickness and loneliness bravely borne, of the first trial to a free and active spirit accustomed to the keen life-giving air of the north, of being confined within palace yet prison walls.

FOUNTAIN OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IN VATICAN GARDENS.

The Venetians stand to their guns in asserting that the Pope will return one day among them. *"He promised,"* they say obstinately, in their soft, musical dialect, *"and what he says he does."* How this will be accomplished under the present conditions of the Papacy and its relations to the State it is difficult to imagine notwithstanding the premonitions of an "entente," which, could it be realized, would be the *one* moral hope for Italy's prosperity and true unity, perpetually menaced as it is by the lurid thundercloud of socialism and republicanism. It is a question that cannot be entered into without an intimate knowledge of the ex-

isting "statu quo" in Rome, and no outside judgment can be authoritatively pronounced upon it. Surely it should suffice for all Catholics to know that matter of personal inclination or fear for personal safety, as many still appear to think.

All the world knows now that Pius

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF PIUS X, IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

when this or any other Pontiff sees his way to coming out of the Vatican without injury to the interests of the Church, he will certainly do so, for this is not a X glories in the fact that he is a child of the people, coming of hardy north country stock, honest God-fearing countrymen of the good old Catholic stamp.

The future pontiff was the heir to a fine inheritance, for in his veins runs the blood of centuries of upright ancestors, sons of the soil who earned their bread in the sweat of their brow; honest men to whom God and conscience were before all other considerations. To this heredity Pius X owes his splendid simplicity and straightforwardness of character.

Even from earliest childhood, Guiseppe Sarto betrayed an intelligence, piety, and zeal for learning which led his parents to hope that their son might one day attain the dignity of the priesthood. Could they have but known the sovereign office to which he would be elevated, they would have thought their lives more gloriously crowned than that of any earthly sovereign. As it was the beloved mother of Pius X lived to see her son's elevation to the cardinalate in 1893, and when Leo XIII received the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice in audience, after the Consistory, His Holiness warmly congratulated him on the fact. All the successive elevations in his wonderful ecclesiastical career were due to his own merits. One can follow him through it all, first as the energetic young curate of the village of Tombolo, then the vigorous parish priest of Sarzano, strong as a lion against all that was abuse or evil, yet gentle and generous almost to a fault. He was ever the friend and champion of the poor and weak and friendless. They still speak of his splendid sacrifice during a cholera epidemic at Sarzano when "Don Guiseppe Sarto" risked life and health fearlessly, where others drew back afraid.

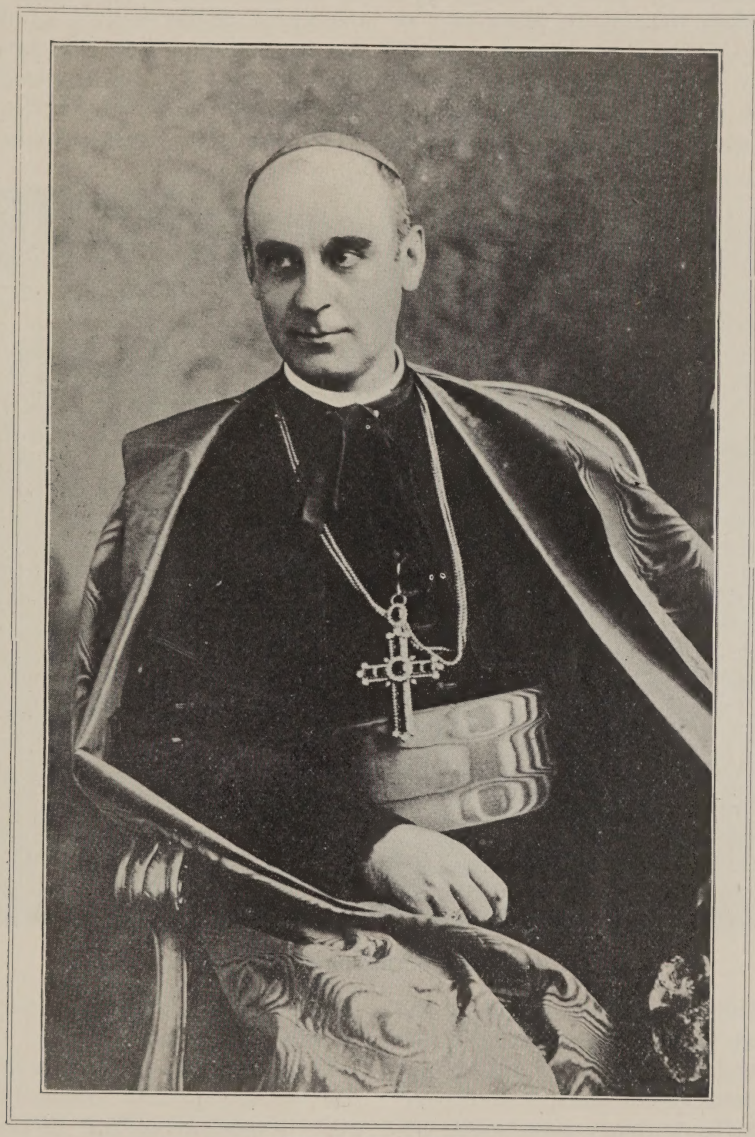
In all times and under all conditions our present Pontiff has been a student, even from his boyhood, when he traveled so many miles daily and under great difficulties to school. It is said by an old servant who had been with him many a long day, both when he was curate and parish priest, that the only extravagance the Pope *ever committed in his life* was that of *wasting candles*. Into the small still hours he burnt the lamp of knowledge, for which one day the world was to be the better. With all his high qualities of brain and heart the young priest might well have grown proud or ambitious, touched with the youthful "pride of life," but the wholesome generous nature and humble mind, preserved him from all such snares, and kept the beautiful character unspotted from the world. Later came the appointment to the Canonry of Treviso Cathedral, and the professorate of Moral Theology at the episcopal seminary, but with all the new honors Guiseppe Sarto remained the same. Another step in his career brought Monsignor Sarto to the Bishopric of Mantua, and finally the highest dignity save one, which he was afterwards to attain, the Cardinalate and Patriarchate of Venice, which, it may be remembered, formed a source of friction between the Italian Government and the Vatican.

These are the varied records of the life-work of our Holy Father, a life spent in the vineyard of souls. In every charge the same encomium was passed upon him, the best which could be pronounced upon any ecclesiastic, "always a model priest and bishop, full of the burning zeal of souls." Firm, unflinching as a rock, where conscience and duty are concerned, but with the compelling sweetness of personal goodness, a man whose nobility, honesty, and integrity of purpose can be read on his every feature; a keen observer, tireless worker, and strict disciplinarian; add to this a truly apostolic charity, and surely we have the worthiest recommendation for the wider pontifical vineyard.

All his life Pius X has stood close to the mighty heart of the people, and who, so well as one who has known them intimately, is fitted to direct the Church whose proudest boast is that it is the

Church of the people? A saying somewhere runs that the three popes, the two of the past and the one of the present, represent respectively their period, Pius IX the man of heart, Leo XIII the man of mind, and Pius X the man of action. Now, Pius X is essentially the man of action, and the development of Catholic social organization has been a study especially dear to him, for on it he builds his hopes for the future of the Church.

Until now the Holy Father's career has been altogether remote from diplomatic relations and international politics, but with the reins of government in the hands of Pius X, nations and peoples



CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.
(From a recent picture.)

may rest content. The pessimistic and fearful are always ready with timorous doubts, but they need not fear. In the Holy Father's very gentleness lies his sovereign strength. There is that in his character often wanting in those cast in a more arrogant mold. The iron hand of authority is within the velvet glove. Even in the earliest days of his pontificate the Romans were drawn to the new

around him or connected with him in the government of the Church, he has proved himself verily not only bishop but father. For pomp and state he cares but little. In what manner he regards the awful responsibilities of the Papacy can be gathered from the saying which Pius X, uttered at his first audience, given to the Venetians in August, 1903. "I will bear this cross which God has

VATICAN GARDENS. THE FOUNTAIN OF PIUS IV.

Pope irresistibly, first on account of the name so dear to them when borne by the saintly Pius IX, and also by his resemblance to that revered Pontiff. This curious likeness is perhaps even more remarkable in portraits than in reality, the physiognomy of Pius X being much stronger than that of his predecessor. To the Catholic world at large our present Pontiff has come as the true ambassador of Christ, while to those immediately

thought fit to send me as best I can, and by His sovereign help."

It is a curious fact to be noted in the life of the present Pope that almost every event in it has been connected with the number nine. He was nine years parish priest, nine years Canon of Treviso, nine years Bishop of Mantua, nine years Patriarch of Venice, created Cardinal in 1893, and finally elected Pontiff in August, 1903, and crowned the ninth

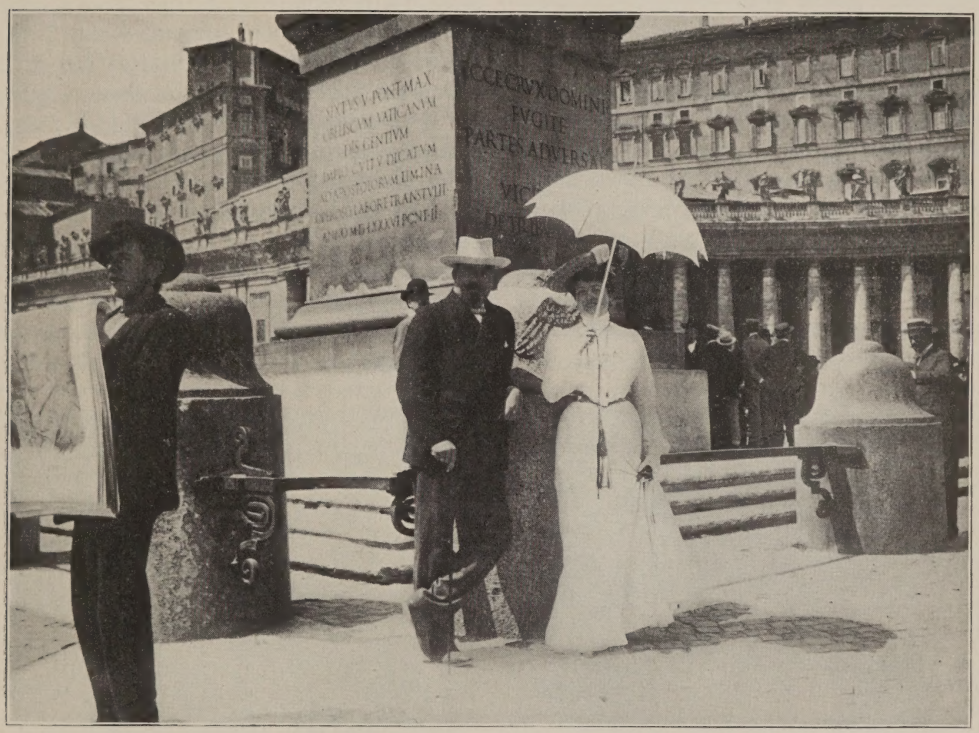
of the same month. Let us hope and pray that the first years of pontificate may be multiplied to the years of pontifical jubilee, that Pius X may long be spared to wear the triple insignia of "Father, Sovereign of Sovereigns, and Vicar of Christ on earth."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PIUS X.

To those returning to Rome after a few years' absence; whose recollections of the Vatican are but a beautiful and memorable frame to the never-to-be-forgotten mind-picture of Leo XIII, the first visit to *another* pontiff brings with it a sense of the unreal and unfamiliar.

For the twenty-six years of his pontificate, Leo XIII had been the prominent impression of a pilgrim's visit to Rome. Who having once seen and spoken with him but carried away an undying memory of the youthful vigor of the mighty spirit to which the frail aged body seemed but an adjunct? It is hard to realize even now that the venerable human personality is no longer reality but only a hallowed memory.

Under these changed circumstances, it seems curious that the pomp and circumstance of the daily life of the Vatican should be the same. In a strange unreasoning way the mind expects some radical difference. Can all go on as usu-



NEWSBOYS SELLING PICTURES OF PIUS X

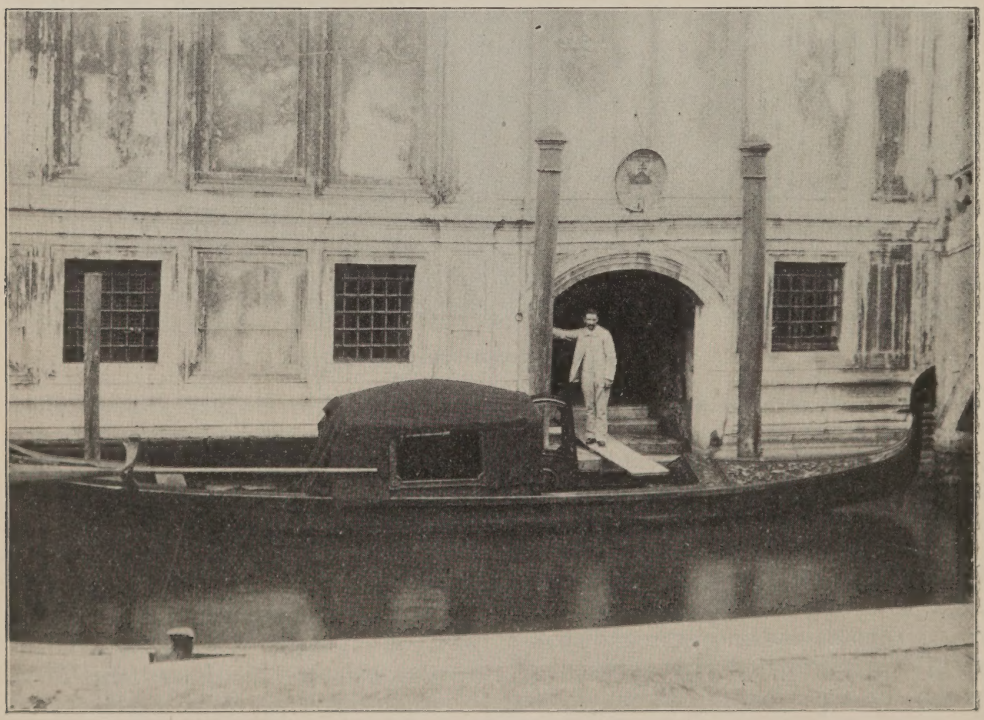
al undisturbed by the great change which has come over it? Surely only a few short weeks (instead of years) must have elapsed since we left, to find it so all unchanged to-day.

The sunshine is pouring through the great half-open doorway of the Porta di Bronzo; the Swiss sentinel, halberd in hand, still guards the gateway of the apostolic palace, — but for another Pope. Inside, on the bench of the window over-

looking St. Peter's, the remainder of the Guard sit awaiting their turn of sentry duty, springing up at intervals like a well-ordered piece of mechanism to salute a passing dignitary. Unmoved, they motion one silently upwards at the magic word of "audienza." Do they realize that it means an audience — and not with Leo XIII? How familiar seems the environment, yet with that lurking sense of disquietude and unreality dogging one's every step through the Cortile di San Damaso and the broad marble stairway of the papal palace, when the light strikes brilliantly through the grand stained glass window representing St. Peter with his keys.

Instinctively one glances upwards at the familiar yet ever imposing work of art. On this occasion it suggests an altogether new significance, as the picture of the Pontiff of all time, whom his successors, no matter what their personality, but symbolize or represent. Here for the first time comes a thought more reassuring — the point connecting the past with the present, the realization, notwithstanding the inevitable sense of loss, that whether in the person of Leo XIII or Pius X, one has come to kneel at the feet of the living Peter to receive the blessing of Christ's Vicar on earth.

Upwards and still upwards one mounts, pausing instinctively on the second landing, on the threshold of the Sala Clementina, the former ante-chamber of the pontifical apartments, till recalled to oneself by the Swiss Guard at the door. His imperturbability relaxes for a moment into a faint smile, as recognizing the natural mistake on the part of a former visitor to the Vatican he motions us *still further* upwards. The apartments at present inhabited by Pope Pius X are on the third floor of the Vatican, immediately above the portion of the palace occupied by Leo XIII. After what seems an almost interminable num-



"WHERE THE WAVES LAP GENTLY ABOUT THE GONDOLA GATES."

ber of stairs one reaches the first pontifical ante-chamber, passing thence through the second into the third ante-chamber, there to await one's turn for an audience. The unfamiliarity of these temporary pontifical apartments brings more forcibly to the mind the change that has transpired since our last visit to the Vatican. These smaller and more simple apartments form a striking contrast to the subdued yet stately grandeur of the suite of halls below, where Leo XIII held his daily official receptions. Yet one feels glad that the first glimpse of the new sovereign pontiff will take place in different surroundings, in an environment completely varied from that of the last audience with Leo XIII. The weight of memories would have been almost oppressive.

Pleasantly familiar amid all this sense of newness appear the figures of the crimson-clad chair-bearers, the attendants of the papal ante-chamber, as they flit from chamber to chamber. One of their offices, that of chair-bearing, in which they were constantly occupied during the pontificate of the late pontiff, has become a sinecure now, owing to the activity and vigor of Pius X, for whose quick decisive footsteps the vast halls of the Vatican are all too narrow and confined. Intensely interesting as usual is this waiting in the pontifical ante-chamber. The figures of prelates, soldiers, dignitaries, and chamberlains, pass constantly in and out from the presence chamber. Here a bishop in a cloud of violet draperies, followed by his secretary; there a prince of some historic Roman house, whose coat is covered with orders and decorations; then comes a Carmelite friar, the General of his Order, accompanied by two monks; after him passes a Participating Chamberlain in purple soutane; an officer of the Noble Guard, with clanking sword and brilliant uniform; or groups of ladies in the black court dress of the Vatican, with graceful lace mantillas on their heads, and strings of jewelled rosaries on their arms.

On this occasion it is curious to note the look of expectation on the faces of those not belonging to the papal household, as they pass in. Some of these privileged visitors enter the presence of a Pope for the first time. Some, like ourselves, have seen Leo XIII frequently in years gone by, and for the latter the ordeal is the more trying in a sense, for one feels that in the presence of a new pontiff there may be a sense of incompleteness, induced by that strangest of all thoughts that one has come again to Rome and to the Vatican without seeing Leo XIII. In another instant, however, doubts and fears are alike forgotten as a Chamberlain appears on the threshold, beckoning us to advance.

As prescribed by the etiquette of papal receptions we pass through two more ante-chambers before reaching the audience chamber. The officers of the Swiss Guard are on duty in the "anti-camera" where we have been waiting. The second is occupied by a detachment of the Palantine Guard drawn up in two lines across the passage way and in the third and last the officers of the Noble Guard guard the entrance. Unheedingly one moves through this vista of ante-chambers with their long lines of papal soldiers until the final phalanx of glittering uniforms is passed, the last of the open doorways crossed, and almost suddenly and unexpectedly we find ourselves in the presence of Pius X.

A little group of the priests of our party are already being presented to His Holiness by Bishop H—, so that standing almost on the threshold, owing to the narrow limits of the room, awaiting our turn to approach, we can mentally take a photograph in colors of the scene and its surroundings.

A small plain apartment, the least pretentious reception room ever visited in

the Vatican, a room whose sombre scheme of color is scarcely relieved by the heavy brocade hangings of the wall and the brocade curtains of the one window. There is an utter absence of grandeur in this temporary pontifical apartment, nothing in fact which could be said to give effect or create a background for a sovereign pontiff. Indeed at the first glimpse of the quiet white figure, seated in a red velvet arm-chair at the further end of the room, a figure with an almost imperceptible but characteristically sensitive droop of the head, now turned away in profile, one almost wonders for a second what there can be in the mere sight to make the heart beat faster; to cause that atmosphere of subdued tranquillity and restfulness which pervades the small grey apartment, raising it instantaneously to the dignity of the most stately throne room.

At that moment one of the attendant prelates moved aside from the vicinity of the Pope, giving us a better opportunity for observation. His Holiness raised his head from the person to whom he was speaking, and glanced towards the entering group, and in a lightning flash one realized the motive power which forms the intense strength of the personality of Pius X, his overwhelming personal goodness.

A gentle dignity of bearing characterizes the Sovereign Pontiff, an almost appealing sweetness which attracts and disarms; a humility so manifest that it would over-awe were it not for the strong human sympathy forming the key-note of a singularly beautiful character; goodness, the pure unstudied goodness of the pure of heart, combined with a rare gentleness of expression, an almost youthfulness of feature and outline, showing a complete absence of the sadness which contact with the world's hard corners usually produces on the faces of those past middle life. Few natures manage to avoid the inevitable touch of bitterness which comes with experience and disillusionment, but our present Pontiff seems to be one of the few who in spite of many an experience to the contrary retain their faith in human nature, and their love, sympathy and toleration for its weaknesses.

Now for a purely personal portrait, as His Holiness appeared to us. Before his election, Cardinal Sarto was of a singularly robust appearance, perhaps more English looking than Italian in the fresh tints of his coloring and his energetic bearing. But in the first trying days of the pontificate, the mental and physical strain consequent on his unexpected elevation to the Papacy left traces on his physique which prove ineffaceable. Though the ordeal was confronted from the first with noblest courage, the Pope's outward appearance, that inexorable betrayer of what he would fain hide, still shows how severe must have been the trial which left the Sovereign Pontiff so considerably aged.

Native keenness, strong powers of observation, and knowledge of the world of men and things, are indicated in the slight veiling of the eyelids at the corners of the frankly-kind and honest eyes, with their full direct glance of wordless enquiry. The nose is straight, but rather rounded than classical, giving a look of great kindness and sympathy. But in the mouth, sweet and benevolent, lies much of the character of the face; lips not full but well-shaped and firmly set together, a mouth where spontaneous cheerful humor lurks — could the shadow of unaccustomed melancholy be lifted, — but a mouth nevertheless which makes one feel that Pius X, having *once come to a decision,* and that *the right one* would not be quick to change it.

One after another we knelt before the Pope on our presentation, and each one received a few quiet words of welcome and heart-felt blessing, spoken with earnest feeling, not on account of his own

personality but for the sake of One whom Pius X represents, to every Catholic pilgrim who kneels before him. The Holy Father's manner is quiet and reserved rather than expansive, almost the manner of a shy and retiring person. He has not the instant ready flow of conversation, the quick personal interest and enquiry with which Leo XIII was wont to draw out the most timid stranger, making him feel at ease in the presence of the Pontiff, no matter what his nationality. Naturally in speaking to foreigners His Holiness is somewhat hampered, for in his own language Pius X speaks with much ease and fluency. However, His Holiness' manner is so uniformly gentle that it wins all hearts instantly. Only once during our audience did the grave, almost melancholy, thoughtfulness relax from the Holy Father's face, when speaking in Latin to one of the priests of the party as he knelt before him. Then a smile so ineffably winning and transforming lit up the quiet face for an instant that it seemed literally a *revelation* of what the kindly cheery nature must have been before the great and sudden elevation which has shadowed it. Notwithstanding his humility and visible shrinking from the signs of outward sovereign homage paid to his person, and his strong dislike of pomp and state, Pius X embodies the perfect ideal of a sovereign pontiff. His own great goodness and single-heartedness of character enable him to realize to the very utmost the dignity of his high office, communicating it all insensibly to those who approach him. For in every gesture, every movement, His Holiness is pre-eminently the Vicar of Christ. As we have seen even at the first glance the Pope's sincere goodness is strikingly apparent, but not until one has observed him closely, while kneeling at his feet, can any idea be formed of the truly apostolic character of the Pontiff which makes an audience with Pius X an event to be ever remembered.

When the visitor, after leaving the gracious presence of our Holy Father, strives to collect his impressions into some concreteness of form he recalls all its memories, making as it were a resumé of the most striking points.

There is that of mental power, moral superiority, great human sympathy and strength, the quiet, gently-determined strength which even without the aid of diplomacy and statesmanship will carve its way through obstacles, to its goal. Amid all these distinct impressions, however, the mind comes back finally to dwell on the *first*, the *last*, the most overwhelming, embracing all the rest, that of *enduring goodness*. It may seem but inadequate generalization to write this mere word "goodness," which though implying so much conveys but a general impression to the mind of the reader. In this case it is a *powerful influence* which must be *felt* in order to be realized, the grand unfailing goodness surrounding and radiating from Pius X, till all about him, feeling its glow and influence, carry its reflection from his presence as they carry away the parting benediction of Christ's Vicar on earth.

ON RESURRECTION MORN.

BY MARY WEST.

Could we be like the Magdalen,
On Resurrection Morn,
And meet the Saviour's kindling glance
With love for us new born,
Nor more our feet should falter,
Or linger on the way —
Could we be like the Magdalen,
On Resurrection Day.

Could we be like the Easter flowers,
That sigh with one accord
To waft the homage of their hearts
Unto their risen Lord,
This world no more a desert —
Nor sombre — nor forlorn —
Could we be like the Easter flowers,
On Resurrection Morn.

Or, could we, like the melody
Of Resurrection Day,
But greet our dearest Lord and King,
To bless Him on His way,
Oh, in that sweetest transport!
Our souls to Heaven upborne,
Could we but pass like music's soul!
On Resurrection Morn!

Yet we may be like Easter flowers,
On Resurrection Morn,
And we may bring sweet harmony
To greet its happy dawn,
While face to face our vision
May meet Love's kindling ray,
If we prepare like Magdalen,
For Resurrection Day.

A WHITE NUN.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Many stately churches, many quaint and picturesque chapels, eloquent with the heroic associations of the past, grace the dim old city of Quebec; but perhaps the place of prayer most harmoniously beautiful is the modern sanctuary in the convent of the White Nuns. Here the delicately-tinted walls, the tall pillars of palest pink and green marbles, the altar of immaculate white, surmounted by a canopy of rich crimson cloth, the myriad lights clustering like legions of stars in every corner of the broad chancel, form a setting of unparalleled effectiveness for the whiteclad figures that, drifting to and fro with noiseless tread, or bent in motionless adoration before the high Host seem more like spirits wafted from Heaven than beings gathered from a commonplace earth.

To have seen Sœur Marie Angèle among this angelic band, to have caught a glimpse of her serene face beneath its long veil on procession Sunday when, with lighted taper in hand, she made the tour of the outer church; or to have gazed at her openly on such occasions as it was her turn to tend the little window beside the door at which the objects of piety are sold, one would never have guessed that a chapter of tragedy and romance had been written in her life. Yet such was the fact, and although almost a dozen years had elapsed since its close the heart beneath the white wool habit beat often with a rush of bitter remembrance that not all the security of the cloister could banish.

The story itself might run something like this.

* * * * *

The people of St. Justin often wondered how Old Boisjoli, as he was always called, came to be the father of such a strangely beautiful creature. The old man's brown, wrinkled, weather-beaten visage, though strong and noble after its fashion, bore no resemblance to his daughter's fair face, and the girl's dreamy ways were not less unlike his abrupt, stern manners. A dainty flower dropped unexpectedly into Boisjoli's keeping was Liza, and the old father, though he spoke but little of his feelings, was not unconscious of the value of his possession.

Secretly he cherished grand dreams for the child, and over his evening pipe, as he watched her moving about the kitchen intent on household duties, he gave vent to flights of imagination that would have astonished those who knew him only as the grim neighbor and taciturn friend.

The big farm which lay on the outskirts of St. Justin had long since been cleared; there was money in the bank besides. Liza's convent education had made her a lady; it was certain, therefore, that her future would differ as much from that of the black-eyed girls of St. Justin as did her Madonna-like beauty differ from their sturdy comliness. That any unpropitious event should occur to mar his plans, least of all that the slim, brown boy from the Settlement, who had come down to help him with the work of the farm, could interfere with his secretly cherished hopes, did not for a moment occur to him.

True, the tall, lithe Gabriel with his unfathomable eyes, red lips, and glossy hair — the prominence of his cheek-bones alone betraying his Indian blood — was as good to look upon in a way, as Liza. But the unheeding man never saw the physical perfection of the lad. He had taken him to his home grudging-

ly, and only at the earnest solicitation of the *curé* who loved and protected the boy, and he regarded him as distantly as possible.

But alas! Liza had looked into Gabriel's deep eyes, and already her cheek changed color at his approach, and already there were brief, stolen meetings in field and wood, while the grim father looked on and saw nothing. Yet how should he guess that his shy Liza, who would not even speak to the strong young *cavaliers* who sometimes wistfully approached the house on Sundays, would deign to notice this brown-skinned young savage — the son of a race so hated and despised! It was his contempt which blinded the father, and gave the two young people opportunity to indulge in their delicious, hopeless dream undisturbed.

It was not difficult for them to meet often. On many a sultry noon, when Gabriel was at work in a distant field, instead of ringing the big bell, Liza would be bidden to carry him his simple lunch. The fluttering of her skirt across the fields was the signal for Gabriel to leave his task and seek the shady side of some tall hay-mow or the shelter of a spreading tree, and there await her coming with the entreating, worshipping gaze that would have deprecated her anger had she been disposed to resent his boldness. But Liza's soft eyes showed no reproach. She forgot that Gabriel's skin was darker than her own, that his position was only that of a servant, that his future depended on the generosity, the charity even, of the few who loved him. His voice was sweeter than any she had ever heard, and his silent devotion gave a glimpse of romance to her lonely life. With few words, then, an understanding sprang up between them — an understanding all the more entrancing that no one suspected its existence or suggested its madness.

And so swiftly, bewilderingly, the hot summer passed. September, mellow and pensive, touched the great plains with russet hues, and later autumn, with scudding clouds and crisp winds, came again unto the Canadian landscape.

It was on one of those chill, brief evenings that Liza, wrapping a light covering about her, left the house just before sunset, and walked thoughtfully to the little wood that made a convenient shelter for the river's edge. Gabriel had been gone a week or more, his assistance being no longer needed upon the farm; but he came every evening in his canoe down the river to the grove which bounded the Boisjoli place. It was with fear and trembling that Liza kept the tryst: nightly she feared detection, but as yet her absence had, apparently, passed unnoticed.

To-night, Gabriel was already at the appointed place. His canoe was dragged high upon the bank, and he himself stood leaning moodily against a tree. His old red cap lay beside him, and his hair was blowing lightly in the evening breeze. His eyes were fixed gloomily upon the ground, and it was evident he suffered from deep dejection. Liza approached timidly.

"Gabriel," she whispered. He looked up quickly, but he did not smile or change his position.

Regarding her sadly he asked, "Hast thou any word for me?"

"None."

He made a movement of impatience and despair. "It is always the same," he cried, almost roughly. "Is it not better to tell all? What have I done that thou art afraid to speak my name? Thy father himself hath praised me. I worked for him as none other would — morning and night. If I can work I shall not always be poor."

"But thou art an Indian."

"Ah! I had forgotten." He fell back sullenly against the tree again, and a deep frown clouded his handsome face.

Liza's tender heart was touched. "I, too, have forgotten," she said gently, "but thou knowest my father. I dare not tell him. He spoke only to-day of sending me to the city that I might see the world a little. If he knew he would kill thee."

A hot flush dyed the boy's cheek. "Dost think I fear him?" he cried proudly. "Let me go with thee, and, by Ste. Anne, thou shalt see I am no coward."

"Nay, nay," cried Liza, hurriedly, "I know thou art no coward, but that is not the way — thou would'st only anger him. Wait a little longer; perhaps — "

"I will not wait," he broke in fiercely. "It will be the same — forever. Thou wilt always be Liza Boisjoli, and I shall always be Gabriel the Indian — for what then do I wait?"

Liza did not answer. She sighed deeply, and her eyes slowly filled with tears. At her feet the river lapped the shore with a little moaning sound that mingled mysteriously with the rustling of the breeze among the dry leaves. Somewhere in the distance a loon was wailing disconsolately, and from the shadow of the deeper wood an owl hooted in a sudden startled manner and then was still. A feeling of intense melancholy took possession of her, she knew not why; and a prescience of coming evil thrilled every nerve. She turned to Gabriel. He was watching her closely, and his face betrayed a despondency as deep as her own. After a moment, however, a gleam of animation lit his gloomy eyes, and he straightened himself with something like eagerness.

"Liza, there is one who will tell us what to do. *M. le Curé* is my friend. Let us go to him now, at once."

Liza looked at him in dismay.

"Impossible! It is late. I could not get back before dark, and my father would question me. Perhaps even now he misses me."

"Listen! I came here from the settlement in fifteen minutes, and I will take thee to the village even more quickly. My canoe can fly. In an hour thou shalt be at home again. Come!"

But Liza shook her head doubtfully. "We will be seen together, and my father will hear of it."

"Who would speak of it to him? I am his servant; can I not take thee to the village if he commands? There is nothing strange about it. Come! I dare not wait. To-morrow even, thou mayest be sent to the city."

Still the girl hesitated. She looked at the quiet river, across which the slant rays of sunshine flickered freely. None, she knew, could paddle a canoe as swiftly as Gabriel, and, after all, if they could consult their good friend, there would be no more any doubt or uneasiness for either of them. As Gabriel had said, the morrow even, might be too late. The chances of detection were slight. Her misgivings gradually vanished. "I will go," she said at last.

Gabriel sprang forward and snatched his cap from the ground. Then, picking up his light birchen craft, he dropped it in the water, steadying it for Liza to enter. As she moved down the bank she caught sight of her own canoe lying inverted upon the pebbles with the paddles beside it, and she paused again, irresolutely.

"Gabriel, why may I not follow thee, alone? It will be safer for us both."

Gabriel threw back his head and looked at her. There were both anger and reproach in his eyes.

"Liza, if thou art ashamed of me, speak now and let me go."

"I am not ashamed of thee, but I am

full of fear and thou too art sadder than I have ever seen thee."

"Come, then, and let us end it all. The *Père* will tell us what to do. Perhaps he himself will speak with thy father. Hasten, we lose time!"

Liza made no further remonstrance. They seated themselves in the canoe, and a few of Gabriel's vigorous strokes sent it shooting out toward the middle of the stream.

The swift, easy motion, the feeling of isolation and freedom had an immediate effect on Gabriel. He grew strangely exhilarated — his eyes gleamed brilliantly, and a sense of power seemed to take possession of him as he felt himself borne out into his familiar kingdom. The river at least, was his; the canoe, fashioned with his own hands, and his sole earthly possession, obeyed his slightest touch; Liza sat opposite. The world for a moment was his, and his spirits rose accordingly, with the buoyancy of his undisciplined nature.

Liza looked at him wistfully. Already, she saw, he felt his troubles at an end; yet his elation did not communicate itself to her. The indefinable weight still oppressed her. "Gabriel," she began again, "art thou sure the *Curé* will protect us?"

Gabriel laughed joyously. He opened his lips to reply, when suddenly from the shore behind them floated out a hoarse cry, and a voice that was choked with rage screamed brokenly: "Ah, thou *canaille*, son of devils! Ah, red-skinned thief! Thou would'st steal Old Boisjoli's daughter, would'st thou? But thou art too slow with thy prize. The old man will catch thee! The old man will cheat thee, *canaille!*"

Liza uttered a terrible cry, and pointed to the bank. There, fumbling with the canoe and giving vent to fearful imprecations was her father. In another instant he had shoved his craft into the water, and was advancing rapidly toward them.

At the first sound of his voice, Gabriel had ceased paddling. He sat now perfectly still, looking fixedly at the advancing canoe. There was a gray shade about his lips, and his hands were closed upon his light paddle with a grip of iron. He waited thus until Boisjoli was almost abreast of them, then, reversing his canoe, instead of proceeding up the river to the town, he shot swiftly down the stream, his paddle flashing in the clear water with the rapidity of lightning. The elder man immediately followed and then the strange, fierce, silent contest began.

Liza sat white and rigid in her place, her great, terrified eyes fixed upon the pursuing canoe.

"Gabriel," she whispered, "why dost thou go down the stream?"

Gabriel did not answer for a moment. A deep furrow showed itself between his eyes, and his lips were still tense and pale. At last he said, briefly, "I do not wish to pass the settlement or the village."

"But how long wilt thou stay upon the river?"

"As long as he follows."

Liza relapsed into frightened silence, and once more her gaze rested upon the bent, stern, laboring figure, that, losing after a time all familiarity of outline seemed only like an awful, avenging spectre. At times this persistent spectre came so near that she could see the white, relentless face, and hear the angry mutterings; and once she called out entreatingly, "Father, father!" But no reply came, and then Gabriel's sweeping stroke dashed them forward. and the stern form of her father faded for a little into the vaguer distance.

Yet, though the elder man worked wildly, desperately, even the supernatural strength which rage for the moment

gave him was no match for Gabriel's inherent dexterity; and the exertion which was exhausting the angry father served only to stimulate the supple boy.

And Gabriel fully realized his advantage. He used his skill mockingly — lying in wait for his follower only to elude him the more easily.

To Liza it seemed as if hours had passed since the awful race began. Her senses were incapable of noting either time or place. The brown, sloping banks flew past; the river rippled and gleamed; the paddle sang and hissed as it struck the water; the golden sunset tints faded to gray; but none of these external things impressed themselves upon her. It was only when a hoarse, prolonged roar caught her ear that she roused herself to consideration of her surroundings. She looked down the river. A white, billowy line was stretched across the blue surface, a line that grew momentarily in proportion until it assumed at length the appearance of a shifting, yet impassable wall. With a piercing shriek she bent forward and clutched Gabriel's arm.

"The rapids!" she screamed.

He shook her off savagely. His face was darkly flushed now, and a wild, almost ferocious light burned in his eyes, transforming his whole face.

"The rapids," he echoed. "Yes, I am going to shoot them."

"But my father!"

"Let him turn back."

"But he will not turn back; he is crazed with rage. Oh, Gabriel! Gabriel! He is old — he cannot pass the rapids — thou wilt not lead him on?"

Gabriel did not answer. She clasped her hands, and threw herself forward until the skiff rocked dangerously. "Gabriel, stop, stop — for my sake! He is my father. Thou wilt not harm him? Remember what he has done for thee and me."

"He has called me *canaille* and a thief. Why should I stop? If he cannot shoot the rapids let him not follow."

Liza looked at him in sickening horror. Was this fierce creature before her the soft-voiced Gabriel she had known and loved?

"Thou wilt murder him?" she gasped at last.

"No, I seek only to save myself; but if he follows where the despised Indian goes, let him first learn his skill."

"Gabriel, turn back. I command thee." She tried to speak imperiously, but there was a piteous break in her voice.

Gabriel looked at her less savagely. He hesitated a moment, but again the patter of a rapidly falling stroke fell menacingly upon his ear, and again his face hardened. His paddle dug deep into the water and the canoe shot forward with increased speed.

"I cannot stop now if I would," he breathed, as the dripping blade gleamed for a moment in the air. "We are already in the current."

Even as he spoke a peculiar, ominious shudder passed through the frame of the light craft that bore them, straining and racking the sinews until it groaned like a living thing in agony. As the first horrible thrill passed away, it hesitated a moment, stirring uneasily from side to side; then as if suddenly clutched by a mighty, unseen hand, its prow dipped, and it shot forward into the treacherous current, with a speed that knew no curbing.

Beyond, white, seething, glittering, the frothy waves were dashing against the black rocks, clothing their jagged edges with rainbow-colored spray and filling the caverns between with shifting billows that alternately hid and revealed the dangerous depths. On toward this abyss the skiff flew like a leaf before the wind. Every instant the roar and tumult grew louder and fiercer. Pres-

ently, a fleck of foam leaped out from the seething mass and fell upon Liza's cheek; another followed and rested upon her hair. The current upon which they floated became infected by the vast, neighboring commotion and surged as with a strong tide. Wondrous, dancing walls of transparent water began to rise hungrily on each side of them, confusing earth and sky, and threatening momentarily to crush them between their converging bulks. But still the frail bark, evading the lesser dangers, bore down and on to that greater horror whose sinuous fingers were already clustering about it. There was another shuddering pause scarce longer than a breath, a shout of warning from Gabriel and then, with a shriek and a crash, the canoe struck the swirling rapids, and sense and thought and feeling were lost in the blind, breathless rush that followed.

When at length they reached the quiet level of the stream, Gabriel's mood had already undergone a change. His eyes still gleamed, but it was with exultation now. Pride in his powers had banished from his heated brain the realization of what he had done, and he was too excited to comprehend that disaster to himself must inevitably follow upon his exploit. He looked at Liza triumphantly. His lips curved in a smile which did not broaden, however, as he surveyed her more closely. The girl's hair was wet with spray, and clung to her colorless face like that of the drowned. The awful intensity of her gaze quelled Gabriel's elation, and he became vaguely uneasy.

"Why dost thou look at me like that?" he said, half irritably. "What I have done anyone would do. He pursued me and I fled. If I am quicker than he, is it my fault?"

Liza did not speak; she seemed scarcely to live. Stunned, chilled, mute, she sat and stared at him.

Gabriel moved restlessly and frowned to conceal his increasing self-consciousness.

"Thou art like a ghost, and yet thou art not even sure that he followed to the rapids."

"Did he not? — look there!" Liza lifted her heavy hand and pointed to a small, dark object that floated at their wake. It was her father's upturned canoe.

Gabriel looked once and then dropped his eyes. He was rapidly losing his feverish excitement, and as his blood cooled he grew anxious. The events of this desperate flight had taken place so quickly and bewilderingly, however, that he could not yet hold himself responsible for what had happened. He broke forth almost childishly. "Liza, dost thou blame me? I was mad. I knew not what I did. Remember my blood — I am not like thee. And, besides, he drove me to it. Liza, speak."

"Put me ashore."

"But not here. Thou art five miles from home."

"I shall find shelter. Put me ashore."

He dared not disobey her now. He headed slowly for the shadowy shore, and at length landed in silence. Lights were gleaming faintly here and there, for the dusk was rapidly gathering; and through the sombre twilight floated the distant echo of an evening bell. Gabriel moved close to Liza's side and tried to take her hand, but she drew back shuddering.

"*Rosignol,*" he pleaded, without heeding the repulse. "*Rosignol,* it was not I who drowned thy father; there was a demon in me that drove me to it. Remember, he called me thief, and then something went to my brain, and I knew no more what I did."

There was something pitiful in his self-defence. He was plainly aghast at

the unguessed possibilities of his own nature.

Liza looked at him in anguish. "Ah, Gabriel, Gabriel!" she moaned, "can it be thou art my father's murderer?"

"I could not help it," Gabriel cried again. It was his only defence.

She drew back and put her hand before her eyes. "Leave me," she whispered. "I cannot look upon thy face again. Leave me."

Gabriel clenched his hands. "It is impossible! I cannot go now. Hast thou not given me thy promise?"

An agonized look came into the girl's face. "My promise — what is that now? All that I had thou hast taken from me. I am no more for the world. Go now and leave me to my destiny."

There was something in her white face that awed Gabriel. He felt the uselessness of further pleading.

"Thou wilt never forgive?" he muttered, hoarsely.

"Forgive — yes; but I cannot forget that moment — thy face — I see it now, so fierce and strange. It is not thy fault that thou art of a cruel race; only — I should have remembered."

"And is this, then, the end?"

"This is the end. I shall spend the rest of my life in prayer for our souls — thine, his, and my own. For thee there is — I know not what."

"Listen, then, and I will tell thee. For me there are the woods. Thou hast cast me off because of my race. If I am wild, then I will go to them that are like me. Tell this to *M. le Curé,* for he will never see my face again. If thou should'st change — "

"I have said I forgive. I can never do more."

Gabriel stood looking at her wildly for a moment. A hundred impulses seemed burning in him. At last, he snatched her hand and pressed his hot lips upon it; then as Liza drew back, shuddering as before, he uttered a cry of mingled rage and despair, and springing up the bank, disappeared into the dusk.

THE FAR COUNTRY.

BY EMMA BEATRICE THAYER.

Sunset! I keep my vigil with the swine,
In that far country where my feet have strayed.
The empty husks of wasted years are mine,
I of the coming darkness am afraid.

"I will arise and go unto my father."
With tear-dimmed eyes and weary, blistered feet,
And from the home-path some sweet solace gather,
Trusting in His mercy when we meet.

Alas! we learn life's greatest lessons slowly,
Ah, never more my wayward feet shall roam,
With halting step, with humble heart and lowly,
So turning from the far, far country — home.

LIFE OF SIR JOHN GILBERT.*

John T. Gilbert was the son of an English Protestant father and an Irish Catholic mother, who were married in Dublin, in 1821. Five children were born to them, and all were baptized and brought up in the Catholic faith, though it was the earnest desire of the father that John, the youngest child, should be a Protestant. "You think," argued his father, "that you are providing better things for him in a future existence; but, believe me, you are doing your son a grievous wrong, where this world is concerned." But nothing daunted, the resolute mother had him baptized in the Church like his brother and sisters.

That her firmness won the respect and confidence of her husband is shown in the disposition he made of his property, at his death, in 1833. After providing for the payment of his just debts he left all his property to his wife, for herself and "for educating and providing for our dear little children, which I am satisfied she will do to the best of her ability." Mrs. Gilbert was then thirty-six years old, handsome and accomplished, of a gentle disposition, but ready—when duty made it necessary—to act with independence and courage.

The education of her children was her great care, and with this purpose in view she made her residence in town at her mother's house. Some years later the death of her dearly-beloved brother, John Costello, added the care of his children to her already weighty responsibilities. "She was indeed a mother to us," wrote one of her nieces, "and made no difference between us and her own children." To this hospitable home came also Mrs. Gilbert's widowed sister with her daughter.

Meanwhile, little John's education was progressing. When only seven years old he distinguished himself at St. Vincent's Seminary, "particularly in history." A little later he was a pupil of Bective College, and when twelve was sent to Prior Park College, near Bath, at that time a first-class school, one of the best for Catholic youth in England and Ireland. The following letter, written from this college and treasured by his mother, shows that the schoolboy of the early forties did not differ widely from the schoolboy of the present day:

PRIOR PARK, May 24, 1842.

My dear Mamma:—

Gilbert Sanders came to see me on the 23rd, and took me to Bath, where he showed me great kindness, and got me everything that I want, except what was impossible. I think the best way for you is to write to Mr. Illingworth, and he will get me all. I think you ought to take me home in the vacation, because you promised it solemnly. The chief excuse you have is because you say it will distract my mind from study. Now, I will promise if you take me home I will study as hard as will lie in my power; but, if you do not, it will be quite impossible for me to study hard, as I will be quite dispirited.

Again, you say I will have much more pleasure here than in Dublin. Now this is quite the contrary, for our only pleasure is to walk about the bounds, and go bathing in a river where there is a dreadful steep hill, so that we are twice as warm after bathing as before. . . . For the whole year past the chief object of my studies was to please you, that you might be glad to fulfill your promise; but since I heard you hinting about not taking me home I am quite dispirited, and cannot attend to my studies with half that ardor and pleasure which I used to do when I expected you to fulfill your promise. . . . Give my love to all at home, not forgetting Nurse. How is Farrell Fagan? Tell Mary and Henry I expect that they will write to me. I am very much obliged for the nice box you sent me. I hope you will excuse the blots on the paper, but I cannot restrain my tears at your breaking your

*Life of Sir John T. Gilbert, by his wife, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, with portraits and illustrations. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1905.

promise, and, of course, if you disappoint me, I must also disappoint you.
I remain, your affectionate son,
JOHN THOMAS GILBERT.
N.B. Write by return of post.

The blots on the letter are genuine tear-blots, which have almost washed away some of the words.

The Rev. Mr. Illingworth, head of the college, replies to a letter from his mother:

"The flattering account which you have on another sheet I trust will repay you for the extreme anxiety which you testify towards your son. That he will be a talented and clever youth is beyond a doubt, and his character and good qualities will be equal to his abilities."

The holidays were spent at Brannickstown, a place that the young Gilberts always linked with the most tender and romantic associations. Here it was that John acquired his intense love of Nature, making friends with the birds and squirrels and other shy, wild tenants of the woods. When not roaming over the country the studious youth found recreation in a quiet library nook, studying historic lore. A manuscript book that he carefully prepared contains a curious collection of extracts from old chronicles, and on the first page are inscribed these lines:

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty men of old.
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.

The influence of the women of his family on young Gilbert was strong, and most happy in moulding his character. The joyous sojourns at Brannickstown were brought to a tragic close by the burning to the ground of the old homestead. Eleanor Gilbert and her grandaunt, Miss Griffin, were rescued from the flames with great difficulty, and the effects of the shock were so great that the girl remained an invalid for life. She was tenderly cared for by her sisters, Philippa and Mary, and her sad fate was a lasting sorrow to her brother. The tragedy marked the line between his very early youth and the years of his life-work, a work to which he devoted himself at the age of seventeen. The Brannickstown estate was sold, and Mrs. Gilbert moved to Villa Nova, near Blackrock, and here John brought his library and set up his desk, entering on possession of a spot where he was destined to labor for a period of fifty years.

While still in the early twenties John Gilbert was acknowledged as an authority on points of history, and was frequently appealed to for information by his learned elders. The memoir includes many letters from men and women of note, showing the position Gilbert had in their esteem, and suggesting also the variety of subjects on which his advice was asked, or his sympathy solicited.

"I am tired of Dr. Wilde and his demons," writes a frequent correspondent, "I spent a long time searching for ghosts in the Boadleen for him during the week." Another writes for notes about the Irish Privy Council, and still another wishes help in deciphering a manuscript in the Irish character, loaned to the Manx Publication Society. The Rev. Samuel Hayman seeks information on the "broad stone," and a correspondent in France would like a plan of the battle of Aughrim. A name that appears often is that of Dr. Wilde, and the author takes occasion to give some interesting information relative to the Doctor and Lady Wilde:

Wilde was noted for his hospitality, in which he was well supported by his wife, who was known in Ireland as "Speranza," author of much stirring and patriotic verse and prose, published in the *Nation* newspaper at, or before, the troubled period of 1848. She was at that time Jane Francesca Elgee, described by some who knew her as extremely attractive in appearance and brilliant in conversation. In connection with her zeal in politics, it is recorded of her that

when the editor of the *Nation* (Charles Gavan Duffy) was indicted for an article published in his paper, Miss Elgee surprised the court by rising from her seat among the crowd and claiming the honor, or the offence, as writer of the article in question. Though of a good family, "Speranza" was not then in prosperous circumstances, and to her credit it may be said that she worked persistently and disinterestedly for the *Nation*, without receiving that remuneration which was her due. Later, as Lady Wilde, she was eccentric in dress and "ways," and many amusing anecdotes have been told of her peculiarities; but she was of a kindly nature, and warm and sincere in her friendships, and she had a commendable desire to make her house a social centre for all who were engaged in intellectual pursuits, or interested in literature or the arts. Any stranger or foreigner of intellectual or artistic distinction or aspiration, arriving in Dublin, was certain of an invitation to Lady Wilde's assemblies. The hostess dressed in long, flowing robes of Irish poplin and Limerick lace, and was adorned with gold chains and brooches modelled on the ancient ornaments of Erin's early queens. Sir William Wilde's peculiarities were equally noted, and many a witticism floated about Dublin about the harmless eccentricities of the Wildes. Both husband and wife did genuine service to Ireland in their day, and they had many friends. Gilbert was a favorite with them, was often present at their social reunions, and sometimes accompanied Wilde in his raids on Connemara, or the plains of Moytura, in search of treasure trove.

Mr. John Ribton Garstin, writing of the Dinner Club of the Royal Irish Academy, gives an entertaining account of a social gathering, under the direction of Sir William Wilde:

We dined in an upper back room of Macken's Hotel, which was the house in Dawson Street, at the corner of the passage to South Frederick Street. Two ravens used to live at the opposite corner (a public house), and hopped about the street all day, occasionally affording us amusement. Macken's was an old-fashioned place, with a reputation for good cookery and an atmosphere of old port, which, however, was not much in demand at the Academy dinners. The select band of diners exercised a powerful influence in the Academy, and usually pulled well together. Sir William Wilde often presided, and sometimes brought genial guests, but the number dining hovered about thirteen. The dinner was simple and unpretentious, but the flow of wit was such as probably could not be matched nowadays. Undress was usual, but not invariable. Gilbert was the life and soul of these parties, always ready with repartee. His jokes were always enunciated with a dry humor and a twinkle of the eyes, and were invariably sensible and to the point. I wish I could remember some of his wonderful bon-mots, for they were so perfectly spontaneous, so clever and keen, and yet so free from offence, that they deserve recording. But time rapidly effaces such trifles, and Sir John will be remembered for his solid work rather than for his witty sayings. A warm friendship existed between him and myself, chiefly in connection with the Royal Irish Academy, to which he was so devoted. One thing we always strove for together, namely, to maintain for the Academy Council its reputation as a public body where no considerations of religion or politics should be allowed to interfere with the management or the men. Though differing in both religion and politics, we were cordially agreed in this, and many a time we helped each other to secure what we thought best in the interest of the Academy regardless of individual claims save those of merit.

Sir John Gilbert's home life was a very happy one. "J. T.," as he was affectionately called by his friends, was worshipped by the mother and sisters whose bright social qualities contributed much to the attractions of Villa Nova. a home looked on by all who frequented it as an ideal of comfort and harmony. There was a sweet old-world atmosphere in the house, an odor of fresh flowers and old books. The walls were lined with rare engravings, chiefly portraits of men and women more or less connected with Ireland in the past; much of the furniture was a couple of hundred years old, cherished remnants from a great-grandfather's home in Devonshire, or from Jervis Street, Dublin, or rescued from the burning of the old house at Brannickstown. On some of the old silver and glass on the table appeared mysterious Masonic emblems, reminding the Irish Catholic Gilberts of the English Protestant forefathers. As for books they were everywhere. A large library was lined with them from ceiling to floor; the dining-room had admitted two noble bookcases where some precious

tomes in rare ancient bindings of great beauty were preserved under glass; even the drawing-room had contrived to work in several well-filled bookstands among its ornaments, adding charm to an apartment distinguished for a general air of culture, and remarkable for a tender green light reflected from the tall lime trees bounding the thither side of the lawn.

Of the strong, meek mother, who lived the last years of her life in the late sixties the present Lady Gilbert draws a most sympathetic portrait, showing a broad calm brow, mouth with sweet and pathetic lines, serious, kindly eyes, and white hair, flecked with the gold of the past, parted in smooth bands under the widow's cap that she wore for thirty-seven years. Her son's attitude towards her is frequently mentioned in such appreciative words as the following:

> Gilbert's devotion to his mother, on whose personal traits and many of whose mental characteristics his own were modelled, was noted by his friends, who tell how he would sit by her side in the evenings, and lead her to the piano on his arm with an air of tender courtliness that was pleasant to see. Her singing and playing of Irish music, especially of some of the melodies of Moore, delighted him. From her he drew the gentle sensitiveness and modest reserve so remarkable in his strong nature, as well as his tall figure, fair complexion, and other salient physical characteristics.

The unity of purpose marking the family relations of the Gilberts is strikingly manifested in the letters written by Mary Gilbert to her brother during his holiday abroad. He had been induced by his friends to prolong a necessary visit to London by indulging in a run to Paris, greatly to the delight of his favorite sister:

> Her letters pursued him in his travel, and nothing of the daily life at home was too trivial to be recorded as sure to interest the absent one, who seemed to be "at such an immense distance away from us." "The meadow grass is to be cut next week," she writes; "the new cow is not pretty, all white with a red nose, but David says she is 'a great sort, and very young.'" A spray of forget-me-not that blossomed thirty years ago lies dry and yellow between the pages of this letter. She was careful for his distinguished appearance. "I hope you got a fashionable coat in London; and how do you get on with no one to put your studs in your shirts for you?" He has been charged with visits to friends and acquaintances in London and Paris, and she is solicitous lest archivistic or palæographical attractions should betray him into forgetting any of these. "Do go to see Renee at Vaugirard. Can you manage Clarisse? I fear you will not have time for Pauline. I hope you will visit the Irish College; Father Fagan says his friends there will make so much of you." Many excuses were made to prevail on J. T. to lengthen his sojourn in Paris. "It is such a pity not to stay more than a week when you are there, for when will you ever go again?" She gives him messages from friends. Dr. W. K. Sullivan is delighted he is enjoying his holiday, and wishes he would go further on the continent; Mr. Hardinge sends word that Florence ought to be visited; another votes for Venice, in particular. "We had a long visit from Mr. O'Callaghan; he sends you instructions not to read a word or look at a book until you return, but 'to kick up your heels and frisk about!' He is glad you are seeing Paris in her ball-dress, not as he saw her in 1841. How I wish I were with you in the Louvre! Do stay and enjoy the different sights, and don't hurry. Philippa says you *must* see everything, so that she need not have the trouble of sending you to any more panoramas!"

Not only did the devoted Mary keep her brother in touch with the home-life, but she also endeavored to serve him by making an index that he needed. "I do a little of it every evening," she wrote, "to keep me from feeling lonesome without you." A very strong true spirit upheld Mary Gilbert. Her mother was gradually fading away, and in addition to the constant care required by Eleanor, Mary was also obliged to look after Philippa, who was frail, but her letters give no sign of the weariness that must have often possessed her.

In the spring of this year Mary Gilbert sent a spray of shamrock, picked out of the lawn at Villa Nova, to D. F.

MacCarthy, who was then with his wife and children at Boulogne, and the response enclosed the original manuscript of a poem with which most Irish people are familiar—"A Shamrock from the Irish Shore." "J. T." was so charmed with the poem that he had it printed separately in a tiny booklet with shamrock-green cover, for private circulation among a few appreciative friends. One or two of these tiny booklets remain as precious relics in the hands of the present writer, memorials of J. T.'s affection for his friend of years.

In 1870 the cherished mother died, and five years later her invalid daughter, Eleanor, passed away. At this time the brother was abroad, to recuperate from severe physical and mental strain, and Mary Gilbert had not only to soothe the dying hours of the invalid, but to care as well for Philippa, the second sister, whose health declined rapidly. A letter from Dr. Madden to D. F. MacCarthy, written in 1876 contains this reference to the Gilberts:

> You have no doubt heard of the death of Philippa Gilbert. It was very sad and sorrowful in its effects on the surviving sister. Few have ever been more sorely tried than she has been. She counts with apparent certainty on her brother's perfect restoration to health, and of his return home within a few weeks, at most, to engage in his old pursuits; and is frequently putting his books in order, that he may find them as he left them.

For a decade of peaceful, quiet years the remaining sister ministered to her brother's needs, and then her health, never robust, became a cause of serious anxiety to her friends. "What do you mean by getting ill," wrote Lady Wilde, "you who were always so radiant with life and spirits, and in your lovely little Eden?" The failure of a bank brought financial disaster to Villa Nova, but John Gilbert kept the misfortune from the knowledge of his sister, whose life was drawing to a close. Mary Gilbert died in January, 1886, and her brother was alone in his ruined home.

Another period of unceasing effort, and again Gilbert conquered adverse fortune. His marriage, though it came later than he had wished, brought joy to the crowning years of his unselfish and laborious life. Writing of earlier days, to the woman who was to be his wife, he said: "That was indeed a happy time for me, but not till now have I been in a position to appeal to you for the realization of the aspirations which have never been absent from my mind."

On May 29, 1891, John T. Gilbert married Rosa Mulholland, the second daughter of Dr. Joseph Stevenson Mulholland, of Belfast, in the county of Antrim. The old house was again full of sunshine, the neglected garden bloomed, and green walks and nooks, grown desolate, had again that expression of sympathy with happy human presence which trees, hedges, and leafy lanes can assume.

(Continued on page 433.)

The Risen Christ.

By Susan L. Emery.

Plockhorst.

O Risen Christ, Who once to earth hast come,
And little children blest!
How many, now, are early gathered home
To Thine eternal rest

Parker.

Safe are our precious lambs — Thy diadem —
In realms beyond the sun.
Oh! when shall we be there, with Thee and them?
Thy holy will be done!

Dietrich.

On earth, the stormy winds were stilled by Thee,
Thy voice controlled men's fears.
In heaven, O Christ! there shall be no more sea,
No tempests, and no tears.

Dietrich.

On earth, Thy word the people gladly heard,
O Prince of Peace divine!
Speak now to me one word, my Risen Lord!
And calm this soul of mine.

Hofmann.

Blessèd were they who heard Thy living voice
To men bring wondrous grace.
O Christ! bid Thou our sorrowing souls rejoice;
Show us from heaven Thy face!

Hofmann.

The widow's son Thou didst to her restore,
Lord of the lives of men!
Now bid us meet our loved and lost once more,
Never to part again.

Hofmann.

To bride and groom, at Cana's far-famed feast,
Thy tender care was given.
Oh, grant, Thou Christ, to me, Thy last and least,
To feast with Thee in heaven.

Tissot.

Mary at Bethany the better part
Once chose, — with Thee to stay.
So may I find my heaven within Thy heart!
Oh, turn me not away!

Dietrich.

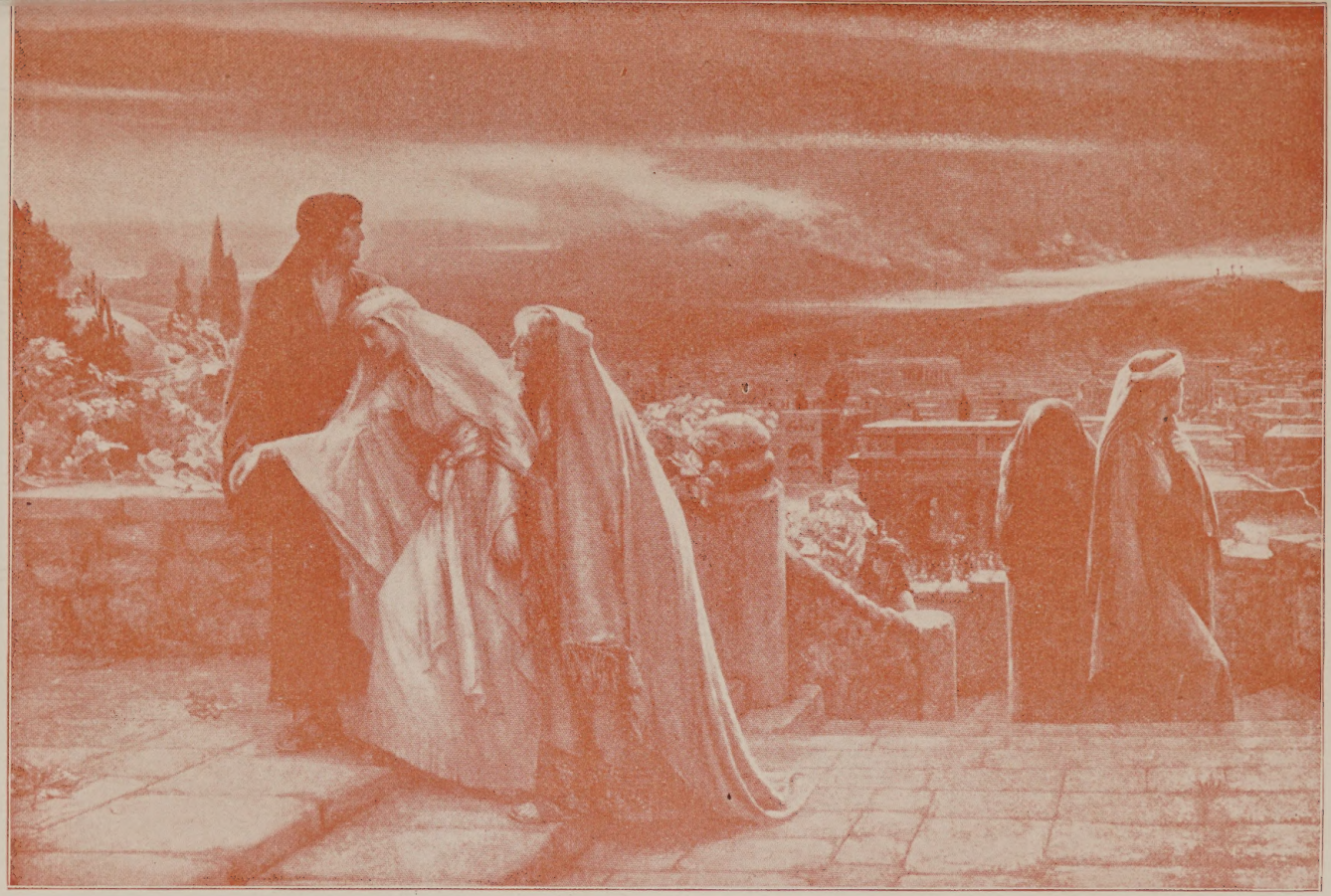
On earth, too oft our over-anxious haste
Is Martha-like alone.
In heaven, O Christ! no moment shall we waste;
All shall be love, My Own!

Hofmann.

O Heaven on earth! — the Eucharist is ours,
By Thy supreme command.
Naught else is here of any lasting worth;
Heaven is our fatherland.

Ciseri.

Once shown by Pilate to the multitude,
To death Thou wast decreed.
O Risen Christ! e'en death Thou hast subdued,
King of all Kings indeed!



Herbert Schmalz

Slowly, from Calvary, Thy Mother came
Unto her desolate home.
Now reigns she at Thy side, like love's own living flame.
Mother! to thee we come.

Fra Bartolommeo.

Risen from the dead! Risen from the rocky cave!
And we with Thee shall rise.
We, who from sin's strong grasp Thy hand did save,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Bouguereau.

The women came, at Easter's dawning hour,
With odorous spice and myrrh;
But Thou wast gone from out the soldiers' power,
The sealèd sepulchre.

Risen from the dead! Ring out, ye Easter bells!
Shine bright, ye Easter flowers!
Hark to the tale the Easter choir tells:
This Risen Christ is ours!

A COMRADE OF THE FLOWERS.

BY MAUD REGAN.

I am about to state a fact patent to an admiring neighborhood, — namely, that we rejoice in the possession of a trim, well-ordered garden. Just at present the trimness is perhaps more obvious than the rejoicing.

We had often pictured our sentiments under circumstances now actually existent; — the possession of unlimited heliotrope and mignonette for the adornment of our rooms on high festal days; of roses wherewith to strew the pathway of convalescent friends; and of that crowning blessing, "a gardener who really understood his trade," but always with an exultant thrill which the reality unaccountably lacks.

Jackson, a walking encyclopædia of botanical lore, has swiftly evoked order from the gay chaos which marked the genial sway of Murphy, the former incumbent.

Sweet peas, we are assured, will shortly scale the mellow brick wall against which the "old man" bush sunned itself, shabby and unashamed, through a long procession of summers that lose themselves away back in the rosy mists of "once upon a time." The routed hollyhocks are relegated to their proper sphere in the kitchen garden, and, without blandishment or threat, fresh and incredibly gorgeous blooms are daily forthcoming for the adornment of our frugal board. But alas for human inconsistency! the perfection of these arrangements awakes no answering thrill, for "icily regular, splendidly null," the subtle charm of the drowsy garden has vanished with the old gardener.

For days the depressing correctness of the box borders has weighed upon our spirits.

"Jackson," one of us suggests, with thinly-veiled irony, "don't you think the borders need trimming?" "Very well, ma'am," replies Jackson the imperturbable, vanishing with the celerity of a Slave of the Lamp, on his work of supererogation. We secretly despise him for his weak acquiescence, we who have been accustomed to Murphy's heated championship of his ragged borders, beneath a similar imputation.

"Is it thrim the borders with never a twig of thim out of place?" It was his nature to protest, as Jackson's to obey. I recall his grieved tones when One in Authority mildly directed his attention to eddies of dust the zephyrs were chasing from rugs presumably beaten. "What fault can ye find wid thim? sure if anyone knows when carpets are clean 'tis meself, that was beatin' thim for orf'cers ladies' before ever you were dreamed of."

Beneath the old soldier's contempt for mere civilian standards of cleanliness remonstrance died, and the rugs were, in the face of obvious facts, accepted as immaculate.

Reform has invaded the rose-beds. Alien beauties with long French names rear their stately heads above a few doomed survivors of the old régime— shabby, ragged little roses in frayed pink jackets that yearly grew more out at elbows, but which somehow vindicated their existence by the wonderful sweetness lingering at the heart of them.

"Sure there isn't their aquil for scent anywhere!" Murphy would say complacently, as though he were in some sort purveyor of the sweetness which poured its greeting through the breakfast room windows, and was hovering still about the darkening porch where we lingered while grasshoppers scraped

their shrill fiddles, and frogs chanted sleepy vespers in distant ponds.

Arabian nights of yore, through which the restless fire-flies darted, and Murphy, seated on a barrow drawn sociably to the foot of the steps, launched like some weather-beaten Scherazade on adventurous recitals which bore one far from the humdrum present, to isles "where men and women eat one another as we do sheep and goats." All the past is embodied in the delicious, horrifying thrill of that particular phrase — the warm night perfumed and enchanted; the great red moon swung like a weird lantern from the sky's black rim — and through the memory some lines of Omar's run like a silver thread;

"Yon rising moon that looks for us again,
How oft hereafter shall she wax and wane,
And rising look for us
Through the same garden, and for one in vain."

Alas, that in all her seeking through the world's rose gardens she shall shine no more on our "little brother of the flowers!"

"I was never thrained for a gardener, its just a gift I have," he would modestly confide to the train of children ambling beside him, as he leisurely drove a lawn-mower through grass where a scythe would have proved the more effective weapon. A gallant and martial figure the children thought him, despite the disguising "blue jeans" of his fallen estate. Had they not been with him in the trenches near Sebastopol, hovered over him breathlessly while doctors probed for an elusive bullet, and heard him publicly acclaimed as a credit to the service on the occasion of his rescue of a wounded comrade beneath a very hail of bullets?

And if any doubts survived the recital, corroborative evidence was not lacking in the tarnished silver medal with its faded parti-colored ribbon and bars inscribed with strange Russian names. Furthermore, was there not his well-worn prayer book, on whose fly-leaf was inscribed name and title in full; "Dennis Murphy, Penshioner," the superfluous "H," setting him apart to all time as one specially gallant and distinguished.

In virtue of this title certain moneys semi-annually accrued, their arrival being coincident with an elevation of spirits on Murphy's part, and a few days' disappearance, from which he inevitably returned "reether low in his mind" to wage anew his losing war with slugs and caterpillars and weeds.

Towards civilians, Murphy's attitude was one of patronizing pity, and a tinge of condescension always marked his intercourse with such as had never known the scream of fife, or whiz of bullets. Ours being a peaceful neighborhood, the only person with whom he associated on terms of perfect equality was a certain lame comrade-in-arms who sometimes hobbled through the garden gate when the day was warm and fine.

Seated side by side on a sunny bench they would, beneath the genial stimulus of a social pipe, "fight their battles o'er again," with additions which made the war-like feats of Hector or Achilles seem by comparison puerile and insignificant.

The sordid exigencies of peace which had in Murphy's case changed "Excalibur" for a pruning hook, cast his fellow warrior upon literature for a precarious livelihood.

Single sheets of paper, of a hue and texture commonly associated with announcements of "fire sales," bore, beneath an unflattering woodcut of the vender, stanzas which he solemnly averred to be "entirely his own camposure," one statement which has at least withstood the test of my maturer judgment. Their halting metre was cunningly improved by the introduction of such phrases as "did go," and "do find," forms

which, being unfamiliar, we regarded as the very essence of fine writing, and carefully incorporated in our first tentative excursions in the realms of poesy.

The themes of these lucubrations were in the main war-like, though occasional digressions in fields of love or even philosophy were permitted to the Muse. The exceeding reasonableness of the verses brought them within the reach of even childish pockets. For the modest sum of a quarter is was possible to become a patron of letters on quite a magnificent scale and send the soldier bard rejoicing on his way.

Only when we grew too enthusiastic over these productions did Murphy wax crusty, and intimate that he could "sling just as good rhymes together while we'd be lookin' around us;" though that possibly like his vaunted "gift" for gardening was open to question.

With the flowers that pushed their way upwards without undue effort on his part, he had an air of good comradeship truly delightful. Seated of a spring morning on his wheelbarrow in the sunniest corner of the garden he would nod familiarly towards a crocus that had crept out during the night.

"Look at that lad, now, the hurry he's in to have a look around him, a reg'lar scout, that's what he is. Well, ye can just draw the blankets over ye agin, and tell the vi'lets 'twon't be safe to venture out before this time three weeks."

Some time later we would be hailed forth to greet the violets. "Bedad, they're fairly throopin' through the grass; the place is blue wid thim. And will ye look at the grandeur of the tulips. Why, that fellow's a reg'lar hussar" — indicating a flaunting bloom all crimson barred with gold.

"Be off wid ye, ye rogues of the world," he would sternly adjure the impish Johnny-jump-ups. "Ye'll have to make room for your betters. It's a grand bed of pansies I'll be plantin' one of these fine days." Ah, well, the merry rogues are routed. Jackson saw to that!

To a row of "Weeping widdows," huddled disconsolately in the fence corner, he would fling, in passing, this bit of bachelor philosophy: "Now, I wouldn't cry, poor crathures, sure ye're betther widout thim."

Groaning as we often did beneath the yoke of Murphy, and blushing at times for the gay disorder of the garden where he reigned, a genial lord of misrule, it is certain we would never have dreamed of giving, nor he of accepting, notice at our hands.

'Twas the "fell sergeant" who settled that only last spring, laying a bony hand on the old man's shoulder as he sat on the accustomed barrow, in the middle of a grassy, gravel walk.

Even fighting blood grows chill with age, and he should have trundled his barrow in pursuit when the pale sunlight shifted. He came in, drawing breath in hard gasps. "Pneumonia, a bad case," the doctor said, laconically, as Murphy squared his shoulders for the verdict. "It's marchin' orders this time I'm thinkin'," said the old soldier, and so it proved.

His Crimean medal he gave to me in a moment of consciousness, a splendid legacy which I could not find it in my heart to keep. So we pinned it on the breast of his coat — the bit of tarnished silver with its faded parti-colored ribbon, — and perhaps St. Peter noted, who wielded a sword before ever he bore the keys.

It may be, in supernal meadows, bright with "celestial asphodels," our old gardener has ceased to remember the trooping violets and ragged roses with which he somehow seemed akin, nor guesses how we miss him in the trim, well-ordered garden in whose possession we have not yet learned to "rejoice."

AN EAST SIDE FEUD.

BY FRANKLIN BARRY.

Their friendship began on the day they left the Cove of Cork. Side by side, from the stern of the vessel, they had watched the green shores of their native land fade away into an impenetrable mist. Noticing the loneliness of each other, they entered into conversation, and found each had the same mission — America and a fortune. That night, in the solitude of their cheerless bunks, they swore eternal friendship, and agreed to join their issues in the new land.

Just there began the partnership of Dennis Ryan and James Dolan.

In their new-made home at New York, they found work in plenty, and were not afraid to meet it. At first it was work of a very laborious kind, — on the streets, on new buildings, and about the docks. But they were a very frugal pair, and made every penny count. By the time they had been three years in the country, they had saved enough to buy out a grocery and provision business on Second Avenue. From the start they made money and were very popular in their business. The poor people trusted them implicitly, and made them their bankers as well as their grocers.

Without a doubt, Dolan was the more popular of the two. He was jolly and generous, and made friends by his presence alone. Ryan was of a different type. Slow in speech, deliberate in action, wise in counsel, he made few friends. Sunlight and Shadow, one would call them; and this combination made an ideal one for business purposes. Dolan's cheeriness brought scores of patrons, and Ryan's sagacity kept them. Both married and settled in comfortable homes. Each had an only child; Ryan's child was a girl, Nellie; while Dolan had a son, James, of about the same age. Dolan was a tireless worker in a number of secret societies and political organizations, but Ryan shunned all this.

By the time they had been in business a dozen years, they had built up a very large trade, and each had amassed a snug fortune. The first semblance of a disagreement in the firm came with Dolan's acceptance of a political office in spite of Ryan's decided objection. It meant additional labor on Ryan's part, and a lessened attention to duty by Dolan. As time wore on, the political honors seemed to magnify Dolan's importance, and he was often overbearing in trifling matters, towards Ryan, who would nurse his wrath in silence for days afterward. The great quarrel, as the neighborhood called it, did not occur until after they had been in business some fifteen years.

The panic of 1893 had given them the first taste of hard times, and it went sore indeed with Dolan, who had begun to find his political honors were costly compliments. He could scarcely believe the monthly statements of the failing business and unpaid accounts, and when the month of November came to be more dull than ever, Dolan could contain himself no longer.

"See here, Ryan," he said, "this is quare indeed, an' I'm goin' to look into it. I'll have a man at the books to-morrer, to show me what's up. It's my opinion that your share in the partnership is the gains, and mine the losses."

The moment he said those words, he knew he had gone too far with Ryan, and he stood in a helpless manner, looking at his partner, hoping he would vent his anger on him in return and even strike him. Ryan sat in his chair like a man frozen to it, and stared at Dolan; first a look of horror on his face, and then came the blackest look of hate that

could distort a human face. Slowly he rose from his chair, and walked straight to the door and out into the street.

Dolan remained to close the store, and went his way thinking, at least, hoping, that the next day would be a more propitious time to discuss peace terms.

The next morning, Dolan was at his duties earlier than usual, waiting for Ryan, intending to offer him a hearty apology for the mean thought that was in his mind the night before.

It was nearly ten o'clock before Ryan made his appearance at the store, and then he was accompanied by Lawyer Flaherty.

At sight of Ryan, Dolan stepped to the front of the store, thrust out his hand and said: "Dinny, I'm very sorry for saying' what I did las' night. Le's forgit about it an' be jus' as good frin's as ever."

Ryan ignored the hand and speech by turning his back on the speaker, and nodded to his lawyer, who, taking this for his cue, cleared his throat and began:

"I am exceedingly sorry to tell you, Mr. Dolan, that my client, Mr. Ryan, is desirous of severing the business relations that have heretofore existed between you and him."

Dolan was very much disturbed and turned quickly to his partner.

"Why, Dennis — what — you don't mane — you're not goin' to brek with me?"

But Dennis never offered a word of reply.

"Come, Dennis, come. I know I was in the wrong," Dolan began again, "I meant no harrum, an' now I'm willin' to make any amends."

Ryan turned his back upon the speaker and walked to the door.

"I fear the breach is too wide to heal, Mr. Dolan," said the attorney. "I have discussed all the features of the case with Mr. Ryan, and am satisfied that he is determined on the dissolution of the partnership, and I brought the necessary papers with me. My client is willing to purchase your interest or sell his."

Before the trio had parted, Dolan was the sole owner of the business, and Ryan had severed all connection with the firm. He had signed the dissolution agreement, and the bill of sale, and balked but once. He insisted that the usual form should be so amended as to eliminate the sale of his "good will," as he said he had none for sale.

This is a fair history of the beginning of the great hatred between the old partners, which grew in intensity as time wore on. The bitterest of the feeling was certainly on Ryan's side. He studiously avoided Dolan, and whenever they chanced to meet he passed on in sullen silence. He forbade his wife and daughter to mention the hated name in his presence. Friends had often attempted to interpose with Ryan, but found their kindly mediation declined without thanks.

The Irish hate, much as they love, with all their heart and soul.

Even the winter that Ryan had the shock and was prepared for death by Father Dowling, when his anxious wife and daughter prayed that his bitterness might soften, he refused to make peace with his former partner. Father John was wroth at his obstinacy. He besought him for one week, and scolded him for another; but all to no effect. In desperation, he told him that he must forgive to be forgiven. He must consent to see Dolan, and make peace with him to secure an eternal peace for himself.

"It's either Jim Dolan for you or — Hell," was Father John's final threat to him.

"Then I'll take Hell," said the unforgiving patient and, much to the surprise of the faithful, who looked for a speedy death as a vengeance, Ryan eventually recovered enough to be seated each day

in a great rolling chair, but he never regained the use of his lower limbs.

He was very fond of his wife and daughter, and would grant any request of theirs willingly, but they grew to know that there was one subject never to be mentioned. They carefully avoided any reference to his old partner or his family, for experience had taught them that on this point he was vulnerable to argument, and discussion usually ended in a violent outburst of anger on his part.

He blamed Dolan for his illness and consequent paralysis, and had said on more than one occasion, "No power in Heaven or on earth could melt my hate away."

So the mother and daughter kept their silence, and prayed and hoped.

Nellie Ryan prayed harder than her mother, for she had a double reason in sight. She would wish to have her father's soul washed clean of this black sin of hatred; and, most of all, because she had been brought up with young Jim Dolan. They had played together, been to school together, and had grown to be very fond of each other. Of necessity, they had to meet clandestinely, for fear of the elder Ryan's anger. But they had resolved to themselves that the feud should never pass on to them, bitterly as their parents might hate each other.

One day, a busy, gossiping neighbor, who had called, let the secret out, that Jim Dolan and Nellie Ryan were "keeping company." The news almost choked the father, who went into such torrents of passion that the news-bringer fled in terror.

"Did you know this?" he screamed at his wife.

"I did," answered the good woman.

"And why,—why didn't you tell me?"

"I — thought — you — had — trouble enough."

"Didn't you try to stop it?"

"I did not."

"And why not?"

"Well," said the mother, with spirit, "you've always prided yourself that Nellie was so much like you that — well — I was afraid it would only bring more trouble."

"Oh, that's your reason, is it? Is she in?"

"No."

"Well, when she comes in, tell her I want her."

When Nellie returned a short time later, the look on her mother's face, and the peremptory order to go to her father at once bespoke trouble.

As she came into her father's presence, her quick eye at once detected a strange set look about his mouth.

"Sit down here, girl," he said, and the softness of his tone surprised her. "Nellie, you've never told me a lie in your life."

"No, father, I never did."

"Listen, then. Only to-day I heard something that almost broke my heart."

The girl sat bolt upright in her chair, with full knowledge of what was to come, but she never flinched. She tried to see in her mind's eye the honest face of her young lover, but she could only see the white, pitiful face of her father.

"Someone was telling me," he went on, "and sure I wouldn't believe it, that you were keeping company with — with — his son. Tell me, Nellie dear, it isn't the truth, and I'll throw the dirty black lie back in their faces."

Straight into his cold grey eyes the daughter looked, and answered slowly, "It's the truth, dad."

"What, my God, you — you, my girl — my daughter, tell me this? This is the worst blow of all." And sobbing and moaning, as if his heart would break, he laid his head, buried in his hands, down upon the table in front of him.

Gently, the girl went to him and tried to soothe him. She laid her arm about

his neck and pleaded, "Oh, daddy, daddy, dear, don't, don't go on so, listen."

But he threw her off savagely, and burst out again: "Little you care for my feelings, and to go and link your name with his. I'd rather see you dead, yes, dead, than ever to see you with one of that name."

Suddenly stopping in his tirade, he raised his head, and fixing his eyes upon her, he said,

"Do you — care — for — this — fellow?"

"Yes, father, I do."

"Then you must choose between us two, right now. You can't be a child of mine, and a companion of his. Raise up your head. Are you willing to promise me, with Heaven as a witness, that you'll give him up and never speak to him again?"

The strength of her mighty will rebelled at this unnatural request, and she was about to refuse when she looked upon her father's supplicating face, and all the lover in her nature melted away, and the blood of her father conquered, as she answered slowly: "I promise, father, I promise."

And he knew she'd keep her word.

"Come to me now, Nellie," he said, "for you are my child, and have your father's spirit after all." And he folded her to his breast and wept with joy that his victory was so complete.

It was only when Nellie had crept to the solitude of her own room, and tried to wash out the anguish of her heart in bitter tears that one could see that the father's easy victory had cost her a thought.

She realized that she had given her word of honor — that meant until death. And now the stern portion of her father's nature that she had inherited forbade her showing the grief she felt. She had promised, she could obey.

But as time wore on, and the roses faded from her cheek, and she had lost interest in affairs in which she was ordinarily interested, her mother became alarmed. She discussed her fears with her husband, but was summarily cut off.

"You can't make a bird of the girl, and a cage of the house and expect her to be well," she said.

"Let her alone, woman. When her fancy for this feller wears off, she'll be as well as ever. Another month, and she won't know his name," said the father.

Womanlike, the mother knew differently, but unwomanlike, she answered not a word.

Young Dolan had tried by every means possible to see Nellie or communicate with her. Letters by mail and mutual friends were returned unopened. Twice when he had spoken to her on the street she passed him by without a word. Her heart was sorely tempted, but she remembered her promise.

When the summer time came, she denied herself little excursions and rambles that she had been accustomed to attend, and when the great annual event of the picnic of the P. Francis Donahue Litterary Association was about to take place, though her mother secretly encouraged her to go, she was not in the least interested. It was only with great coaxing that her friend, Mollie Hayden, got her consent.

On the evening preceding the picnic day, the father offered some slight objection, but became silent under the mother's pressing assertion that such a trip would do Nellie good. She left the house early in the morning, with her father's admonition to be at home early.

During all the day, he grumbled at her absence, and was decidedly irascible. Once, he broke out: "It's my opinion you're only sending her out to meet that young scamp."

"Well, then," said the mother, with considerable heat, "your opinion's not worth much, for in the first place, if

Nellie said she'd see no more of him, there's an end to that; and in the second place, Jim Dolan's no scamp."

"See here, now, woman," he shouted, "if you think you can talk Jim Dolan into me, you're mistaken. So no more of that."

A dozen times during the day he inquired if it was not time Nellie was coming home, and when it came to eight o'clock in the evening, and she had not returned, he was frantic. He had his chair placed near the window, and had been patiently watching since four o'clock.

"There it is for you and your excursions," he would say, "something has surely happened to her."

"Don't be so foolish. She's all right, and will surely be home by nine o'clock."

But with all the mother's assurances, she began herself to be a bit worried, and cast furtive glances at the clock, and up and down the street. Then, as if to give herself additional comfort, she said, "she is surely safe enough, with the P. Francis Donahue Literary Association."

This was small consolation to the father, who angrily replied: "I wish P. Francis Donahue and his Literary Association were in — ."

"Dennis!"

"Look out of the window, and see if there is any sign of her coming."

"No, not yet, but be patient."

"Patient! I say patient to you. If I had the use of my limbs, I'd soon see what the matter was."

After a very few moments' silence, while he drummed nervously with his fingers upon his chair, he broke forth again;

"Go round the corner to McMichaels', and see if the boat is in."

And the good woman, partaking of some of his terror, went quickly to do as she was bidden. When her familiar footsteps were heard returning, he could not wait for her to bring the news, but shouted at her:

"Well! what did you find out?"

Breathlessly, she answered, "I telephoned the docks, and they said the boat was in since quarter past seven."

Instantly, they both turned to look at the clock, and saw that almost three hours had elapsed since that time. They knew well that something serious must have happened to their daughter to detain her so long. The mother was the first to find her tongue, and rocking and moaning away in her chair, she turned upon him.

"See what your hardened ways has brought us to! Can't you see it's a punishment for your unforgiveness? First, to lose the use of your legs, and then to lose our only child, for I know something has happened to her."

Usually, the husband was not tardy in answering his wife, but now his whole body seemed as limp as his paralyzed limbs. He looked on, helpless and hopeless, while his wife continued in her excited strain.

"It's all your fault! It's all your fault!" she shouted again and again, and now for the first time he seemed to see it and believe it.

He raised his arms to the table, and burying his head in his hands, broke forth into a violent sobbing. If the iron will was not broken, at least it was beginning to melt.

Without a moment's hesitation, the woman, who only an instant before had upbraided him for his part in the threatened calamity, was at his side, and, placing her arms about him, begged for forgiveness for the words she never meant.

Together, there they sobbed for some few moments, until finally he broke forth into prayer:

"Oh, God," he said, "have mercy upon me. Haven't you punished me enough already? Give me back my little girl, and I'll forgive everyone. I promise

to be a changed man. Oh, Holy Mary, Mother of God, watch over my child, and send her home safe to me. I forgive, O God, from the bottom of my heart; forgive me, I pray, and grant my prayer."

Suddenly, he lifted his head straight up and listened, and then broke out in a joyful shout:

"God has heard my prayer, she is coming, mother, I hear her footsteps!"

The mother listened, and shook her head.

"I hear nothing, Dennis," she said.

"But I do," he said, "do you think I could be mistaken?" And then they heard plainly enough the sound of someone hurrying up the stairs.

"Perhaps it's someone else," said the anxious mother.

"No, never, I've sat here too many days, listening for the sound of that step. It's my Nellie."

In an instant Nellie burst in upon them.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, "I knew you'd be frightened, but I'm all right," and she stooped low to kiss him.

The father grasped one of her hands and clung tightly to it, as if he felt it was still possible to lose her.

"Don't look so at me, mother, I'm all right. I've had an accident, but I'm all right now."

"What was it, child, tell us quick?" said the impatient mother.

"Well, don't be a bit frightened, and I'll tell you all."

She seated her mother at her right, and with her father still holding her left hand, she told her story.

"When we got to Glen Island some of our party hired a small boat and went for a sail. I was invited and went with them. When about a mile from the shore, a squall struck us, and we put back. None of our party knew much of managing a boat, and in attempting to turn, our boat was upset, and we were all thrown into the water, and oh! mamma and daddy, I thought I should never see you again. I screamed, and fought to stay above water, but I felt myself sinking, and then I prayed. I was sure my hour had come, and was ready to give up when I saw a small boat coming swiftly towards me. I could hear the people shouting to me to hold only a minute longer, and then just as I was about to sink, a young man dove from one of the boats and was at my side in a moment."

"I felt his arm about me and heard him whisper, 'Courage, Nellie, courage.' The next thing I remember was finding myself safe on the shore, and all my companions saved. I secured a change of clothing, and got here as soon as possible. My rescuer was kind enough to see me safely home."

"Thank God, thank God," said the father, "and may God bless him, whoever he is. Surely, you thanked him well for saving your life?"

"I never spoke a word to him, father."

"What's that? Why, Nellie, where are your manners, and where is he?"

"Out in the hall, father."

"Nellie, to think you'd be so rude as that."

"I was only obeying your orders, father."

"My orders? What nonsense! Bring him in, and I'll thank him, and reward him well, too."

She went to the hall, and beckoned to somebody. A young man of very prepossessing appearance entered the room, and advanced to the invalid's chair. With one glance at the youth, he recognized Jim Dolan, the son of his old friend, and in an instant the peaceful thoughts of thanksgiving at his daughter's deliverance had vanished, and his old feeling of hatred to his enemy took its place.

He turned upon his daughter and fairly shouted: "What sort of a trick is this?"

"Father, how could you!" She pulled

her hand from his grasp with a quick angry movement.

"It's no trick at all," spoke up young Dolan, "even after I took her from the water, and up to the present moment, she has not spoken a word to me. If she has given you a promise, you may be sure she has kept it."

"I'm thinking, perhaps, love has more tongues than one," said the father, speaking a little more gently than before.

Thus encouraged, Dolan told a full story of the rescue, and when he had finished, the father manfully extended his hand to the hero, who shook it with warmth. The father couldn't say much, his heart was full, but, kissing Nellie, he said:

"I think I'll go to bed now. Good night all. Come, mother, come, wheel me into my room and, Jim, would you mind telling your father I'd like to see him next Sunday night?" Then, with a sly look at Nellie, "If you're not too busy, you might come up, too. We'll find some way to entertain you."

The door closed upon the father, and if you had listened, shortly after, you would have heard the footsteps of a very happy boy going merrily on his way home, whistling as he went, "O Promise Me."

A LITTLE PREMATURELY.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

Kilcarberry Grange is a low grey stone building which seems to look out from its many windows with an air of patient dullness, towards the beautiful Dublin hills, lying away to the sunny south before its wide hall door. Save for a thick belt of fir trees behind it, which serves to protect it from the keen winds of the north and the east, the house and its surroundings are singularly bare of vegetation. Not the smallest spray of ivy dares to cling to that cold expanse of grey stone wall; no roses peep in at the windows; neither woodbine nor clematis essays to clamber to that roof, so temptingly easy of access.

A narrow carriage-drive emerges from another dark belt of fir trees standing near the entrance gates, and spreads itself in a broad semi-circle in the sunshine before the hall door. No flower border, rose tree, or single green shrub, breaks the monotony of the green turf beyond it, and it is easy to guess that the owner of the Grange is of that severely practical turn of mind which takes more heed of utility than of any mere beauty or softness of outline. There are flocks of geese on the green lawn; a tall spindle-legged foal and its mother look with a lonely and enquiring gaze over the red-painted bars of a gate in the hedge; whilst a group of young calves are clamoring noisily outside the barbed wire fence for an evidently belated evening meal.

The gravelled carriage-drive is faintly green with an unwonted crop of grass and weeds, which to an habitual visitor would tell their own tale. If Miss Patricia D'Arcy did not believe in mere decorativeness, she certainly did in order and in neatness; and something must be very wrong with the owner of the Grange when the calves were allowed to go unfed, the windows to be weather-stained, the gravel path to become grass-grown. Something very serious indeed was the matter, for in an upper room of the lonely house, behind closely drawn cur-

tains, Miss Patricia D'Arcy, the mistress of the Grange, lay stricken sorely, her life hanging in the balance day after day. She had been like this for many weeks now, and it was all the more ominous since she had never before been known, despite her nearly seventy years, to complain of illness or of pain.

Perhaps it was this immunity from the general ills of the flesh that had made her so hard and unsympathetic towards other people, for Miss Patricia *was* hard. She managed her affairs in a thoroughly brisk and unbending fashion, ordering her domestics and serving men about as though they were so many slaves or cattle. While they were young she took her money's worth of work out of them; when they grew old she turned them away, to starve at home, or to die in the work-house, just as they chose. It was one of her boasts that she never meant to grow old, and so far she had carried out this admirable intention with surprising fidelity; for despite her age, she was still as straight and as active and thorough-going as any woman thirty years her junior.

She had little patience with either bodily infirmity or want of business capacity. As for that poor reckless younger brother of hers, James D'Arcy of the Cottage, and his stupid mouse of a daughter, she had nothing but contempt for them both. Nothing would do him, poor thriftless creature, but to lose his money by foolish investments, and then to spend the rest of his days in that carpenter's workshop of his, with his turning lathe and his other ridiculous trumpery, fooling away his time like any schoolboy, over absurd inventions that never came to anything. There were, of course, innumerable carved cabinets and spindle-legged tables and couches to adorn the little rooms of the cottage, and he had a framed diploma of merit from some Parisian society of arts hung up in his drawing-room; but that was about all there was to show for his time. Much of his inventive and mechanical talent, indeed, went in repairing machinery owned by his neighbors, including that of his sister Patricia, a thankless task at the best. She cavilled unceasingly at his thriftlessness, his ricks that were badly built, his horses that were over-fed and under-worked, his calves that died of the murrain, or, as Miss Patricia liked to put it, of neglect.

Most people thought, when Miss Patricia's father died, bequeathing to her his house and lands and the rest of his assets, that she would have decided, if only for company's sake, to sell the Grange, and go to live with her widowed brother and his children, or else take them to live with her. The cottage was but a little removed from the larger house; in fact though the entrance gates might be separated by half a mile, the gardens and farm-yards of both houses almost looked into each other. This gave Miss Patricia a fine opportunity of watching her brother's thriftlessness and bad farming. To be sure the little house, covered completely outside with Virginia creeper and roses and other blossoming climbing plants, was entirely charming, and homelike and neat as new pins within; the garden and orchards a mass of flowers and of tempting rosy fruit, some of which often found its way into Miss Patricia's store-rooms, either in its natural state or in the shape of preserved plums or green gages, or as raspberry vinegar, or apple jelly, or strawberry jam, all of which were made by her niece Maeve's capable and willing hands, and accepted by her aunt with more or less ungraciousness. What did she want with such childish stuff? She had money enough to buy dainties for herself, without asking her brother or his daughter for them. What an outlandish name he had given the child! and what a poor-spirited, insignificant creature she was with her big eyes and her brown hair — a real Hennessy, certainly, with not a drop of the D'Arcy

blood in her. She could not imagine for the life of her what that young Lawless could see in the girl; how her brother could lend encouragement to such a hopeless affair was beyond her, seeing that Jack Lawless had six marriageable (or unmarriageable) sisters to provide for at home, with every acre of his farm already mortgaged. What a contrast to Maeve was her other niece, Patricia, (the child of another and more prosperous brother) with her fair ruddy complexion and auburn hair, her tall striking figure, and her brisk thorough-going ways — just such another as Miss Patricia herself was at the same age.

The truth was that Miss Patricia, like many old people, was somewhat prejudiced in her judgment of her relatives. Her brother James had offended her mortally in his youth by coming between her and the man she loved. He had not only warned her against her lover, but had told her father certain things against the latter's character — with the result that her father would not consent to her marriage with him. It would not have been Miss Patricia's way to wait for the consent; but without the consent there would have been no money, and apparently her lover did not want her without it. To be sure the man had shortly afterwards killed himself through drink, and there had been other damaging stories about him; but all the same she had never forgiven James D'Arcy for his interference. When he lost the greater part of his own inheritance through unwise investments, she looked upon it as nothing but a judgment. In any case, neither he or any of his children would ever touch a penny of her money; that was certain. She meant to leave it all to her other niece and namesake, Patricia Mullin, who had lately married and gone to reside with her husband in London. Patricia Mullin was a fine, high-spirited girl, she knew how to take her place in the world and enjoy herself — none of your little weak-faced angels, with irritatingly gentle and lamb-like ways, like Maeve D'Arcy, who only flushed up and trembled whenever her blustering masculine aunt would shout at or hustle her.

Well, the blustering and hustling had all come to a sudden ending, for one day when Miss Patricia had flown into a more than usually violent temper with one of her stablemen, the doctor had to be called in suddenly. Miss Patricia had fallen down "out of her standing," just as she was scolding the man in the stable-yard, and had been lifted up and carried unconscious into the house. To Maeve, who had come over in a state of agitation at the first news of her aunt's illness, the doctor spoke with professional gravity and a certain discreet reserve which she found anything but comforting. Disconcerting hints were dropped about "apopletic seizures," and "paralysis," and "a clot on the brain," and other things of which his trembling listener happily knew little. He finished up by asking for a consultation with a specialist, and advised Maeve to send at once for a trained nurse.

"Will she come through it all right, Doctor?" the girl asked, after listening patiently for some time to his discourse.

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, child. You see at her age such an attack is most serious. However, we will do all that medical skill can do. I am only sorry that I cannot give you more decided hope. However, with such a constitution, it might be possible — barely possible — that she'll recover."

After that Maeve spent nearly all her time at the Grange, looking after the general household cares, helping the nurse, making beef tea or chicken jelly for the patient, and doing a thousand kind offices in a most unsparing way. Meanwhile the housekeeping at home must be left to the care of old Bridget, their one faithful domestic, who had nursed them all and who still remained on in spite of the

slender wages and a sometimes diminished larder. Maeve's father, though still engrossed in his workshop, came over very often to inquire for the patient, and seemed genuinely glad that his little daughter should help in the duty of nursing her aunt; whilst Desmond and Brendan, her two young brothers, were fortunately such sturdy specimens of boyhood that Maeve need have no qualms as to leaving them solely to Bridget's care.

She was only too glad to be of some little service to her aunt in her illness. It was part of the girl's nature to be very kind and tender with all helpless things, with the young, or the old, or the sick. Besides, she had a natural affection for her Aunt Patricia, despite the old woman's hard tongue and rough ways; and now that the poor lady was prostrate, Maeve no longer remembered her scoldings or unkind speeches, but thought only of those few little kindnesses sometimes bestowed on herself in her childhood.

One day, while Maeve and the nurse were busying themselves about their patient, a sudden imperative knocking came at the door, and before either had time to answer, the bedroom door was flung wide open, and a very grandly-dressed lady walked in. Her hair was dyed to a rich dull gold; her face was manifestly powdered and rouged. The rustle of her silk underskirts jarred gratingly on Maeve's sensitive ears, and she looked uneasily at the patient in the bed.

"What's wrong with her?" the newcomer asked of the nurse, in a hard, high voice, totally ignoring the presence of Maeve. The moment the stranger spoke Maeve recognized her as her cousin Patricia, her aunt's favorite niece and acknowledged heiress.

"She is very ill, indeed," the nurse answered in a low tone. "Please don't speak so loudly."

"She can't hear, can she? Isn't she unconscious? You don't think she'll ever get over it, do you?" she asked, with a challenging ring in her voice.

The patient moaned and stirred uneasily, and the nurse went softly to the bedside, not waiting to answer her questions.

The intruder turned to Maeve.

"I suppose you are Maeve D'Arcy," she said, in the same hard, imperative tone. "I want you to tell me where my aunt keeps her keys."

Maeve hesitated a moment, then, remembering who the visitor was, she went to the mantlepiece and took down the bunch of keys from a hook hanging near the patient's bedside.

"If there is anything I can do for you — " she began.

"I want nothing, thanks. I merely wish to look at some papers." Then, turning to the nurse: "How long do you think she will last? How many days?"

"It would be very hard to tell — " the nurse began.

"Well, will you kindly let me know when the end comes. I'm sorry I cannot wait for it, as I have made arrangements to go to Paris next week. Here's my card with my address. I quite expected to find her dead when I came."

There was a hint of disappointment in her tone, and the nurse flashed a significant glance at Maeve. The latter stood quietly by, wondering if it were possible that her cousin's wish could be "father to the thought."

In a moment the newcomer flounced out of the room again, trailing her silken skirts behind her, and leaving the door of the sick room open, as she sailed off, keys in hand.

"What a noisy, unfeeling woman!" the nurse began, with an indignant face.

"She is my cousin, and my aunt is very much attached to her," Maeve said, quietly, putting an end to all further discussion of the visitor. They did not see any more of her, but later in the afternoon, Maeve watched her depart from

the door, in a hired carriage, heavily laden with boxes. Anne Dillon, her aunt's old housekeeper, came to her shortly afterwards with the keys, telling her with much indignation how Mrs. Miller (which was her cousin's married name) had ransacked all her mistress's papers and belongings, and had carried off a quantity of things with her when she was going.

Maeve felt equally indignant, but knowing how highly-placed in her aunt's graces her cousin was, and recognizing equally her own humble position, she did not feel called upon to pass any comment.

The long weeks of winter wore away slowly, and still there was little improvement in the condition of the sick woman. It was only her iron constitution, the doctors said, which had kept her alive at all. Still, the impression which Maeve always had, that her aunt was not going to die, gradually strengthened as the days passed over. At the end of a month she began to look at people as though she thought she knew them; tried, too, to talk a little, incoherently and with difficulty. In another while, she was able to ask for things — tea and some bread and butter were the first things she fancied after her prolonged diet of jellies and beef-tea.

Soon she essayed to sit up for a bit, and to ask questions. Her sight was still dim, and she could not speak distinctly or think clearly. She forgot words; would stop suddenly in the midst of a sentence, unable to remember what it was she had wished to say. The doctors said there would probably be always this forgetfulness and hesitancy of speech. Yet each little step was a further advance on the road to recovery.

In another few weeks, to the astonishment of her medical attendants, she was able to get out of bed, to sit in a chair by the fireside, or near the window, enjoying the warm sunshine of the spring day. She noted everything, even the weeds on the gravel path, and intimated a desire to have them removed. She was quite cross about them, too, which her nurse said was a clear indication that she was immensely better. The calling of the calves for their milk annoyed her; she pointed to the flocks of geese on the lawn, and made known her wish to have them sent to market. She noted the growth of the foal — in short, nothing escaped the watchfulness of that eagle eye.

But what greatly surprised people, and Maeve most of all, was a strange, unwonted gentleness and tenderness in her demeanor towards everyone, and especially towards Maeve. She loved to have her beside her, and the girl would sit hour after hour by the old woman's chair, with her little soft hand held in the close grip of that older, browner, weather-worn one. She liked Maeve to talk to her, by and by even to read to her. Sometimes when the girl was reading for her some piece of verse or a pathetic story, she would see with trouble and pain her aunt's face quivering, and the big tears rolling down the furrowed old cheeks.

"What is it, auntie, dear?" the girl asked, on one of these occasions, sorely perplexed and touched by the old woman's tears.

"I don't know, child," tremulously. "I suppose the Lord has softened my heart. I have been a hardened, cruel old woman. But He brought me back from the Borderland, and now things seem different."

"I have been to a land, a Borderland
Dimly seen in the fading light,"

she quoted, and still murmuring, "the Borderland," she fell asleep, holding Maeve's hand in a close, clinging embrace.

"Why did not Patricia come?" she asked, a day or two after that.

"She did come, auntie; but she had to return to London the same day."

"The same day, did she? Well — she

might have given me a little longer time, a little longer, considering all I did and meant to do for her."

Many a time after that, the girl noticed her aunt regarding her with a watchful and tender gaze. Indeed, she could not bear Maeve to be for long out of her sight. Sometimes the girl's thoughts would turn a little wistfully towards home, to her father, her young brothers: perhaps, too, to poor Jack Lawless, whom she rarely ever saw, though he made a point of frequently calling to inquire for the elder Miss D'Arcy's progress.

"Which day is this?" her aunt asked her one evening, as the darkness was fast closing in.

"It is Thursday," Maeve answered, poking up the fire to a clear bright blaze.

"What *date*, stupid? I want to know the day of the month," her aunt said, with a refreshing return of her old asperity.

"It is the fifth of April, auntie."

"The fifth of April! And I have been ill since the end of August! You have been very good to me, child; and I don't know that I deserved it. And so Easter is almost here! What are you going to do then?"

"I don't know yet," the girl answered, wondering a little sadly what they would do at home without her.

"I would like you to stay with me, child, if you would. I think we might let the nurse go. I grow tired of her stiff skirts and the white bows and *pince-nez*, and I see by her looks that she wants to get home. You will stay here with me?"

"Of course I will," cheerfully.

"That's right. And you will ask your father to come, and the boys, and that young fellow — what do you call him? I forget."

"Is it Mr. Lawless?" Maeve asked, blushing in spite of herself.

"Yes, Mr. Lawless, Jack Lawless. Maeve, take my keys and bring me the little red morocco jewel-case which you will find in the top drawer of my escritoire downstairs. This is the key."

Maeve took the keys and went downstairs as she was told. A few minutes later she returned, very perplexed, and red in the face.

"There is no jewel-case there, auntie," she said, almost trembling.

"Nonsense, child, try again!"

"I did look, Aunt Patricia, and the drawer is quite empty."

"Quite empty!" the old woman shrieked, flying into a rage at once. "Who has touched it? Who dared to take my keys?"

Maeve hardly knew what to answer her, but at that moment the nurse came in, alarmed by her patient's loud and angry tones.

"No one touched your keys, Miss D'Arcy," she said, in answer to the latter's query, "except that lady, Mrs. Miller, the day she came here from London."

"What call had she to them! How dare she touch them!" the old woman cried, livid with rage. Maeve felt terrified, fearing this outburst of anger might bring on another attack.

"Take me downstairs at once, and let me know the truth," her aunt said.

It was useless, indeed it might be dangerous to oppose her; so Maeve and the nurse helped her downstairs between them. They half-carried her, half-led her, into the room.

"Gone, gone! All gone!" she cried, as she opened drawer after drawer. "My jewels, my pearls, my rings, my watch, all my papers, even my will! Oh, Patricia Miller, my girl," bitterly, "how sure you made of my going! Long, long may you rue the day when you came to a dying woman's house to rifle her belongings!"

She held herself up straight, majestic

in her anger. All her weakness had gone from her. Without assistance she walked into the dining-room. Here fresh discoveries awaited her.

"What villainy is this?" she cried. "My pierced casters, my silver tureen, my chased candlesticks! Where are they gone? And who dared to take the pictures from those walls? Send Anne Dillon here at once!"

The old housekeeper came in, trembling, in answer to that hasty summons.

"I could not stop her, ma'am," she cried. "Mrs. Miller came and took them. When I ventured to object she told me that the house and everything in it was hers; that she'd take the jewels and the best of the silver then, and come back for the rest when you — " She did not finish.

"Well, I am not dead yet!" Miss D'Arcy said with a grim and terrible look. Then, to Maeve's surprise, she suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

"Lord, Lord, what a fool I was, to be sure. And what store I did set by that girl. But it serves me right, it serves me quite right."

After that, Miss D'Arcy did not refer to the purloined articles again. To Maeve's relief and joy, the outburst of anger, instead of doing her aunt an injury, seemed to serve her and to clear her brain. Except for this inexplicable softness and tenderness, the old woman was almost herself once more.

One morning, following her discovery, Miss D'Arcy had an interview with her solicitor, and a few days afterwards several large boxes arrived from London. From one of them, Maeve's aunt took the red morocco jewel-case, out of which she drew a beautiful necklace of real pearls, a fine gold chain, and an exquisite old-fashioned brooch studded with pearls and diamonds, and holding in a clawlike grip a huge purple amethyst as centre-piece.

"These are for you, child," she said, handing the jewels to Maeve. "You were born in February, and the amethyst is your lucky stone. May it bring you good luck! And now look at this paper. It was my will by which I was to leave all my property to my 'loving and dutiful niece, Patricia.' Loving and dutiful, ha, ha!" She laughed scornfully, then held the paper to a lighted candle, and watched it slowly burn.

"I have made a new will, child," she went on, "and I need not tell you all its contents. But there is this one provision in it, that on the day you marry Jack Lawless, my lawyer will pay you two thousand pounds."

Maeve caught her hands and kissed them.

"You dear, good aunt," she began, but the other, with misty eyes, bade her "Be quiet!"

"Tell him I want to see him, Maeve. He was always a fine fellow. Ask him to dine with your father and us all. Perhaps James would take his boys over, and help me to keep house here, and so leave the cottage for you and your man. Would you like that, child?"

But Maeve was choking with tears, and could not answer her.

"I don't know what to think, Auntie Pat," she said at last. "It is all so wonderful; too good to be true, almost."

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG, THE FUTURE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

II.

The King and Future Queen of Spain.

BY BEN HURST.

"I would I might be private!
Mean men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our curse
To have a tumult that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us whether we will or no."
Old Play.

This is the penalty of those in high station. They are stared at, discussed, harassed by their very friends, criticized by a merciless public. Most, if not all, of the details of King Alfonso's betrothal are now common property. We know how he was subjugated at first sight by the exuberant gaiety, the fresh charm, the frank unconsciousness of Princess

THE ESCURIAL PALACE, MADRID.
(The Northern Railway Station is in the foreground.)

Ena. Until the meeting took place she had never been mentioned among the princesses eligible for the crown of Spain. Her morganatic descent would even have been supposed a bar; she was very young—English princesses as a rule do not marry at that age;—there were very many more important alliances on the tapis; in fine, many refused to credit the engagement even after it was semi-officially announced.

Those who were in the secret have now ceased to be discreet. We are told that King Alfonso confided his inclination to Somebody before he left England after his first visit to Buckingham Palace, and that Somebody promised to convey it to the Princess, that she blushed very much whenever the King of Spain's name was mentioned, but refused to contemplate matrimony just yet; that she allowed it, nevertheless, to be conveyed that she felt very "friendly" towards him; that a daily interchange of picture post cards was then inaugurated; that the Princess eagerly undertook a course of instruction in the Catholic faith for which she had always entertained a deep respect; and did not for a moment hesitate at the notion of embracing it. Her mother's and her own friendship for the learned and saintly French monks at Farnborough Priory, and a close attachment to the pious Empress Eugénie, Princess Beatrice's dearest friend, facilitated the transition of a young and ardent soul, desirous to be "thorough" in religion as in all things. It is, of course, improbable that her sympathy for the creed of her ancestors would have resulted in her complete conversion if King Alfonso had not, providentially, made it feasible.

When this, the gravest of all hindrances, was removed by the spontaneous assent of Princess Ena, everything else was quickly put away that might have retarded the conclusion of the *fiancailles*. Princess Beatrice had wisely insisted that a certain period must elapse

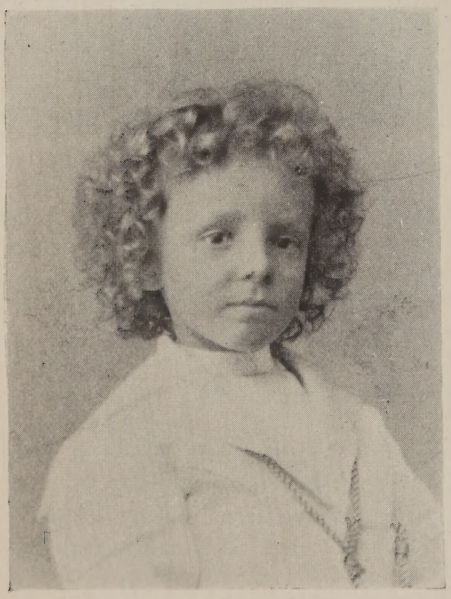
before the lovers met again,—each should have time for ripe reflection; but she soon found herself yielding to the wishes of the young people, and King Alfonso's project of a meeting in Biarritz was accepted. Immediately on their arrival at Mouriscot Villa, the residence of Princess Frederica of Hanover, where they stayed, Princess Beatrice and Princess Ena were visited by King Alfonso, who had forestalled the day appointed and would not be gainsaid. Princess Beatrice met him in the hall and conducted him to the drawing-room, where Princess Ena awaited him, and she then left the young couple alone. Here at least indiscreet chroniclers have not penetrated, and the sacred solemn plighting of their troth belongs to themselves. May it be but one of a thousand happy memories! The story of the remainder of the day has been often told. We know that the young pair drove out together, and responded with evident pleasure to the sympathetic greetings of the public; that the dinner was a most joyous affair, and many were the allusions to the sudden falling-off in the postal revenues of England and Spain; that King Alfonso made humble apologies to Princess Ena, before the whole assembly of relatives and courtiers, for having accused her of neglect towards him—a missing post card that had been purloined by an unscrupulous collector had finally been recovered—and how Princess Ena laughingly warned him against hasty judgments!

KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN.

During their walks and drives the betrothed behaved kindly even to the legion of photographers who pestered them at every turn, King Alfonso often turning with a smile to give the camera-holders a better chance. In brief, happiness shone around and above them, the completing crown being the reception of her son's bride by the Queen-Mother, who travelled to San Sebastian for that purpose. Queen Maria Christina,—that model, as Queen Victoria had called her, for all sovereigns and all mothers—can look forward with calm reliance to the future domestic happiness of the son for whom she has so strenuously toiled.

PRINCESS ENA WHEN FOUR YEARS OLD.

The wise discipline and careful training to which she subjected him from infancy have indeed borne fruit. The devoted zeal with which she guarded his inheritance during a long and troubled regency is less to be admired than the prudent severity which was the fundamental point of his education. Unremitting attention and tender foresight on her part have made the weakly babe become a strong, lithe, healthily-active man. Out-of-door pursuits have been his chief recreation, as elevating and instructive themes have been the nourishment of his mind. Nothing of what could benefit the mind or person of the ruler of Spain has been forgotten by this excellent mother. In all permissible pleasures the greatest latitude was allowed him as a boy, but the recognition of principle, founded on faith as the most necessary agent in the world's progress and man's individual salvation, was the first notion instilled into his heart. King Alfonso's mind is richly stored with knowledge of various kinds, but reverence for religion is the distinctive mark of his character.



KING ALFONSO WHEN FIVE YEARS OLD.

Short as is the record of his reign it has sufficed to show qualities of diplomacy, energy, and statesmanship such as would honor a sovereign of twice his years. The German Kaiser, always alive to merit, be it in the hut or in the palace, has expressed his admiration for the young King's industry and keen discernment in state affairs. However favorable both Nature and descent have been to King Alfonso, we must nevertheless share his own opinion that he owes all that is best in him to maternal care.

Queen Maria Christina had many difficulties to encounter on her arrival in Spain. All were conquered by her quiet determination and friendly tact. When her husband's early death left her, under peculiarly trying circumstances, at the head of the state, she resolved to sacrifice herself wholly to the duties of government, and her children's upbringing.

She denied herself even the solace of revisiting her home in Austria; she bade good-bye to all ties that could not assist her in her heavy task, and lived henceforward for the fulfilment of her responsibilities alone. Nothing less than the high-souled fortitude of this worthy daughter of the Hapsburgs could have tided over the internal dangers attendant on every regency, and heightened in this case by foreign complications and humiliating reverses. Her reliance on God's aid has not been disappointed; and she has been enabled to transmit his inheritance to King Alfonso with the confidence that he is worthy to receive it.

The interest attached to the young King of Spain from the moment of his posthumous birth has been augmented tenfold by the news of his approaching marriage. As a child his pranks were the delight of Spaniards, and his lively temperament a source of amusement and satisfaction to his future subjects. On one occasion when he got on the coach-man's box, instead of sitting decorously inside, and drove through the city the citizens went to the palace to beg that he may not be punished, and Maria Christina, smiling, was forced to relent. His boyish love of excitement, and predilection for rapid motion, were in early

A HAPPY SNAPSHOT AT VILLA MOURISCOT, BIARRITZ, THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCESS FREDERICA OF HANOVER.

Princess Frederica of Hanover. Baron von Pawel Rammingen. Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Princess Ena. Princess Henry of Battenberg. King Alfonso.

KING ALFONSO AND THE QUEEN REGENT MARIA-CHRISTINA.

years satisfied by the fieriest of horses and swiftest of cycles. To-day he is an enthusiastic motorist and his skilful driving is almost as legendary as his feats of horsemanship. The love of out-of-door sports, distinctive of the good and pure, is a characteristic well fostered in King Alfonso.

Princess Ena is the most delightful type imaginable of the modern English girl. Unassuming, good-natured, actively charitable in patronizing every girls' guild for the relief of the destitute, she has already won sympathy in London. Her personal appearance is said to exercise fascination on those who approach her; but it is a charm not transmittable to paper since it resides chiefly in lustrous eyes and the most ideal complexion in England. Her splendid health is proverbial in the royal family, and is no doubt a factor in the permanent good-humor that distinguishes her.

It was during the sojourn in Biarritz that Princess Ena took the grave step of ceasing to accompany her mother to the services of the Anglican Church, and that she wrote to the Pope to acquaint His Holiness of her intention to enter the Fold.

The course of religious instruction she pursued has ended in her conversion. On March 7th the Princess Ena was received into the Church, in the chapel of the royal residence of Miramar, San Sebastian, Spain, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brindle, Nottingham, England. Two Spanish Bishops assisted, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, her mother; Queen Maria Christina, King Alfonso, the Infantas Teresa and Isabella, the Infante Fernando, the ladies of the court and the civil and military household of the king were present. Senor Moret, premier of Spain, and the Duke of Alba were witnesses for the Princess. Immediately after the Baptism, Princess Ena received the Sacrament of Confirmation, during which a Te Deum was sung. On the following day the Princess made her First Communion. She immediately telegraphed to the Holy Father this message of gratitude and affection:

"At the moment of entering the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church I desire

humbly to thank your Holiness for all your fatherly goodness to me. I also wish to offer myself with all my heart as your most devoted and loyal daughter. Asking again your prayers and your apostolic blessing,

"VICTORIA EUGENIE."

It is understood that the Pope will be represented by a Cardinal at Princess Ena's marriage to King Alfonso.

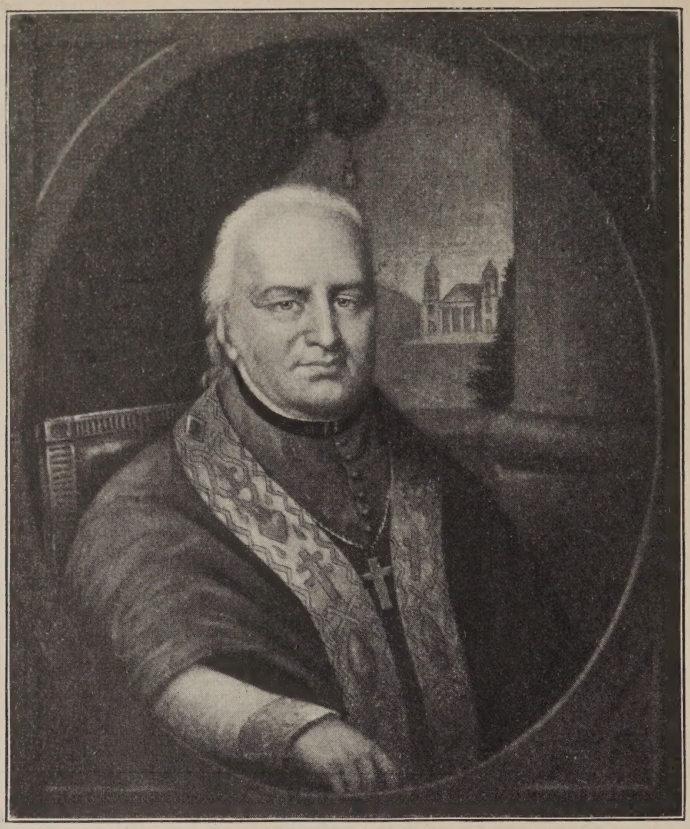
King Alfonso has telegraphed to His Holiness, saying:

"With filial and grateful affection for the new and important proofs of the benevolence of Your Holiness, I announce my engagement to Princess Ena of Battenberg. My future bride is happy to call herself a devout daughter of the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, and she joins with me in asking Your Holiness' Benediction, so the Lord may concede to us His favor in this and the future life."

Meantime, King Alfonso is supervising some alterations to the Prado in honor of its new mistress and Princess Beatrice is busy in Paris selecting the trousseau of the future Queen of Spain. This will scarcely be as elaborate as that of the Infanta Maria Theresa, King Alfonso's sister,—married last January to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria—which gave employment to four hundred women, during three months. But the workers in Paris, London, and Dublin, will, nevertheless, have reason to rejoice, for big orders have already been given.

King Alfonso will take a trip to the Canaries next month and hopes to arrange another *rencontre* with his *fiancee* —this time in Brittany,—before he receives the visit of King Edward. The wedding has been fixed for June, and it is rumored that the honeymoon will be spent among the Connemara hills in Ireland. The Duke of Manchester has offered the use of his splendid residence of Kylemore Castle to the royal pair, and what more ideal scenery can be imagined as a proper setting for this royal romance!

KYLEMORE CASTLE, WHERE THE HONEYMOON WILL BE SPENT.



MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL, FIRST BISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

THE CENTENARY OF THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL.

BY HENRY MORGAN.

One of the most notable events in the history of the Church in America will take place in Baltimore, April 29th., on the occasion of the centenary of the Cathedral.

All the prelates in the United States have been invited, and all, save a very few who may be forced to remain away because of illness or some important duty, will be present.

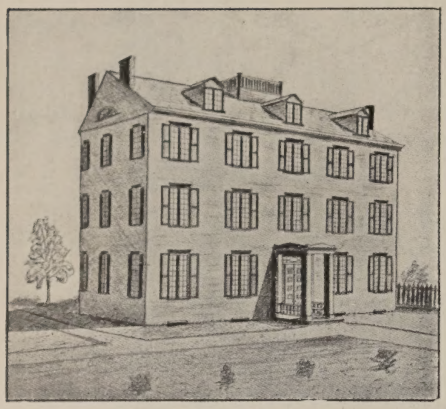
The celebration will be one of the most notable occasions in the history of the Church in the United States. The fact that the Cathedral is the oldest and the archdiocese is the oldest in the country makes it a centre of historic interest.

On Sunday, April 29, Archbishop Farley, of New York City, will celebrate Pontifical Mass. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia will deliver the sermon. At vespers, Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, Wis., will pontificate, and Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., will preach. These two services will comprise the religious part of the program.

The main social event of the celebration will occur on the evening of the following day, at the Lyric. There all the prelates will gather, and a reception will be held at eight o'clock. This will be one of the most notable gatherings of its kind ever held in the country. A prominent resident of the city will make the address of the evening. It has

called, by an Unanimous Vote, to the first station of a country, in which that unanimity could not have been obtained, without the previous merit of unexampled services, of eminent wisdom, and unblemished virtue. Our congratulations have not reacned you sooner, because our scattered situation prevented our communication, and the collecting of those sentiments, which warmed every breast. But the delay has furnished us with the opportunity, not merely of presaging the happiness to be expected under your Administration, but of bearing testimony to that which we experience already. It is your peculiar talent, in war and in peace, to afford security to those who commit their protection into your hands. In war you shield them from the ravages of armed hostility; in peace, you establish public tranquility, by the justice and moderation, not less than by the vigour, of your government. By example, as well as by vigilance, you extend the influence of laws on the manners of our fellow-citizens. You encourage respect for religion; and inculcate, by words and actions,

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS WHEN APPOINTED TO THE SEE OF BALTIMORE.



ONE MILE TAVERN, BALTIMORE,

Which was bought by the Sulpicians in 1791. and became the first Catholic Seminary in the United States.

that principle, on which the welfare of nations so much depends, that a superintending Providence governs the events of the world, and watches over the conduct of men. Your exalted maxims, and unwearied attention to the moral and physical improvement of our country, have produced already the happiest effects. Under your administration, America is animated with zeal for the attainment and encouragement of useful literature. She improves her agriculture; extends her commerce; and acquires with foreign nations a dignity unknown to her before. From these happy events, in which none can feel a warmer interest than ourselves, we derive additional pleasure, by recollecting that you, Sir, have been the principal instrument to effect so rapid a change in our political situation. This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us, on another account; because, whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well founded title to claim from her justice, the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defence, under your auspicious conduct — rights rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships. When we pray for the preservation of them, where they have been granted — and expect the full extension of them from the justice of those States, which still restrict them:* when we solicit the protection of Heaven over our common country, we neither omit, nor can omit recommending your preservation to the singular care of Divine Providence; because we conceive that no human means are so available to promote the welfare of the United States, as the prolongation of your health and life, in which are included the energy of your example, the wisdom of your counsels, and the persuasive eloquence of your virtues.

JOHN CARROLL,
In behalf of the Roman Catholic Clergy.
CHARLES CARROLL,
of Carrollton,
DANIEL CARROLL,
DOMINICK LYNCH,
THOMAS FITZSIMMONS,
In behalf of the Roman Catholic Laity.

*The restrictions here alluded to, are in the following clauses, which, for the information of his readers, John Gilmary Shea extracted from the printed code:

"No Protestant inhabitant of this Colony shall be denied the enjoyment of any civil right, merely on account of his religious principles: But all persons professing a belief in the faith of any Protestant Sect, who shall demean themselves peaceably under the Government, as hereby established, shall be capable of being elected into any office of profit and trust," etc.—*Constitution of New Jersey,* Sect. 19.

"No person who shall deny the Truth of the Protestant Religion shall be capable of holding any Office, or place of trust or profit, in the civil Department within this State."—*Constitution of North Carolina,* Sect. 32.

"No person shall be eligible to a Seat in the Senate, unless he be of the Protestant Religion.—*Constitution of South Carolina,* Sect. 12.

"No person shall be eligible to sit in the House of Representatives, unless he be of the Protestant Religion."—*Idem,* Sect. 13.

ANSWER TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN:—

While I now receive, with much satisfaction, your congratulations on my being called, by an unanimous Vote, to the first station in my Country — I cannot but duly notice your politeness in offering an apology for the unavoidable delay. As that delay has given you an opportunity of realizing, instead of anticipating, the benefits of the general Government, — you will do me the justice to believe, that your testimony of the increase of the public prosperity, enhances the pleasure, which I should otherwise have experienced from your affectionate Address.

I feel that my conduct, in war and in peace, has met with more general approbation, than could reasonably have been expected: and I find myself disposed to consider that fortunate circumstance, in a great degree resulting from the able support, and extraordinary candor, of my fellow-citizens of all denominations.

The prospect of National prosperity now before us, is truly animating; and ought to excite the exertions of all good men, to establish and secure the happiness of their Country, in the

permanent duration of its freedom and independence. America, under the smiles of Divine Providence — the protection of a good Government — and the cultivation of Manners, Morals, and Piety — cannot fail of attaining an uncommon degree of Eminence, in Literature, Commerce, Agriculture, Improvements at home, and Respectability abroad.

As Mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow, that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the Community, are equally entitled to the protection of Civil Government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost Nations in examples of Justice and Liberality. And I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part, which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of their Government — or the important assistance, which they received from a Nation, in which the Roman Catholic Faith is professed.

I thank you, Gentlemen, for your kind concern for me. While my Life and my Health

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS

CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND, WHO GAVE THE GRANT OF MARYLAND TO LORD BALTIMORE.

GEORGE CALVERT,

First Lord Baltimore, founder of Maryland and of Religious Freedom in America.

LEONARD CALVERT,

First Governor of Maryland.

shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments which you are pleased to express of my conduct. And may the Members of your Society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves, as the faithful subjucts of our free Government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

March 12, 1790.

As commander of the American army Washington had won the respect and confidence of the Catholics by his vigorous action in suppressing manifestations of bigotry. Soon after he took charge, preparations were made in camp for the celebration of "Pope Day," but Washington, animated by liberal as well as politic sentiments, issued the following order, which abolished "Pope Day" forever:

November 5th. As the Commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture; at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause — the defence of the liberty of America. At this juncture, and under such circumstances to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these, our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

Bishop Carroll, replying to one who had maligned his people, thus upheld their valor: "Their blood," said he, "flowed as freely (in proportion to their numbers) to cement the fabric of independence, as that of any of their fellow citizens. They concurred with perhaps greater unanimity than any other body of men in recommending and promoting that government from whose influence America anticipates all the blessings of justice, peace, plenty, good order, and civil and religious liberty."

And, on another occasion, referring to unjust discriminations in New Jersey, the Baltimore prelate protested against the injustice in terms that should have secured the co-operation of any fair-minded man, irrespective of religious convictions:

"At that very time the American army swarmed with Roman Catholic soldiers, and the world would have held them justified, had they withdrawn themselves from the defence of a state that treated them with so much cruelty and injustice, and which they then actually covered from the depredations of the British Army."

With the coming of a period of comparative prosperity, Bishop Carroll began the upbuilding of those outer works that everywhere bear witness to the vigor of Catholicism. The dignity of the See demanded that there should be a fitting centre, a temple where in the years to come Catholics could assemble to participate in the ceremonies of the Church. Accordingly, a site was selected, and on the seventh of July, 1806, the corner-stone of the Cathedral was laid. Despite the obstacles raised by limited means, the outbreak of the war of 1812, and the difficulties in the way of procuring building material, the Cathedral was completed, and dedicated in 1821, six years after the first Bishop and Archbishop of the Church in America had passed to his reward.

"If this See of Baltimore is venerable for its antiquity," said the present honored incumbent, when invested with the pallium, "it is still more conspicuous for that bright constellation of prelates who diffused their light over the American Church as well as over this diocese.

"It is not necessary that I should enlarge upon the greatness of those eminent men, for many of them, as the Bishop of Charleston has said, were personally known to yourselves by familiar acquaintance, but all of them are known to you by their splendid repu-

tations, and their names are cherished as household words in your families, and their bright example is held up to the admiration and imitation of your children. Otherwise I might speak of Bishop Carroll, whom the Bishop of Charleston calls patriotic. He possessed the virtues of a Christian priest, with the patriotism of an American citizen; I might speak of a 'Neale' whose life was hidden in Christ in God; of a Mareschal, who united in his person the refined manners of a French gentleman with the sturdy virtues of a pioneer prelate; of a Whitfield, who expended a fortune in the promotion of piety and devotion; of the accomplished Eccleston, who presided with equal grace and dignity at the professor's chair, at this throne (pointing to where he, the Most Rev. speaker, stood), and the Council of Bishops; of a Kenrick, whose praise is in the churches — who has not only adorned this See by his virtues, but also, I might say, illuminated all Christendom by his vast learning; I might speak of a Spalding, whose paternal face is to this day stamped upon your memories and affections, whose paternal rule I myself had the privilege of experiencing, and whose very name does not fail, even at this day, to evoke feelings of heartfelt emotion; of a Bayley, I can simply say that those who knew him best, loved him most. His was a soul of honor. He never hesitated making any sacrifice when God's honor and his own conscience demanded."

Baltimore Cathedral during its century of existence, has been the scene of many gatherings, each one contributing to the marvelous growth of the Church in the New World.

"No church in the United States," said Cardinal Gibbons, "has witnessed so many consecrations of bishops and ordinations of priests as have taken place within these walls. Six and twenty bishops have been consecrated before this altar, and many of these prelates have occupied a leading position among the American hierarchy. I might mention among others, Whitfield and Eccleston of Baltimore, Fenwick of Boston, Dubois of New York, Purcell and Elder of Cincinnati, Whelan of Wheeling, Gross of Oregon, and the two Foleys, names that are enshrined in the hearts of the clergy and people of this city. Of the twenty-six bishops that have been raised here to the Episcopal rank, I have had the privilege of consecrating ten.

"Since my advent to Baltimore as your Archbishop, I have ordained one thousand two hundred and fifty-six priests, of whom five hundred and eighty-six received the Sacred Orders beneath this dome.

"In this church three prelates were invested with the insignia of cardinalitial rank: In 1895 I was delegated by His Holiness, Leo XIII. to confer the biretta on His Eminence, Cardinal Satolli: And six years later I performed a similar office in behalf of His Eminence, Cardinal Martinelli.

If Lord Baltimore, in applying for priests for the colony in America, could have foreseen a tithe of such results what hope would have inspired his work of colonization! "The baron himself is unable to find support for the Fathers," he wrote, "nor can they expect sustenance from heretics hostile to the Faith, nor from Catholics for the most part poor, nor from the savages who live after the manner of wild beasts." And yet sustenance was provided. To-day the Archdiocese of Baltimore numbers 250,000 souls, ministered to by four hundred priests, under the direction of the Cardinal Archbishop, whose wise, beneficient administration has won the love of his people, and excited the admiration of all classes and denominations in America. With deep tenderness the revered Cardinal recalled his personal associations with the historic Cathedral:

"As for myself, I need not tell you that my most hallowed associations are entwined around this venerable Cathedral. Every stone of the building is sacred to me. It was in this church that I was regenerated in the waters of baptism at the hands of the venerated Dr. White. Under its shadow I was raised to the priesthood. In this temple I was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Spalding, of happy memory. It was here that the insignia of cardinalitial rank were conferred on me by a representative of Leo XIII. Here I have labored as a priest and prelate, and ministered to you and your fathers for thirty-two years.

"I intend to continue to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to preach within these walls as long as God will give me life and strength. And when my earthly career is ended, which in the course of nature and in the order of Providence is not far distant, I expect that my body will repose in this crypt beside the ashes of my illustrious predecessors, and I hope it may there remain undisturbed, if God so wills it, till the glorious dawn of the resurrection."

WHEN THE FIRE DIES.

BY CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

When the hearth-fire dies, and night comes on apace,
Beyond the wall of darkening woods I see
The sunset burning bright for you and me.
Out there within the gathering dusk your face
Smiles softly back with tender pitying grace.
Begirt with snow, the dreary landscape seems
Too lonely for my mood. Begone, these dreams!
I crave the light of my belovéd's eyes
At wane of day, when firelight slowly dies.

When the hearth-fire dies, your love comes back to me,
And nestles warm and close against my heart.
O melancholy, thou canst have no part
Within my breast, and through the dark must flee
When love is here, my soul's hearth-fire to be.
Blow, winds, and lash your snow against the pane.
Your cry, unto a lover's heart, is vain.
Love, is it thy warm breath I feel? "Arise
Dear heart, from dreaming, e'er the hearth-fire dies!"

AN ITALIAN SUNBEAM.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Tito's stand was nothing more than an ordinary store-box set up against a dingy wall, in a dingy part of the city; but it was always scrupulously neat, and its scanty wares were arranged in a manner to tempt the passer-by. The proud owner — dark-eyed, olive-skinned, laughing, debonair — with a flower in the button-hole of his old corduroy jacket — looked out upon the world with innocent, child-like confidence, and a smile that seemed to include even the stray curs slinking cautiously around the corner.

No wonder his business thrived; or that he averaged more dollars a week than his melancholy friend, Piero Lavaggi, — proprietor of the large stand opposite — did dimes.

Men and women of all degrees found themselves smiling in sheer sympathy as they watched the smile deepen in his eyes, and ripple over his face like a ray of April sunshine; making you think unconsciously of green meadows and banks of cowslips.

It was this wonderful smile of his that won for him the name of "The Italian Sunbeam."

"'Tis a greata countra!" he told his friend Piero, who was inclined to be skeptical. "Alla mans eq*uall!* Vote *Poli*tics! Elect *Presi*dent! 'Tis a greata-greata countra!"

He took an optimistic view of life in general, and of his own little world in particular. Every man, woman and child that passed his stand was his friend. And indeed few could resist his friendly smile — especially when accompanied with the laughing, coaxing call, "Peanut! Banan!"

Gradually the little store was increased, and the young merchant called out proudly, but with the old coaxing cadence in the musical voice — "Candy! Grape! Peanut! Banan!"

"'Tis a greata-greata countra," he wrote home to his sweetheart in Italy. "Beg mon' — one — two — t'ree — dolla a day! I save. Bim-a by you come! Git a house! Beeg merchant! Alla mans eq*uall!* 'Tis a greata-greata countra!"

And each day the old wallet, which he carried in a chamois-skin bag fastened around his neck, grew heavier. Thus each day brought him nearer the realization of his dream.

Only two other persons knew anything about the object of his savings; those two persons were Father Tom and Piero Lavaggi. The latter, envious of his friend's success, and jealous of his good fortune with the fair Peppo — for whose hand he also had been a suitor — became daily more melancholy and morose.

Good-natured, sunny-hearted Tito, unconscious of the cause of his friend's depression, tried to cheer him up.

"'Tis a greata joke!" he cried merrily, one evening, as they sat together in the little dingy back room where they lodged. "Looka up — smile — the sun shine! Frown — the world alla-time dark! Eesa not — my Piero?"

But Piero only grunted, looking moodier than ever. The tallow candle sputtered between them, shedding a feeble, sickly light over the room. After a little, Tito made another attempt. "'Tis a greata countra!" he cried extravagantly. "Alla mans eq*uall!* Some a time I git a beeg store! Candy! Banan! Ice-cream! Y*ess!* Soda-fizz!

Lookin'-glass — Beeg store! You my *part*ner! all mans eq*uall.* Take a holiday! Yess! Go back to Etallee! Ride a cab! Beeg merchant! Yess!"

But Piero was not to be diverted. He turned his back on the "beeg" merchant; and Tito lapsed into silence — a silence filled with bright, happy thoughts.

The wallet had grown very heavy of late.

"Nine-hunder-dolla!" he had confided to Father Tom, who tried, for the hundredth time, to persuade him to put the money in the bank for safety. But no, the money was not to be trusted to any other hands.

"I alla time watch. It eesa safa here!" he said, with his hand on the chamois-skin bag. When he would have saved one thousand dollars, he would send for Peppo — who wrote him long, broken letters complaining of the cruelty of her step-mother — and they would be married, and set up house-keeping.

As he sat dreaming beside the sputtering candle, after the morose Piero had gone to bed, Tito suddenly made up his mind to send the passage money to Peppo the very next day. He would see Father Tom about it early in the morning. Poor little Peppo was unhappy — and what was the use of waiting any longer.

"Nine hunder-dolla eesa nuff!" he cried, springing to his feet and dancing about the room in the exuberance of his joy.

"Piero!" he shouted, rousing his friend to tell him the good news! "To-morr' I send for my Peppo! Peppo an' me git amarry! Git a house! You a come too — one — a famila! Eesa not, my Piero?"

But Piero was not enthusiastic. He merely grunted, and turned over on his side.

Tito was too happy and excited to sleep. He turned and twisted during the greater part of the night — to the disgust and annoyance of his sulky friend — who was scarcely less wakeful.

Toward morning, Tito fell into a heavy sleep, from which he awakened with a start, to find the sunlight streaming in through the dirty window — and his room-mate gone!

He sprang out of bed with a little cry of dismay. He had meant to be up so early. Now he would have to postpone his visit to Father Tom until evening, and —

"Ah-h!"

It was like the cry of a wounded animal. Tito stood in the middle of the floor, his rich olive skin blanched to a sickly yellow.

"Gone! Alla-gone! My God!" He sank down in a heap on the floor, all his light-hearted laughter forgotten. The old greasy chamois-skin bag that he had worn tied securely around his neck, and guarded with such jealous care for so many months, was empty. The old wallet, with all its contents was gone.

"Gone! Alla-gone! My God!" he kept repeating over and over like one stunned.

Suddenly springing to his feet, he searched the bed, and every corner of the miserable little room, with feverish haste. But to no purpose. The money had disappeared.

Then a thought came to the stricken Tito, a conviction that was like a blow.

"No! no! no! I not b'lieve it!" he cried, flinging out his arms in a gesture of despair. "My frien' ees no t'ief! *No!* I not b'lieve it! No!"

But there was no other solution of the difficulty. Even Father Tom, to whom Tito flew at once in his great trouble — shook his head and looked grave.

"My frien' no t'ief! I not b'lieve it!" he reiterated over and over again.

There was nothing to be done. He

would not allow his friend to be apprehended — though that friend showed his guilt by returning no more to the little back room.

Tito, wiser and graver, worked feverishly, carrying his savings at the end of each week to Father Tom, for safe keeping. His old brilliant smile came less frequently now; and his laugh had lost its joyousness. Yet he was the same pleasant Tito — and his business grew apace.

He wrote to Peppo, telling her of his loss, but putting it in such a way that she should think it only temporary.

The loss of his friend was a greater grief to him than the loss of the money, and all it entailed. His business was established now; and, when he should have saved a few hundred dollars, he would send for Peppo, and they could work together. But Piero was lost to him forever; and he grieved for him as a mother grieves over a wayward child. No thought of anger or resentment ever entered his mind. They had grown up together from babyhood; and in spite of his gloomy disposition, Piero was very dear to the sunny-hearted Tito.

One, two, three months passed. Tito had given up all hope of seeing his friend again.

It was the day before Easter, and Peppo was to arrive that afternoon. As if to make up for his loss, business had prospered with the "Italian Sunbeam," enabling him to send for Peppo much sooner than he had expected.

It was early in the morning, and trade had not begun to pick up yet. It was damp and chilly. The fog from the river seemed to envelop all that part of the city. And the East wind cut like a knife. Tito hopped on one foot awhile, and then on the other, to keep them warm, at the same time swinging his arms in a manner peculiar to himself, to keep the blood circulating. Suddenly, as he saw a figure approaching — a slouching, ill-clad figure — that reminded him of Piero, his gymnastic exercises came to an end; and, for a full minute he stood motionless, almost breathless. Then, with a wild shout, forgetful of everything but that his friend had returned, and that his cup of happiness was full, he rushed forward, upsetting the peanut roaster in his mad flight, and flung his arms about the shrinking, shame-faced Piero — for it was, indeed, he. The way of the transgressor *is* hard. Piero had not known a moment's peace in all these months, and now he had come to make restitution.

"My frien'! my frien'! You are a *well*come!" Tito cried, explosively. "I did agrieve, Piero, *mio*. The world alla time dark — now the sun shine! You are a *well*come, Piero, mio!"

"Ah, my Tito, you make me alla-time a shame," Piero replied in a husky voice, his thin face flushing. "I am a t'ief — "

"No! no — "

"I am a t'ief," he went on, huskily. "I took your mon'. I — I jealousa — a — a villyun! But I not rest — I alla-time unhapp! 'Tis the holy Easter-tide, an' — an' I breeng it back to you. Here it ees. I not a-touch it."

Tito took the greasy old wallet from the other's trembling hand, and slipped it into his pocket without looking at it.

"I t'ank you," he said gravely. Then, with a quick change to his old light-hearted manner, that warmed the other's blood like wine, he cried gaily —

"We buy *beeg* stand! *Part*ners — Yess! You come a-live with a Peppo an' me — one a famila — Yess!"

"No, no," Piero cried, shrinking back. "I go 'way. I — "

"You my *part*ner. Bimaby git a beeg store!" Tito cried extravagantly, holding fast to his friend's hand. "Alla mans

eq*uall!* 'Tis a greata countra! An' — an' — " dropping his voice almost to a whisper, and turning upon the other a face like a mother's, he cried softly — "You not know? I alla-time *want* my frien! Stay, Piero, *mio!*"

And Piero — a softened, subdued, transformed Piero — stayed.

ORATIO CORDIS.

BY REV. JOHN FRANCIS MCSHANE.

With his disciples — thoughts of earth — he sped
  Unto the still Gethsemani of prayer;
And, as they entered, to these friends he said: —
  "Stay here, while I to pray go over there."

And afterwards he fain would ask their aid,
  But found them sleeping, for their eyes were dim.
And, when he farther off had gone and prayed,
  Behold, an angel came with aid for him.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY ALICE MCDERMOTT.

The children on the board walk are feeding the pigeons, and the tame squirrel ventures into the open to share the feast; a crocus stands up bravely in the brown mould, and there are tender blades of grass along the carefully measured borders; the store windows over the way are a sheen of delicate colors, matching tints with the blooms on the flower stands and the shimmering hues of the evening sky; little cash-girls, released from toil, dance merrily through the home-going throngs in the city streets, and boys yield to the temptation of a seductive hollow in the earth to try their skill at marbles:

"'Tis spring again, and the vagrant heart
Of the poet pent in the city walls
Is flying far from the crowd apart
Where the voice of the young year calls;
For tired is he of the struggle and strife,
The thoughts that trouble, the cares that cling,
And dreams of a sweeter, simpler life,
Awake at the touch of spring."

This "sweeter, simpler life" finds its truest expression where the roar of traffic is never heard, out in the great country stretches that lure the "pent up poet" to their retreats, and make known to him secrets never whispered to less sympathetic ears:

"'Tis spring again, and the woods are wet
With the gracious gift of the April rain
The sign of approaching summer is set
In the tender green of the plain;
The robin rests in his flight and shakes
A clinging drop from his shining wing,
And o'er the woodland silence breaks
The first sweet songs of the spring.

"'Tis spring again, and the grasses hark
To the magic message the winds convey;
The flowers push through the damp and dark
To star the meadows of May.
The rivers, long in a winter's trance
Now over the rocks their waters fling,
Or softly steal where the sunbeams glance,
Through buds and blossoms of spring."

Another poet, less versed in elegant diction, but equally responsive to the stirring of life in the spring, notes the first sign, not in brook or song of bird, but in the presence at the gate of little "towheads," riotous young things, who joyously obey the call to the glad, free world out-of-doors.

It's a-comin'—sure as fate!
Little towheads at the gate
Ready now fer diggin' bait.

It's a-comin'! East and west
Hills that in the snow wuz drest
Wearin' bouquets on their breast.

It's a-comin'. I kin see
In the blizzard-blighted tree
Blossoms peepin' out at me.

In the rills that run a race
Fish kin skacely keep their place—
Playin' leap-frog 'fore my face!

An' the sweet birds—still so long,
Hear the springtime's silver gong
An' air primpin' up for song.

Comin'—comin'—sure as fate!
Tell them towheads at the gate
Fill that oyster-can with bait!

The zest of the fisherman anxious to try his luck is felt in those lines. The poet and the towheads are here in full accord, despite the demarcation between childhood and maturity. Congeniality of tastes knows no barrier of years. The keynote of such lives is gladness; no memory of past sorrow shadows their joy—unlike the singer who associates loss with the coming of the season:

"I miss you, dear, in the springtime when
the willows blossom whitely,
When the sloe boughs bloom and bourgeon
and the blackbirds build and sing,
When over the sky of azure the white
fringed clouds pass lightly,
When violets wake in the woodlands and
the corn blades freshly spring."

The devout find still another message in the unfolding of the flowers, the putting forth of the symbols of the Resurrection. Very beautiful and solemn are the thoughts suggested by the following lines on "Palm Sunday" wherein the poet, Eleanor C. Donnelly, discerns the lesson of the spring.

The palms are full of the breath of spring,
Evergreens, emblems of victory.
"Hosannah! Hosannah!" the children sing,
(As emerald sprays in His path they fling)
"O Son of David. Hosannah to Thee!"

Tell ye to Sion! "Thy King draws nigh
In the name of the Lord! Thrice blessed is He.
Meekly majestic, He rideth by,
While spreading their garments, the people cry:
"O Son of David! Hosannah to Thee!"

Let us go forth in our turn to meet
The King in His triumph. Where palms fall free
Let us scatter our hearts with the branches sweet,
Let us fling bad habits beneath His feet,
And loud with the worshipping crowd repeat;
"O Son of David. Hosannah to Thee!"

The songs of the birds and the mission of the flowers as a service of praise are thus interpreted by another spiritual mind:

"For Oh, but the world is fair, is fair —
And Oh, but the world is sweet.
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim,
The lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, Oh thrush.
Oh skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you."

The analogy of the season to youth appeals to the poet. His quick perception sees what passes unnoticed by the less sensitive mental vision. The placid hills, the shoaling water, and curling mists, are but parts of a setting for a picture pulsing with life:

"Sweet is the time. The little lambs are strong,
The birds sing many leafless boughs among;
The bare trees lift their crest

Plumy against the west;
The sap stirs in their branches; they are young."

The Nature-lover, alert to the changing phases of the woodland under the spell of spring, will recognize the signs set forth in verse by one who studied Nature in "the valleys of the North."

Soon, ah soon, the April weather,
With the sunshine at the door,

And the mellow, melting rain-wind
Sweeping from the South once more.

Soon the rosy maples budding
And the willows putting forth,
Misty crimson and soft yellow,
In the valleys of the North;

Soon the hazy, purple distance
Where the cabined heart takes wing,
Eager for the old migration
In the magic of the spring;

Soon, ah soon, the budding wind-flowers
Through the forest, white and frail,
And the odorous wild cherry
Gleaming in her ghostly veil;

Soon about the waking uplands
The hepaticas in blue—
Children of the first warm sunlight—
In their sober Quaker hue—

All our shining little sisters
Of the forest and the field,
Lifting up their quiet faces
With the secret half-revealed;

Soon across the folding twilight
Of the round earth, hushed to hear,
The first robin, at his vespers,
Calling far, serene and clear.

And never is response more general. The truant forsakes his book, the children revel in the sunshine, the artist dips his brush in the tints of spring, and the

dwellers in cities are possessed by longing for the open spaces and wide reaches of country that the singer in Vagabondia so alluringly recalls in his song:

Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were;
Make us over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir.

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats, one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon re-cherish
And restore them in the sun.
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart-beats, every one.

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing—
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooing mellow—
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making north-ward with the spring.

Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing.

Let me hear the far, low summons,
When the silver winds return;
Rills that run, and streams that stammer,
Golden wing with his loud hammer,
Icy brooks that brawl and clamor,
Where the Indian willows burn;
Let me hearken to the calling
When the silver winds return.

The Annunciation.

By Henry Coyle.

Among the flowers at her threshold blest,
Her spinning done, the virgin sat at rest;
O happy maid! though humble and obscure,
She was all innocence!—as lily pure.

Kneeling in silent meditation sweet,
In spirit she went forth her Lord to greet;
Mirror of chastity, meek as the dove,
Meet spouse for e'en the Holy Ghost above.

When lo! the place was glorified with light,
It was the great Archangel, fair and bright;
He bowed in homage to the simple maid,
And pointing upward, said, "Be not afraid!

'Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee!
Blessèd art thou, fountain of purity!
Thou art the Chosen One, favored by God,
Immaculate Blossom of Jesse's rod!"

With deep humility the maid replied:
"God's will be done — His time I will abide!"
The Word made flesh conceived, O wondrous sign
Of man's redemption and of Love Divine!

Cedar of Lebanon! Blossom of Spring,
The angels in heaven her praises sing:
Cypress of Sion, Moon shining serene,
None can compare with her, Mary, our Queen!

"ABANDONED."

EVA DAVENPORT.

EXPERIMENTS IN DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

It is not often that we have experiments in drama. They are expensive, and unprofitable too, as in the case of the Ibsen drama. Managers never get out of the rut except by accident. Their principles, methods and systems are all based on commercial profit. Not more than two of them have learned that ideas make the profits of commerce, not mere methods. They insist on sticking to the methods. The play must be built on the theme of love to end in a prospective marriage. Beyond that they cannot go. However, the outsiders sometimes get a hand in the game, producing results worth recording. For example, this year has seen founded a general club for the discussion of the passing play and kindred themes. It is called The Playgoers' Club. An institution

of this kind has flourished in London for years, now numbers two thousand members, and has a strong influence in literary and dramatic circles. It is more than likely that the New York club will reach similar proportions and usefulness.

The two last meetings were enlivened by a discussion of criticism and Ibsen's influence on the modern drama. The smaller ballroom of the Hotel Astor was the scene of the meeting; Amelia Bingham presided; the beautiful room was overcrowded with a clever and interested audience; and among the speakers were many personages of local distinction. In the discussion on dramatic criticism the New York critics received a well-deserved scoring and a clever defence at the hands of the debaters. One speaker referred to Ibsen's dramas as rot, and was cheered by one set and booed by another. As a consequence, Ibsen's influence on the drama became the subject of the discussion at the second meeting. His friends turned out in force, and a fairly strong presentation of his case, a poor one it must ever be, was made by admirers. To myself fell the

MAUDE ADAMS AS "PETER PAN."

task of showing up this modern pagan preacher of ancient immorality. It may have been more or less of a shock to the Christian and sentimental admirers of the Norwegian to learn that Voltaire himself was not more anti-Christian, and that Ibsen's plays are simply arguments for free love, and the grossness that accompanies modern radicalism. It was an immense pleasure to let daylight into the Ibsen question, which it very much needed; for on the Ibsen question, on the Walt Whitman discussion, and on similar problems, the crowd has been terrorized by the publishers of Ibsen, Whitman and Company, and their literary hoodlums who earn large salaries booming certain authors and overwhelming adverse critics and criticism. Ordinary mortals are afraid to utter an opinion against the prevailing fad, and the fakir is permitted to continue his evil and prosperous way for half a century. The Playgoers' Club will put holes in many false reputations before its career reaches the climax.

"PETER PAN" AND "WENDY."

Another significant incident in relation to the stage was the exhibit at the

bazaar of the Catholic Summer School, held in the ballroom of the Waldorf Hotel last month. The affair was rather a social event than otherwise, and its central feature was an exhibit of the work of Catholic American authors, journalists and actors. This consisted of three booths in which the books, journals, magazines and photographs of the living publishers, authors, writers, actors, managers and dramatists were displayed. The five thousand people who visited the bazaar lingered around the exhibit with astonishment and pleasure. Most of them had never dreamed our publishing outfit to be of any consequence; had never suspected the number of Catholics engaged on the daily press; and had not even imagined that there were two hundred Catholic actors and actresses in the country. The bazaar lasted only three days, which prevented the exhibit from leaving a full impression; but its success was so evident that the managers are arranging to make it a permanent feature, and to give it more space and more time next year.

Frank Keenan and Edmund Breese among other distinguished players visited the exhibit. Paula Edwardes sent a magnificent doll, arrayed in all the splendor of the Queen of Sheba, her own costume in her present opera. Andrew Mack did likewise. Eva Davenport contributed a brilliant photograph of herself, and along with it a vigorous denunciation of the female who is writing the confessions of an actress for a western magazine and denouncing in sulphurous and untruthful language the morality of the acting profession. Eva Davenport in private life is Mrs. O'Brien, a clever artiste and charming woman, who values her faith and her good name too highly to expose either to such contaminations as the western confessions describe. For years she has followed the life of the stage, first in grand opera, then in comic opera as a comedienne, and has traveled the world either at the head of her own companies or in important rôles in other companies. She was the first *Josephine* to tour Australia in *Pinafore*. Her last engagement was as the funny *Senora* of *The Yankee Consul*, in which she and Raymond Hitchcock set the world laughing. With a splendid voice and a rich fund of humor it is easy for her to attain distinction in any part. Her solemn declaration on the subject of stage morality is that it is respectable, quite up to the normal level, and in some respects better than the normal condition in New York for instance.

Charles Frohman is not a manager to make experiments, but he undertook one in presenting Maude Adams in Barrie's play of *Peter Pan*. It has been said of Frohman that he would not so much as look at a play in which the wedding-bells rang before half past ten. This was the same as to say that the hero and heroine should never have married before, and should do their courting during the course of the play. It speaks well for the time-worn convention of love and marriage. Just what changed Frohman's determination is unknown, except the fact that *Peter Pan* was a success in London. Maude Adams likes to do new things now and then, probably in fear of the dreadful fate that has overtaken John Drew. Poor John! He is tied forever to the youthful and flippant characters of the old Daly comedies. Thirty years from now, when he is eighty, the playgoers of 1935 will be turning out to see him in the same parts which he is playing to-day. Maude Adams is too clever, and too little in love with mere money, to fall into that sad condition. She attempts novelties at times, even though unsuited to her talent and personality; and the resulting popularity justifies the policy. No

dramatist but Barrie could persuade a manager to stage so fanciful and simple a drama as *Peter Pan.* Very few actors would care to play in it. As a matter of fact it is not a drama at all in the conventional sense of the word.

The first act discovers Mr. and Mrs. Darling in the nursery discussing various matters. He objects to having a dog as a nurse for the three children, Wendy, John and Michael. The objection is not well founded as far as the audience is concerned, for they have just seen Nan, the dog, turn on the gas and make the bathroom ready for the children, with a fine display of intelligence. Mrs. Darling is somewhat alarmed at the haunting face of a boy which for some days has been seen at the window. The boy had even ventured into the room, but had left in such a hurry that his shadow, cut off by the sudden dropping of the window, had been entrapped and had remained behind. She had captured it, locked it up in a bureau-drawer, and now supposes that the boy is trying to get it back. She shows the shadow to her husband with perfect gravity. It is the form of a boy in network. The parents are going to a dinner that night, the children are put to bed, Nan is banished to the yard for her offences against Mr. Darling, and night and sleep fall upon the nursery. Then Peter Pan, played by Miss Adams, flies in through the window accompanied by the fairy, Tinker Bell. Peter is a boy who on the day of his birth heard his parents talking about his golden future; how he would go to school and college; grow beautiful whiskers and earn a fortune; and finally become president of the nation. Rather than follow this frightful routine, ending in a calamity, he ran away to the Never-never land; and there he lives in command of all the boys that fell into the same land by tumbling out of their baby-carriages and getting lost forever. He has only one wish, always to remain a boy and have such fun! Tinker Bell, the fairy, has no bodily form except a dancing light, and her voice is the tinkle of a bell. She loves Peter deeply. It is she who locates his lost shadow, and

OTIS SKINNER IN "THE DUEL"

gets locked up in the drawer by Peter for her pains. The lad is busy trying to stick on his shadow with soap when Wendy wakes and accosts him. She sews on the shadow for him, and at once, in his joy at its attachment to his person again, he gives a shadow dance for Wendy. The three children fall in love with Peter Pan, he persuades them to go with him to his far-off home, he

"THE DUEL" Act III.

teaches them to fly as he does, and then one by one, with Wendy in the lead, the three Darlings take their flight to the beautiful Never-never land; while the housemaid shrieks her grief at the sight and Nan howls dismally at the loss of her charges.

The second act shows the fairy land, the arrival of the children, and the building of a house for Wendy, who is chosen to be the little mother of the children, as Peter is the little father. The Indians of the neighborhood protect the children and the pirates of the near-by sea are their deadly enemies. The latter have a captain of a most bloodthirsty appearance, with fiery eyes and lips that reek with blood. He is the deadly foe of Peter Pan, and has only one fear in life. Peter in a combat cut off his left hand and threw it to a passing crocodile. The taste of piratical flesh grew so strong in the crocodile that he followed the pirate captain forever after, bent on getting the rest of him. The only protection against this terrible enemy is an alarm clock which the crocodile had swallowed, which refused to digest, and whose loud ticking indicated the approach of the reptile. It was a treat to see that

saurian crawl upon the stage, sniff the air, and then waddle away in the track of the fleeing and terrified pirate. Equally pleasant was it to see Peter attack a lordly lion in defence of Wendy and cut off his tail as he retreated. The tail was carefully preserved and afterwards attached to the short tail of Nan as a reward for her fidelity.

The third act is devoted to the capture of the children by the pirates; the fourth to their rescue aboard the pirate ship by Peter, who delivers the entire piratical crew to the sea, and the captain to the waiting crocodile; and the last act to the return of the children to the distracted mother. Papa Darling had consoled himself for their loss by an extraordinary penance. As the children had been seduced by Peter Pan because Nan had been dismissed to the back-yard, the father condemned himself to live thereafter in Nan's kennel while the nurse-dog took his place. In consequence of this penance he had become a personage for journalism and society to reckon with. He was the guest on great social occasions, arriving in his kennel, which remained on exhibition until his departure. Mrs. Darling took all the children under her loving protection, which Peter Pan declined. He would still remain a boy, and thus escape a beard, study and the presidency; so with the fairy Tinker Bell he lives in a house on the top of the trees; and there Wendy visits him one night, when the moon is shining and the fireflies are dancing in the silver air. They agree to be friends forever, to exchange visits, and she undertakes to come up once a year and do his spring cleaning along with his mending. The curtain falls on the prettiest scene in the whole world: Peter waving to the flying Wendy amid the sparkling fireflies.

It would be quite impossible to describe in mere words the charm of the story, its delicious humor, and playful satire, its delightful exhibition of child life, child philosophy, child fancy and humor. It is a tremendous relief from the conventional play, and its popularity is attested by the long run. Maude Adams is a delightful Peter Pan, the pirate captain is a fine burlesquer, the other characters are attractive. The chief point is that the unconventional entertainment is a success. It is quite probable that Peter Pan will convince the routine managers that stage entertainment is not confined to the love-theme; for while being the most delightful of entertainments it is also a money-maker. Had it failed in this latter detail it would have been a long time before another venture of the kind. The names of Barrie and Maude Adams helped, not to its success, but to its presentation.

The second experiment was made by Otis Skinner in a play translated from the French of Henri Lavedan and entitled *The Duel*. The name at once suggests the picturesque incident of the French duel and its modern harmlessness. Its theme is a duel between two brothers, a struggle for the mastery of a woman's soul; and it has been handled in so masterly a fashion, with so many novel elements in it, that almost from the start it was acclaimed a success. All the chances were against its acceptance, because the action demands only two characters, and one of them had to be the bitter and disagreeable French atheist of to-day, who glories in his absurd unbelief. The two brothers Morey had not met in ten years. In their youth the younger was a wild sinner of a lovable temperament and the elder was as hard as he was good. The atheistic father loved the younger at the expense of the elder, yet had to endure the disappointment of seeing the favorite son become a priest, while the disagreeable elder fell into atheism and became a noted physi-

cian. The scene opens in the parlor of Dr. Morey's sanitarium. The Abbé Daniel pays a visit to his brother to make up their differences and to ask the Doctor to visit his little dispensary for the poor once a week. The meeting illustrates clearly the charming, humane character of the Abbé and the harsh, disagreeable temper of Dr. Morey.

Without knowing it the two brothers have already crossed each other's path. The Duchess De Chailles is waiting for her dissipated husband to die, and Dr. Morey is attending him. The physician has already charmed the Duchess into an avowal of her love, and has employed all the arts of the libertine to win her from her husband. He cannot understand her continued reluctance to join him in the primrose path. The reason of it is that after a long absence from confession she has become the penitent of the Abbé, whose exhortations have for two months kept her from shame. One day the Duchess visits the Abbé in his house and reveals the entire situation; at the same moment the infuriated Doctor enters, having followed her to learn the influence which has kept her from him; the brothers have a tremendous scene in the shape of a duel of tempers. Atheism and faith, lawless love and manly decency, the priest and the libertine, meet in the arena and begin the contest. The struggle is for the soul of the tempted woman.

"You will be beaten," cries the Abbé Daniel. "You are beaten in this fact: that out of five hundred priests in this city God chose me, the brother you have not seen in ten years, whom you hate, to rescue this woman and overcome your villainy. I accept the combat, and shall use every power that belongs to me to destroy your designs."

"You will be beaten," replies the atheist. "Nature is on my side. She loves me, and no power in heaven or hell can overcome love."

The sympathy of the audience is with the priest all the time. The first two acts show him to be a true man. The expectation left with the audience at the close of the second act is that the duel will continue until either combatant perishes, and that the woman will then step in and settle the problem herself in her own way. Unfortunately the dramatist deserted the priest in the third act. For his Parisian manager and audience he probably had to desert him. The brave, charming, apostolic Abbé becomes a coward in the climax, the physician appears only for a moment at the close, the Duchess proves herself something of a nincompoop, and the dramatist leaves the solution of the situation to a charming missionary bishop from China, who has no more to do with the theme of the play than King Edward of Britain. Nevertheless the experiment is notable, and has given the intellectual play a new standing in the general esteem. While *The Duel* was going on in one theatre the students of Loyola College staged another duel for a single night at the Carnegie Lyceum. In a play called *Canossa* the famous Hildebrand and Emperor Henry IV of Germany had their famous duel over again. It was astonishing to see the dignity, grace and force with which a boy of seventeen played Pope Gregory VII; and the point of the drama was made very clear by a group of boys at ages from twelve to seventeen. The duel is always going on; the stage only concentrates its most illustrious examples as in Thomas à Becket, Sir Thomas More, Hildebrand and Abbé Daniel.

THE SPRING POET.

BY HIMSELF.

Long has the Spring Poet been the butt of the newspaper wit. The Spring Poet joke is as regular in its recurrence as Spring itself. From the moment the first sign of Spring appears, the poor Spring Poet has to endure the whips and scorns of the press paragrapher and of the people who echo whatever flippant things the newspapers say, and think they are very smart for doing so. Nor does the comic artist of the atrocious Sunday supplement allow the Spring Poet to escape. In all the horrors of faulty drawing and glaring daubs of color the Spring Poet is depicted, his long hair flying in the wind, and his roll of poems under his arm. Isn't he as familiar to us all as the Happy Hooligans and the Yellow Kids who have done so much to destroy that legitimate humor which was once so characteristic of our country?

But how about the Spring Poet? Does he really feel impelled to burst into song when the sap begins to run? He certainly does. Like every other normal living creature on earth, the Spring Poet is stirred by the impending magic and mystery of the Spring. Only in his case more so. "The primrose by the river's brim" is not a primrose only and nothing more, to the Poet. It is a symbol. So with everything else. The swelling of the buds, a beautiful physical fact in itself, is to the Poet filled with deep, unutterable spiritual meaning. The green of the grass, the blue of the skies, the showers that sweep across the hill-sides, the call of the blue-bird, the song of the robin, the scent of the moist earth—all these things, recurring year after year, do not grow old and stale and tiresome to the Spring Poet. They are as new, as fresh, as inspiring to him this year, as they were ten or twenty years ago. They are as full of mystery now as they were when he was first conscious of the beauty of "all out doors."

It is hard for him to conceive of a person who is unmoved by the coming of Spring. It seems hardly possible that the "yearly miracle" is to some people a commonplace affair—a time of colds, and influenza, and red noses, and overworked handkerchiefs, and Spring medicine and housecleaning; of worrying over where the summer vacation will be spent, or how money is to be found for new dresses and Spring hats. Dreary, indeed, thinks the Spring Poet, must life be to those whose ideas of Spring are confined to such matters as these!

The Spring Poet, of course, is only human. He is not immune from colds or from household duties, or from millinery and dress-making problems; but his soul is not "cabin'd, cribbed, confined" by such details. He takes a fuller sweep of things. He has a wider horizon. He differentiates between the great event and the mere incidents. And the great event to him in Spring is not the Easter suit, or the price of eggs, or the coal strike, or the coming summer vacation, or the rent falling due, but the stupendous change which, out in the woods and fields, is being wrought by the slow, silent processes of nature. The worries, great and small, of the work-a-day world and the daily life cannot make him forget that somewhere out in the good green world, the blue-bird is calling—that somewhere out in the dense woods, there is a brook which has lain silent all winter long, but which now leaps onward filled with the impulse of life and beauty—that somewhere out under the tender sky the buds are swell-

ing and breaking on shrub and tree—that somewhere out in the sheltered places, by rail fence or stone wall, the tiny delicate spears of grass are beginning to show themselves.

The Spring Poet does not bother because the matter-of-fact people smile at him. He is the great idealist. He is happy in his dreams. God and God's beautiful, sunlit world are more to him than the opinions of those who seem to have forgotten God and nature in the artificiality of their present life. And so he dreams and so he sings, when Springtime comes, as freely, as naturally, as unconcernedly, as the birds sing, for he is one with the singing birds, with rushing brooks, with the blossoming buds, with the springing grass, with all that is tender and lovely and pure at this season of rebirth.

But it is a mistake to suppose that the Spring Poet always waits until Spring to write Spring poetry. The up-to-date Spring Poet cannot delay until he hears the first robin or sees the first blue-bird. That may have been all very well for the Spring Poets of by-gone days. But to-day, with magazines made up months ahead of the day of publication, it becomes necessary for the Spring Poet to anticipate the season somewhat. So he must "tune his merry note" long before there is the first sign or hint of Spring. Yea, even in the depth of winter, in the bitter days of December and January, he must needs create a Spring for himself. He must imagine the Springtime already here, and write accordingly. The Spring Poet who would delay until March or April to write his Spring poems, would find his poems returned or held over for a year; and no Spring Poet can afford that sort of thing.

Hence, if you should casually glance over the shoulder of a Spring Poet on some dreary, desolate day in December, you would not see upon his paper a melancholy farewell to the dying year. Instead you would behold a gay lilt about the robins, and the blue-birds and the pussy-willows, and all the rest of the pleasant signs which tell of the coming of Spring. True, in the Spring the Spring Poet is still writing—but not Spring poetry. The time for Spring poetry has long passed when the Spring is already here. The market for Spring poetry is closed then, and the Poet is grinding out verses about the splendor of the summer or the fall. It is thus that he keeps ahead of the seasons all the year round.

The conclusion to be reached from all this is that the current idea regarding the Spring Poet and Spring poetry is a very much mistaken one. Puzzling as it may seem to the uninitiated, it is still true that the Spring Poet is a Spring Poet in the dead of winter, and that the writing of Spring poetry is a winter and not a Spring industry.

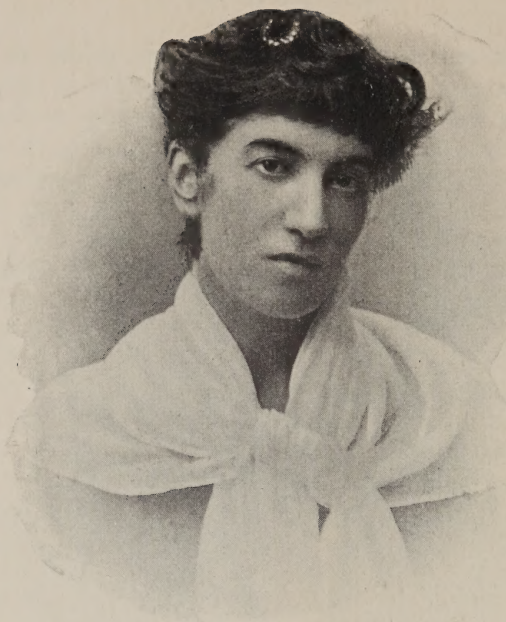
SIR JOHN GILBERT.

LIFE OF SIR JOHN GILBERT.

(Continued from page 360.)

After this date the man seemed to grow younger instead of older; the storm and stress of life was over, the clouds of misfortune were dispersed, and there remained for him sweetness and peace. Friends came to Villa Nova sure of a genial welcome, which was more particularly given to those who could appreciate the rare treasures of his library and his engraved portraits of celebrated men and women; but he loved his Arcadian retirement, and rarely went from home, except to the Royal Irish Academy, National Library, Royal Dublin Society, or elsewhere, for reasons connected with his work, which might be described as never-ceasing but that it was relieved by so many cheery intervals of enjoyment, odd hours and half hours of holiday-making, spent in playful conversation, or roaming about his garden as gladly as a boy let loose from school.

The building up of his library was another source of deep pleasure. Even in his boyhood he had begun to collect books, and at the age of nineteen he had so many that he sent two hundred to



LADY GILBERT.

the auctioneer to make room for others. The value of the collection he made is indicated by the following:

Having persevered through so many years in his efforts to secure *manuscripts* relating to Ireland for the purposes of his own research and historical work, his library, now in possession of the Corporation of Dublin, contains a large number of manuscripts of importance, collected with care and discrimination, and forming valuable materials for future historians of the three kingdoms, and especially of writers of the histories of Dublin and of Ireland. In like manner his collection of *books* was made after great reading and persistent research, his prime object being to bring together the works of Irishmen, printed in Dublin or on the Continent; thus accumulating a treasure of national lore in writing and in print. Indeed, the special collection, in which he had the dearest interest, included those works of Irishmen who, while living in enforced exile, wrote contemporary history, often in the Latin language, and under curious titles, to escape the eye of the enemy, at a period when it was asserted and believed that Irishmen were in a state of savagery, incapable of education and unworthy of being treated as human beings.

The years of John T. Gilbert's married life are passed in review quickly. They were all too few. He died of sudden failure of the heart, while he was on his way to Dublin. But sudden and unlooked for as was the summons, he was ready—there was no cause for spiritual dread in the souls of those who loved him.

The nearly five hundred pages of this volume contain much of interest to the general reader, but the student will gain most from its perusal, finding in the mass of collected data references that will serve to guide the work of research.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

One of the last things that the saintly Leo XIII wrote to the Bishops in America was a commendation of the mission movement for non-Catholics in the United States. He was on the borderland of the next world, in close touch with divine things and, like the mighty prophet of old, he looked out over the ways of men and saw the nations marching on in the future. There was one people he loved with a fatherly heart, and whose progress gave him unending joy, for among them the Church was untrammeled in growth and full of hope. This people was the American people.

He saw the blessed vision of a glorious Church: what it had been, and what it will be in the years to come. Under the inspiration of this vision he wrote to the Bishops:

"You have wisely taken measures to enlighten non-Catholics and to draw them to the truth by appointing learned and worthy members of the clergy to go about from place to place to address them in public and in familiar style, in churches and in other buildings and to solve the difficulties that may be advanced. We consider this a most excellent plan to follow and one which we know has already borne abundant fruit."

This inspired word was all that was necessary to point the way to the greatest progress. The bishops, although they had churches to build and parishes to organize, and the destitute and the orphan to provide for, immediately turned to the way that Leo pointed out as the road to the greatest progress. They prepared to organize their more zealous and talented priests into Diocesan bands of missionaries. The religious orders, also, who had done such good missionary work among the Catholic people, took up the Apostolate among the non-Catholics, and during the past few years there has been a stirring in all parts of the Church, among the laity as well as in the priesthood.

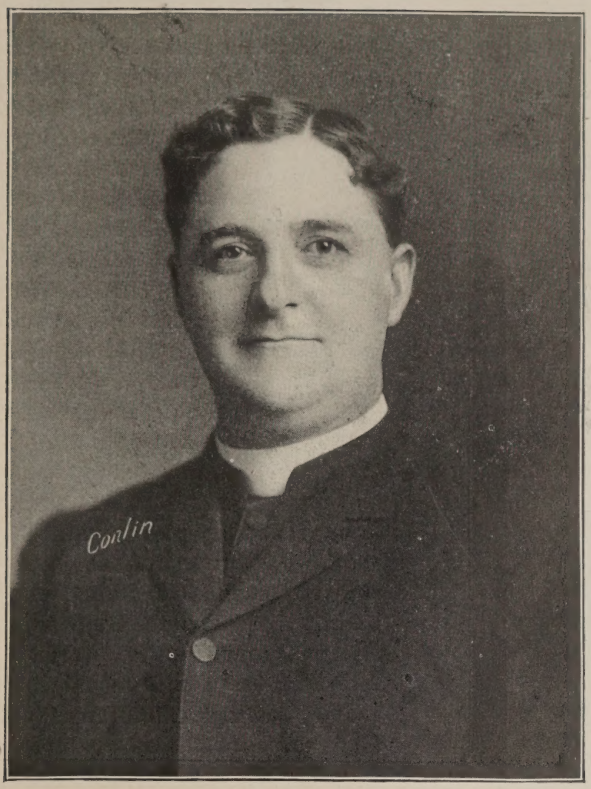
The movement is countrywide in its extent. The way that it is organized is as follows:—In every diocese five or six talented priests are chosen. They are set apart from all parochial duty. They are sent to the Apostolic Mission House, at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., for a year of training. There they prepare their sermons; they learn to answer the inquiries that are put into the Question Box by non-Catholics, and after a year of specialized training they come back to their respective dioceses to take up the mission work. Their special duty is not so much to give missions to Catholics, but to go out among the non-Catholics, to assemble them in halls or in churches, wherever it is feasible, and to explain to them the teaching of the Catholic Church.

They meet the warmest welcome among non-Catholics everywhere. So far has the disintegration of organized religion gone outside the Church that the average non-Catholic looks to the Catholic Church as the hope of the future and realizing that he has been brought up with numerous prejudices against the Church, he is anxious to get rid of them as early as possible. For this reason he avails himself of the mission especially designed for him.

The number of trained non-Catholic missionaries in the field now is about fifty and it is rapidly increasing. Last year, the first at the Apostolic Mission House, there were nine; this year there are twenty.

The priests forming the group in the accompanying illustration, are—(reading from left to right)—in top row: Rev. William Hüffer, Oklahoma; Rev. Walter Elliott, Paulist; Rev. D. W. O'Hern, Erie, Pa.; Rev. A. P. Doyle, Paulist, and Rector of the Mission House;

THE MISSIONARIES TO NON-CATHOLICS, WHO ARE NOW PREPARING FOR THEIR GREAT WORK AT THE APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



REV. DANIEL J. QUINN, S. J.

Rev. J. Reilly, Springfield, Mass.; Rev. Connell A. McHugh, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Vincent Montalibet, Benedictine from Sacred Heart Abbey, Oklahoma. Second row: Rev. Albert Negahnquet, the only full-blooded Indian priest; Rev. Geo. Kelly, Josephite for the Negro Missions; Rev. Jas. H. Moore, Springfield, Mass.; Rev. Henry Rohlmann, Dubuque, Ia.; Rev. Jos. H. Mahoney, Charleston, S. C.; Rev. Jas. H. Lynch, Waterbury, Vt.; Rev. Wm. H. Curtin, Pittsburg, Pa. The third row: Rev. Geo. Hurley, Springfield, Mass.; Rev. Chas. Rolfes, Covington, Ky.; Rev. Wm. H. Randall, St. Louis, Mo.; Rt. Rev. J. Henry Tihen, Wichita, Kan.; Rev. Onesime Boyer, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Rev. Hugh Monaghan, Baltimore, Md. On lowest row: Rev. P. P. Crane, St. Louis, Mo.; and Rev. J. H. Mitchell, Hartford, Conn.

It will not be long before there will be two or three hundred of these missionaries, thoroughly equipped for their work, out among the American people. It does not take much thinking to realize that in this organized movement lies the fulfilment of the vision of Leo XIII, when he saw in the Church in America the hope of the future.

The Rev. Daniel J. Quinn, S. J., the new rector of Fordham University, was born in New York City, May 12, 1864, and after preparatory studies under the Christian Brothers, he entered St. Francis Xavier's College where he graduated in June, 1884. In the Fall of the same year, he was sent by the late Cardinal McCloskey to pursue his ecclesiastical studies at the North American College, Rome. He entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, April 26, 1888, passed seven years in the study of philosophy and theology at Woodstock, Md., taught the classics at Boston College for four years, and for three years was chief disciplinarian at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. At the time of Father Quinn's appointment to the rectorship of Fordham, he was professor of higher mathematics at Boston College, and moderator of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston. With these years of previous experience in college work and a wide acquaintance in New York, Father Quinn enters upon his arduous duties with the bright prospect of a successful administration.

GROUP OF LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR AND THEIR CHARGES IN CHINA.

FROM A LITTLE SISTER IN CHINA.*

SHANGHAI, October 29, 1905.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

I was very much surprised the other day to receive a letter with a Boston stamp on it, for I thought there was no one there who remembered me any more. I cannot tell you, dear Sister, how much joy your letter gave me. My dear mother will never have the satisfaction of seeing me before she dies, as we are so far away from our country. I trust that our Lord will put some good soul in my place near her. What a great sacrifice God has asked of her, thus to separate her from all whom she loved, particularly from my dear brother. After all, worldly life is full of trials.

My mother never gives me much news, and I have quite lost sight of all those whom I left at home. I suppose that all my schoolmates are married women, as I think that very few of them followed a religious life. Mother always tells me not to bother about her, as she has whatever she needs. I confide her to our Heavenly Father, and I am sure that He will take good care of her, as it is His holy will that I should be so far from her.

Happier Among the Chinese.

And now, dear Sister, a little news of my life in China. In February it will

*Through the courtesy of the Rev. Jas. A. Walsh, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has permission to publish this very interesting letter and the accompanying picture.

be two years since we arrived. I have been very far from expecting such a grace as that of the missionary life. I passed eighteen years at Nancy (France) where I was very happy with the dear old people, but I can say that I am much happier here among our dear old Chinese. Since I became a Little Sister, I always desired to go to some missionary country, but was always afraid to ask, as I feared that I should not be generous enough to make all the sacrifices necessary for this life. I always said to myself, "if only our good Mother General would ask me, I could then be sure of the will of God and of His grace in all difficulties;" and, do you know, dear Sister, that I actually had that privilege.

Our good Mother General asked me if I would fear to go, and of course I answered that it had always been my desire. Thank God the wish is realized, and I am one of the happiest beings under the sun.

I cannot enter into details to give you a description of Chinese life. All that I can say is that one is here as in another world. We live in a little Chinese house with seventy-four old people. We are nine Sisters at present, but in a few months some others will come to help us, as we expect to move into a large new house, which will be as large as the one in Boston, and will contain about three hundred people.

The Faith in Shanghai.

Shanghai is a great city, one of the largest commercial centres of the East. It is situated a few miles up the river, but all the steamers anchor near us. It is very pleasant to see the flags of every nation waving in this pagan country. We belong to the Jesuit mission at Kiang-Nan. Our Bishop is also a Jesuit. In this district there are about fifty millions of people, and of this number only about one hundred and forty-five thousand are Christians, so you see what work there is yet to be done. This year in our mission there are 91,800 catechumens, who are asking for baptism, but they must first be instructed, and we have not enough priests. What a pity that we must say "the harvest is great, but the laborers few." Poor China! how many millions of souls are yet in darkness, souls that would be so fervent if they had the light! What have *we* done to merit the precious gift of faith? If you could only see with what piety these poor people prostrate themselves before their idols, it would make you pity them with all your heart. Since we came we have had thirteen baptisms in the house, and others are preparing. We have also three nice little Chinese girls, daughters of some of the best families, who are anxious to become Little Sisters of the Poor.

The Language.

Our house is in the Chinese quarter and we very seldom see Europeans. The English language is quite common here, but I think that in Shanghai the language of about every nation is spoken. We Sisters speak French in community, English with strangers, and Chinese with our old people. We manage now to understand and be understood, but in the beginning it was very difficult. Our old ladies are very much attached to us and are animated with an excellent spirit. Next year we shall have the old men.

You asked me about Colombo. I was there for a few days last July, being obliged to go on business. The weather was so bad and I was so awfully ill that I did not enjoy the trip. We belong to the province of Asia, and the Mother Provincial stays in Colombo, which is seventeen days' journey from Shanghai. Hong Kong is very interesting. We passed a few days there with the Sisters of Charity. It is a mountain in the sea.

The city being built in the form of an amphitheatre, the view from the boats is very pretty. Singapore is also attractive. Saigon-Cochin China, where we stopped for three days, is very hot and unhealthful. We stayed there also with the Sisters of Charity. The people are quite different from our Chinese, and everyone goes barefooted. There is a religious community of natives (also barefooted) at Saigon, and we paid them a visit. It would take too long to relate all that we saw there, but there were many curious sights.

Since I came here I have begun to pick up my English, but in the beginning I was very much ashamed of my language, as French seemed actually to have become my native tongue.

The climate here in Shanghai is very hot and very cold. In the summer, during July, August, and September, it is dreadful, but at present we are having beautiful weather and all of us are in good health. I hope that our Lord will continue this blessing, at least for our first few years here.

In China, as you doubtless know, nearly all the women have small feet. They begin to bind them when about six years of age, and little by little they are contracted to the proper (or rather improper) size. The poor little ones,—we often see them crying with pain, being obliged to be carried during many months. Only the poor have large feet. All the rich young girls with little feet always have a servant when they walk, who holds them by the hand lest they should fall. While this custom continues, we shall always have a certain number of helpless old women.

When you receive this letter we shall be on retreat. Pray for me, that I may not lose a minute of this life which flies so quickly. Let us pray for one another that every day may make an advance towards perfection.

Give my love to all my Superiors and Sisters, not forgetting also my Little Sisters.

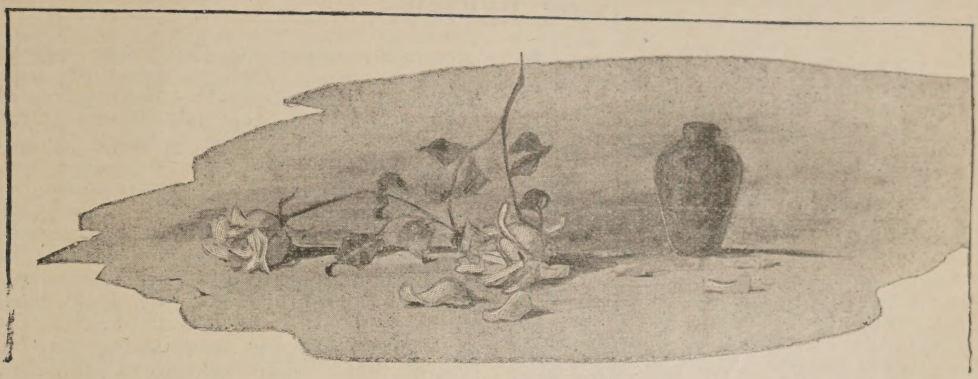
In union with prayers, I am, dear Sister,

Affectionately yours,

APRIL TEARS.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

So worn and distracted a princess she mourns
For the death of her March-love while rosy dawn glows,
And with blossoms bright she his lone grave adorns,
Kneeling there, while the rain of her tears sadly flows.



"THE TIN CAN AGE."

A FAMOUS FOOD EXPERT SAYS THIS WILL BE KNOWN AS THE TIN CAN AGE.

Recent investigation of food products in connection with the popular demand for a national pure food law has resulted in some astonishing revelations regarding the extent to which American people consume canned goods. It led one of our famous food experts to declare that this would be known as "the tin can age."

A "Tin Can Age" calls for a "tin can stomach." Have you got one? Very few people have. And yet they go right on eating canned foods when there are plenty of wholesome, natural foods to be had for the asking.

There are good foods and harmful food, in cans and out of cans. Ever stop to ask how much nutriment you were getting—whether the food was pure, clean or wholesome? Chemists are finding boric acid and saltpetre in meats, copperas in peas, formaldehyde in milk, alum in bread and pancakes, salicylic acid in jellies, benzoic acid in catsup, sodium sulphite in syrup, pulverized almond shells, cocoa shells and ground olive stones in pepper and spices, pipe clay in chocolate, iocene in sausage, glucose and coal tar dyes and sulphites in hundreds of jams, jellies and preserves.

And how are we to protect our stomachs and preserve our health in "the tin can age," when so many foods are adulterated, or colored with coal tar dyes, or mixed with poisonous "preservatives?" The problem is a very simple one for those who know shredded wheat biscuit—the cleanest, purest, most nutritious food in the world—made of the best white wheat that grows, cleaned, steam-cooked, drawn into fine porous shreds and baked.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit is not "treated" or "flavored" with anything. It is the wheat and nothing but the wheat—nothing added and nothing taken away—not touched by chemicals or human hands. Delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruits or vegetables. Our new cook book is sent free. Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Pardoner's Wallet. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

This is a collection of essays, treating, as the author says, "of aspects of human nature which, while open to friendly criticism, are excusable—" They are written in a light, genial tone, and there is a touch of humor about them all which would, under different circumstances be very welcome. Yet we must own to a sense of disappointment when both matter and style are thrown into the scales of criticism. We have always regarded the author as a gentleman of deep learning and of broad sympathy. Yet the very essay from which the volume takes its title is full of statements which display the old, old ignorance of matters Catholic, and the wearying prejudice which marks the man of narrow views and of warped judgment. Take, for example, the following (on page 5). "A great part of the attractiveness of the mediæval indulgences lay in the fact that you could buy them. They would not have seemed the same if they had been given away, or if you had to work them out like a road tax. To go out and buy a heart's ease was an enticement."

That there were on the part of certain unauthorized, unscrupulous persons, in the middle ages, abuses in connection with Indulgences, no one will deny, but is it honest to quote an abuse as though it were the normal and authorized practice of the Church?

Similarly on page 1 we read: "Discerning persons in need of relics would go to responsible dealers where they could be assured of getting their money's worth."

Now, every novice in the study of history knows that the Church has always declared the selling of relics to be an act of simony and as such to be deserving of severe punishment.

Other instances of mis-interpretation and mis-representation might be given, had we the space, but we must be content with these samples of mis-statements. We hope that the author, in his future writings, will show a deeper grasp of Catholic teaching and a more reverential tone in treating matters connected therewith.

A History of the United States and its People. By Elroy McKendree Avery. Vol. II. Cleveland. The Burrows Bros. 1906.

Of all forms of composition historical writing is the most difficult. It is difficult because of the wide range of subjects that has to be covered and difficult because of the uncertainty concerning the proper method to be employed. Shall we adopt the comparative method, which Freeman regards as the greatest intellectual achievement of the past century, and which is chiefly helpful in enabling the student to trace to a common origin beliefs, customs, institutions and forms of language distributed through distant ages and nations? Or, dissatisfied with this, shall we follow in the footsteps of those who attempt to deduce the psychological from the logical order? Or, again, shall we judge it proper to view the past in the light of the ideas and usages existing at the present time? Shall we introduce *à priori* methods into historical investigation? Shall we feel bound to cite every asserted fact as one established beyond cavil? It is clear that not one of all the enumerated methods would give us a true picture of past events. Yet, as a matter of fact, can we not trace these methods in the writings of the majority of modern writers of histories. The correct plan, of course, is to admit only those facts as certain for which there is indubitable proof, and those as doubtful for which sufficient warrant cannot be furnished, giving to both classes the setting proper to the times and places, without permitting our imagination, our prejudices or our emotions to influence in the slightest the verdict we render or the descriptions we give. This calls for the exercise of judicial equipoise in an eminent degree. The second volume of the History of the United States shows a laudable desire to be objective in the presentation of events and the general results of the volume deserve the highest commendation. Where there is so much that is praiseworthy, it is unpleasant to criticize adversely, but we feel that the fifth chapter on the change of religion in England could be vastly improved. As it now stands the personal views of the author give it a distinct partisan coloring, which could have been avoided by an absolute, impartial statement of fact, without making use of expressions which necessarily tinge the entire narration. The press-work, the illustrations, the maps and the binding are of the highest order.

The Life and Writings of St. Patrick. By the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Only a scholar of the highest rank could have garnered the material for this complete biography of Erin's Apostle; only a literary artist in the finest sense could have given this handsome setting to what must be regarded as the monumental life of St. Patrick. Within the compass of a portly

volume of 754 pages, the learned Dr. Healy has collected all the writings of this illustrious man and all that can be said about himself and his marvellous work. As this is certainly the most comprehensive life of St. Patrick ever yet published so it is also the most satisfactory. Vague points have been cleared up, and disputed points settled in a way that must win the approval of all calm and judicious minds. It is really surprising what a vast amount of erudition is carefully stored between the two covers of this book, and we trust that Archbishop Healy will do for the other famous Celtic saints what he has in this volume done for the chief glory of Christian Erin.

A Little Garland of Celtic Verse. Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.

Among the poets contributing to this dainty volume of verse are Nora Chesson, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, W. B. Yeats, Samuel Ferguson, Moira O'Neill, and Dora Sigerson — names that guarantee the character of the selections. Weird, fanciful, plaintive, these poems illustrate the lines written by Lionel Johnson:

"They have no thought for meaner things;
They have no scorn for brooding dreams;
A spirit in them sings
A light about them beams."

For the wearied city dweller there is quiet charm in "the bee-loud glade" of Innisfree.

"And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings."

Another collection of verse, especially intended for the Christmas season, though, by virtue of the thoughts set forth, adapted for use through all the year, is "A Little Garland of Christmas Verse," attractively printed on hand-made paper, and bound in soft grey covers.

Manual of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. New York. Sunday Companion Publishing Co. 1906.

A sketch of the Confraternity established by the saintly St. Charles Borromeo at Milan, in 1566. Pastors will see from a perusal of its regulations what an effective aid it would be in Sunday-school work.

The Seal of Confession. A Drama in Five Acts. By Rev. Fr. G. Holweck. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

This drama built upon Father Spillmann's story "A Victim to the Seal of Confession," is powerfully dramatic and intensely interesting. It should be eagerly taken up by our various Church societies, for while it enforces an important lesson, it also abounds in scenes and incidents that are unusually thrilling. We should prefer, however, to see another title for the simple reason that the present one surrenders too readily the key to the plot.

In and Out of the Old Missions of California. By George Wharton James. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

Mr. George Wharton James who has already given us many glimpses into the wonders of the Western part of the country, now conducts us through the interesting missions of California. The book gives evidence of extensive travel, of patient investigation, of laborious research and, in general, of a broad, generous judgment. Many, it is true, have written about these venerable sanctuaries, but the author believes that previous writers have omitted several points about the missions which he, accordingly, describes for us at length. These points are (I) The Direct Origin of the Mission Architecture. (II) Analysis of the Details of the Mission Style of Architecture. (III) The Influence of the Mission Style upon the Modern Architecture of the United States, and especially California. (IV) The Condition of the Indians prior to, during, and immediately after the Mission Epoch, with a Brief Account of their Present State. (V) A Careful Survey of the Mural Decorations of the Missions. (VI) A Pictorial Account of the Furniture, Pulpits, Doors, and other Woodwork of the Missions. (VII) A Pictorial Account of the Crosses, Candlesticks, and Other Silver and Brass Ware of the Missions. (VIII) The Story of Ramona as Related to the Missions. (IX) A Pictorial Account of the Various Figures of the Saints at the Missions.

It is also pleasant to notice that Mr. James does not remain in the beaten path but journeys to the out-of-the-way missions, as, for example, to the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, so that the work will be a convenient hand-book for visitors who plan to visit these centres of Christian civilization on the Pacific slope. Missionaries will hardly feel flattered by the following remark: "It is the instinctive habit of the missionary to record, as of chief importance, the evil, degrading, and hideous things that strike him in the character of those to whom he comes to minister." Read, for example, the letters of St. Francis Xavier, and you will be deeply impressed by his constant desire to do justice to the natural virtues and good qualities of those for whose spiritual welfare he was toiling.

The Hermit. By Charles Clark Munn. Boston. Lee and Shepard.

A story of country-village life, of Maine wilds, of pleasant streams, of mysterious visions, of devoted affection and of true-love. A story, too, from which much can be learned in the line of generous action and unselfish living, especially from the heroine who lived "a patient, helpful life, always thinking of and doing for others, bearing her own troubles and wrongs in silence, until she had grown very dear to the hearts of all."

Does it Matter Much What I Believe? By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A calm, logical presentation of the wrongfulness of religious indifferentism. A useful tract to be scattered broadcast among our careless, non-religious neighbors.

The Chiquitan Festival of Corpus Christi Day. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A charming story of the old missions, in South America, full of incident and of sprightly conversation.

QUESTION BOX.

What books would you suggest to be read by one who is interested in the question of Anglican Orders?

You will find the following very helpful: *Protestant Episcopal Claims to Apostolic Succession Disproved*, by S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo; *The Question of Anglican Ordinations discussed*, by E. E. Estcourt; *The Validity of Anglican Ordinations*, by Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis; *Anglican Orders: are they Valid?* By J. D. Breen, O. S. B.; *Letter Apostolic of Pope Leo XIII, Concerning Anglican Orders; An Anglican Examination of the Papal Letter on Anglican Ordinations Examined*, by the Rev. H. J. Heuser; *Protestant Orders*, by an English Catholic; *Anglican Orders*, by the Rev. Salvator M. Brandi, S. J.

What is the meaning of Michaelmas day?

Michaelmas is the day on which Mass is celebrated in honor of the Archangel, St. Michael. It falls on September the 29th. Michaelmas is the name given to one of certain stated periods in universities, colleges and schools, during which instruction is regularly given to students or pupils. At the University of Cambridge, England, there are three terms in the University year—namely, Michaelmas or October term, Lent or January term, and Easter or midsummer term. The Michaelmas term begins on October 1st and ends on December 19th, the Lent term begins on January 8th and ends on March 27th and the Easter term begins on April 18th and ends on June 24th. At the University of Oxford there are four terms—namely, Michaelmas, Lent, Easter and Trinity. The Michaelmas term opens on October 10th and closes on December 17th, the Lent term opens on January 14th and closes on March 28th, the Easter term opens on April 8th and closes on May 22nd and the Trinity term opens on May 23rd and closes on July 11th.

The festival of St. Michael has been solemnly celebrated in the Church since the fifth century. It took its rise from the dedication of the famous Church of St. Michael on Mount Garjano, which was built in commemoration of a wonderful apparition of the said Archangel. The apparition is thus tersely described in the Roman Breviary: "During the reign of Pope Gelasius I the summit of Mount Garjano in Apulia, at the foot of which lies the town of Siponto, was the scene of an extraordinary appearance of the blessed Archangel Michael. And it came to pass in this wise: A certain man had a bull grazing with the herd upon this mount, and the bull strayed away. And when (the herders) had sought it for a long time, they found it jammed in the mouth of a cavern. Thereupon one that stood there shot an arrow at it to slay it, but the arrow turned round and came back against him that had shot it. They therefore that saw it, and all those that heard it, were sought it, were sore afraid because of that which had come to pass, so that no man dared any more to draw near to the cave. But when they had sought counsel of the Bishop of Siponto, he answered, that it behooved to seek the meaning thereof from God and for that purpose he proclaimed three days of feasting and prayer. After these three days the Archangel Michael gave warning to the Bishop that that place was under his special protection, and that he had thus pointed out by a sign that he wished worship to be offered to God there with remembrance of himself and of the Angels. Then the Bishop and the citizens hastened to the cavern, and when they found that the form thereof was somewhat after the fashion of a church, they began to perform public worship there; and God hallowed the sanctuary with many miracles. Such was the beginning of the famous shrine of St. Michael in Apulia."

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

"While the radiant tints of even
Touch with life her features sweet."

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A LEGEND OF OUR LADY.

BY MARY E. KILLILEE.

When the purple shadows lengthen
In the sun's expiring ray,
And the golden air is balmy
With the fragrant breath of May;

From the quaint and ivied tower
Of an abbey gray with time,
Angel-rung, 'tis softly whispered,
Floats a silvery vesper chime.

Like a gem within its casket,
In the chancel dim and still,
Stands an image of the Virgin,
Wrought with more than mortal skill.

Shafts of light from May-time sunsets
Through the painted windows fall,
Till they kiss the shrine of Mary,
Near the mossy, crumbling wall.

Then the windows' pictured angels
Cluster 'round Our Lady's feet,
While the radiant tints of even
Touch with life her features sweet.

For a while they bend, imploring,
Gently, slowly fade away;
Falls the silent, solemn twilight
O'er the abbey old and gray.

And, 'tis said, celestial music
Haunts that ruin old and gray,
While the shining angels linger,
In the eves of holy May.

GENERAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON

YOUNG OFFICE-HOLDERS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

A term of service as a page on the floor of the United States Senate or House of Representatives at Washington appears to be one of the best stepping-stones to success to be found in the entire country. Some of the foremost men in American public life and a number of the shrewdest business men in the country started out as messengers for the national law-makers, and that conditions have not changed in the least during the years which have elapsed is conclusively proved by the fact that every few months brings some fresh chronicle of a former page boy who has made a name for himself in some field of endeavor. A boy must be bright, energetic, and alert, or he cannot secure an appointment as page, and, far from rusting in the vocation, it may be said that the work and the men with whom he daily comes in contact would be very likely to render capable and efficient even a lad not possessed of much natural ability. Finally, even more important than the training, in its effect upon his life career, is the opportunity afforded to each boy to become acquainted with, perhaps impress favorably, prominent men of manifold interests who are in a position to help a young man up the ladder of success at a rapid pace if they are so inclined. Regularly employed as pages in the capitol at Washington are about sixty boys, sixteen of whom are in the Senate and the remainder in the House of Representatives. In the Senate the boys take up the work when they are twelve years of age, and, if they give satisfaction, may continue in the position for four years.

In the House of Representatives, the boys range from twelve to eighteen years of age. Here the boys are appointed for

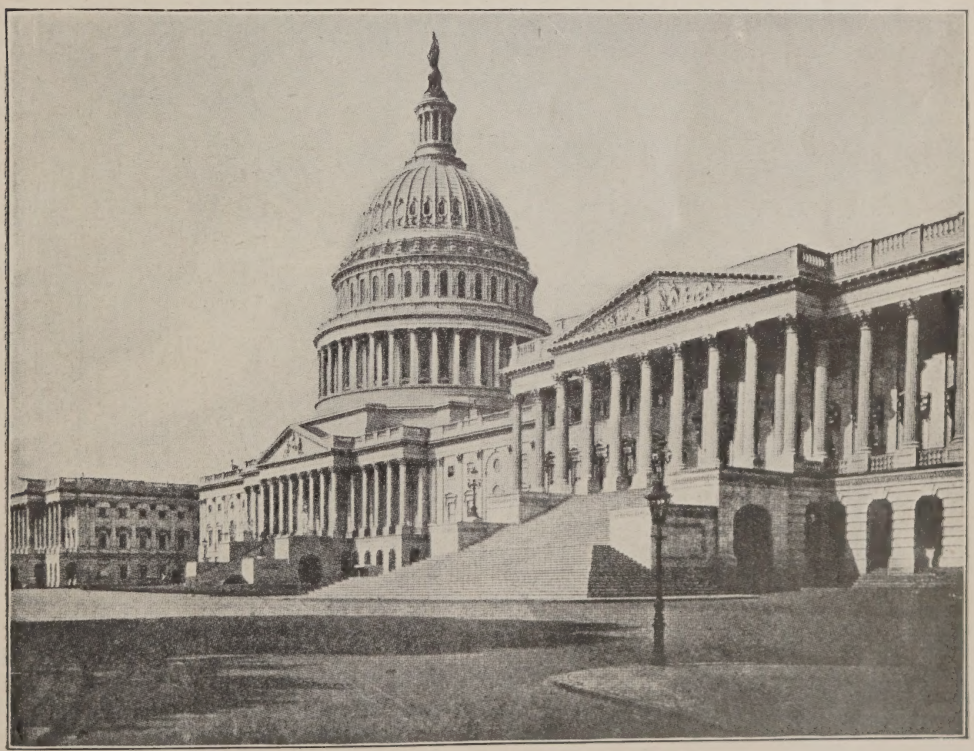
only one session of Congress, but a boy who has rendered satisfactory service has no difficulty in securing a reappointment.

As a rule, however, the pages in the House, like those in the Senate, do not serve longer than four years.

It is the common impression that the force of pages is recruited almost exclusively from the boys who reside at the national capital, but such is not the fact, there being in each wing of the big, white-domed building boys from a number of different States. The young man who is desirous of securing a position as a page must first interest his local congressman in his behalf. In the Senate the pages are nominated by the various senators and appointed by the sergeant-at-arms. In the House of Representatives the appointment of pages is made by the door-keeper on the recommendation of members of the House. In each body the salary of a page is seventy-five dollars a month during the session of Congress, which means that he may have an opportunity to work from three to nine months a year. This is probably the highest salary paid to any boy of this age, in the world, if there be excepted the case of fathers who bestow generous allowances on their sons, but which cannot be classed as money actually earned on a business basis.

Certainly there is no other body of boys, equally numerous, who, in the aggregate, receive as much salary money as do these juvenile assistants to the national legislators.

On the other hand, it may be noted that there are few if any other boys whose duties are of anything like so responsible a nature as are those allotted to the pages. The primary duty of each



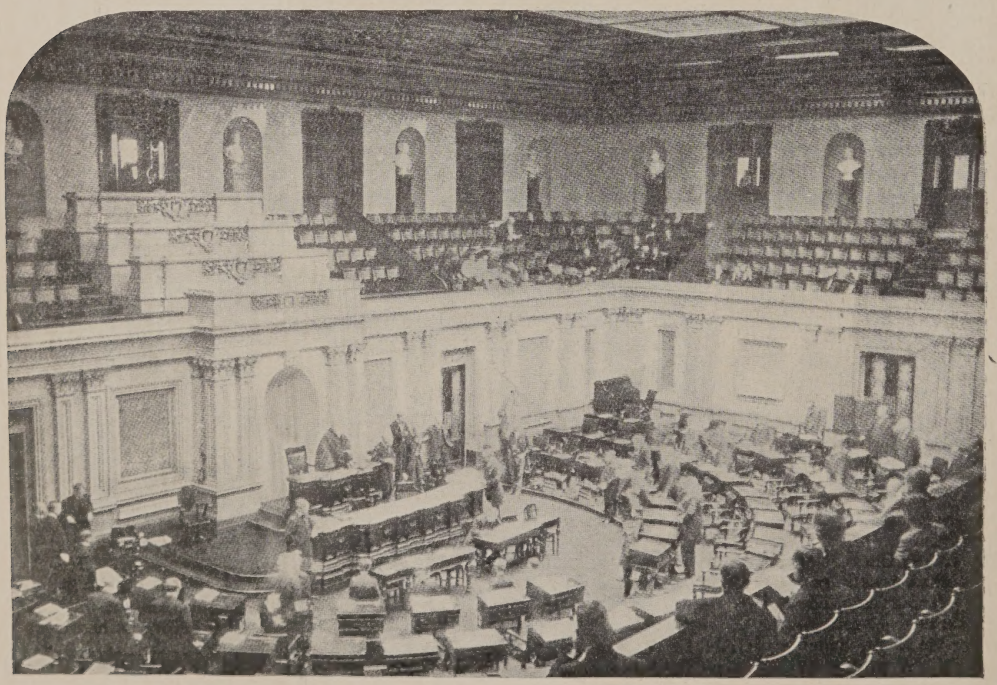
THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

page is to look after the desks of an allotted number of congressmen, filing the bills introduced, and attending to other matters.

In the line of special duties the pages have tasks almost without number. They act as messengers for the congressmen, going to all parts of the building on all kinds of errands, summon members of Congress to the telephone when necessary, carry the cards of visitors and make themselves generally useful in innumerable ways. Very frequently the pages have to carry documents of the greatest value and importance, but it is very seldom that any report is made of carelessness or neglect of duty on the part of one of these messengers.

The discipline maintained among the force of pages is almost as strict as that which prevails in a military company. The boys without exception regard their work with all the seriousness and sense of responsibility which could be expected in an old man. They report for duty promptly at nine o'clock each morning, and continue on duty until perhaps half an hour after Congress has been adjourned. This is likely to be at some time between three and six o'clock in the afternoon; but, when there is a night session of Congress, the boys must be on hand, and there have been occasions when these boys worked all day and all night, with only such brief intervals of rests as they could get by lounging on the sofas in the cloak rooms when not needed. A relay arrangement is provided to enable the boys to go to the restaurant in the basement of the capitol for lunch. The pages have no distinctive uniform, but all wear knee trousers and clothing of dark color. As might be expected, these boys are, almost without exception, extremely ambitious, and a large number of them attend night school while serving as pages.

Particularly is this plan followed by



IN THE SENATE.

the young men who desire to become lawyers, and quite a number of young men have been graduated from law school as the result of studies conducted in this manner. Service as a page is pretty certain to fire a boy's ambition to study law or enter political life. Once he has taken up a legal course, he finds that if he will keep his eyes open he will hear much during the session of Congress which will aid him in his studies; while, on the other hand, he learns much at the law school which aids him in understanding proceedings in Congress.

The cases in which a position as a page in Congress has served as the first round of a ladder to fame or fortune are very numerous.

PAGE CARRYING FLOWERS TO POPULAR MEMBERS ON OPENING OF CONGRESS.

One of the most notable of these is that of Hon. Arthur P. Gorman who

AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE SENATE.

served for years as a member of the United States Senate. When thirteen years of age he was made a page in the Senate, and served that body in different subordinate capacities for sixteen years, including the entire period of the Civil War. For a long time he was assistant post-master of the Senate, and later was elected post-master.

In 1880 Mr. Gorman was elected a member of the body in whose service he had been for so long a period.

Another member of Congress who rose from the ranks of the pages is Rep-

resentative Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina. He worked his way through college, and early in life became a very successful lawyer. One of the most romantic stories connected with the rise of a page is of comparatively recent occurrence. One of the young men who studied law while serving as a page established himself in a good practice in a Western town, and married the daughter of a prominent senator from the Middle West. He was successful in collecting some bad accounts for a New York mercantile establishment, and was forthwith summoned to the metropolis and tendered a position of responsibility in the office of the corporation. He started in at a salary of $6,500 a year, and now, after a comparatively short interval, receives an annual salary of $25,000, and holds considerable stock in the company.

The young men who, starting as pages, elect to remain in the service of the Senate in more responsible positions, almost invariably have highly successful careers. There might be noted, for instance, the case of Isaac Bassett, who entered Congress as a page in 1831, and remained in the service of the body continuously until his death about six years ago. He rose steadily to the position of sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, one of the most desirable executive positions at the capitol.

The present assistant sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, Mr. Alonzo H. Stewart, who receives a salary of $2,500 a year, even though he be on duty but three months out of the twelve, is another official who inaugurated his career as page.

The first promotion for a page, and that for which almost all the boys are constantly striving, is that to the position of chief page or chief of the pages, the official who is in charge of the entire force of boys, and who is directly responsible for their conduct, and discharge of business duties. This position is usually held by a man of from twenty-two to thirty years of age, and a satisfactory incumbent may retain the position for a number of years, usually leaving it to accept some higher place in the service of Congress. Mr. C. A. Loeffler, the present chief of the pages of the Senate, rose from the ranks: but Mr. Joseph N. Thompson, who holds the position of chief page of the House of Representatives, was in public life in New Jersey before coming to his present post.

These officials frequently execute important commissions for congressmen, and enjoy many privileges. For instance, the chief of the Senate pages is entitled to remain on the floor of the Senate during all secret debates or executive sessions. It is also in the power of these officials to remove any boy who is lacking in politeness or fails in the discharge of his duties.

Among the oldest employees in the Government service are two men who inaugurated their careers as pages on the floor of the United States Senate. Capt. F. D. McQueen, now connected with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, was appointed a page during the administration of President Van Buren, and continued in the service of the upper house of Congress, being appointed doorkeeper of the Senate, through the influence of Jefferson Davis, then Senator from Kentucky. Mr. Charles Sidney Draper entered the corps of pages nearly half a century ago, and has been connected with the Senate in one capacity or another almost continuously since that time.

He has been entrusted with many responsibilities, one of the most notable of which was that of protecting R. B. Hayes during the interval prior to his inauguration when one or more plots for his assassination were on foot.

ON THE SOUTHERN PALM LIMITED.

BY H. FRANCIS.

When the Southern Palm Limited drew out from Jacksonville, north-bound, there were two young men on board who were destined to affect each other curiously. One was crouching on the second step of a Pullman forward, with his eyes fixed grimly upon the door through which the conductor would pass on his round of ticket-collecting; the other was in the observation car at the rear of the train, two seats from the end, staring at an open letter, with eyes in which were despair and horror and desperation.

This train made few stops; but at the first station, in obedience to a signal from the bell cord, it slowed down sufficiently for the conductor and brakeman to thrust the man from the second step of the Pullman, then shot ahead at full speed to make up the few seconds lost. The tramp remained standing where he had dropped, his face now keen and alert and his right arm upraised. As it swept by, the train brushed his clothing, and the wind of it stirred his rough, unkempt hair and beard. Three cars passed, then came the observation. Suddenly his hand closed like a vise upon the rear railing, his body swung out and struggled for a few moments in mid-air, then his feet caught and he drew himself in by sheer force of muscle and nerve to the same crouching position he had occupied on the Pullman forward.

Inside, the man was now tearing the letter into the most minute fragments, as if in that way he could annihilate its contents. When the pieces were too small for further reducing, they went to the open window in a handful and were scattered thinly over a half mile of the roadbed. At length he rose and glanced about the car. There were few people in it, two or three, reading newspapers, and a woman looking from her window at the speeding landscape. That was all. The train was again slowing at a station. He turned quickly and opened the door. As he stepped out dizzily the train turned a sharp curve, pitching him forward. But not to the ground. The grim eyes of the tramp were watching that door for the conductor; and when the young man came out, something in the eyes that flashed for a second into his own almost told the intention of their owner. The desperate gaze said the past had gone wrong and would be abandoned. The tramp had himself felt the look that was in those eyes; and perhaps it was a remembrance of his own straits, or possibly a mere curiosity to see what he could do (for he was that kind of a man), that made him fling himself out suddenly, with nothing but his left hand grasping the rail. As the two bodies came together the tramp's right arm closed like a steel band around the other, while the weight of it bore them down, down, until their legs almost swept the mocking rails of the roadbed. Not many men could have sustained such a weight in such a position, and swinging from side to side under the motion of a train going at fifty miles an hour; but gradually, little by little, the left arm contracted and drew them up, up, and in, until finally, with a last desperate effort, they were both crouching upon the rear platform, white, gasping, too exhausted to stand. The tramp's eyes did not even seek the door for a possible conductor. His gaze was strained, unseeing, his form shaking as though with palsy, his matted, un-

kempt beard thickening with the blood that was streaming from his lips through which his clinched teeth had passed.

The other recovered first. The dread was still in his eyes, but with it was something more. Perhaps that instant in mid-air, with death in front, had made him see clearer; perhaps his miraculous rescue had made possible the greater rescue from himself. As he rose staggeringly, his hand dropped gently upon the tramp's shoulder. "Thank you, my friend," the still white lips whispered. "I am awake and in my right mind. I shall never attempt to run away again. I will face my life as I have made it."

"Thank God!" The ejaculation was involuntary, and evidently unwished; for the tramp shook himself together with a sudden grunt of self-disgust and laughed harshly. "Ye can count that up to your fool luck," he scoffed. "I wouldn't try sech a thing once in a hundred times. I did it then jest to see if I could beat the train, that was jerkin' t'other way. Seemed like I was—But pshaw!" hastily, "ye'd better trot off inside the car 'fore you get dizzy, sonny."

"And you?"

"O, I'm stayin' outside. That's the best place to talk with the conductor, when ye ain't nothin' perticler to say."

All this time his gaze had been shifting about, but never by any chance meeting that of his companion. This might have seemed odd, for he was one of the tramps whose eyes were usually direct and mocking; but just now in the downward and shifting gaze there was a startled recognition that had come at the moment his arm encircled the form in mid-air.

"You have saved my life, and more," the other went on huskily. "You must come inside, where we can talk better. What is your name?"

"Nothin' pertickler," gruffly. "That ain't no matter. Well, then," as the other continued to regard him inquiringly, "I d' know's it makes any difference. I'm High-Toned Tompkins. That's 'cause I like to ride better'n to walk."

"Thank you. I'm Robert Barrett. Now—"

The door opened, and the conductor stepped out. He nodded to Barrett, but looked a little surprised at his dishevelled appearance. Then his gaze fell upon the tramp, and his face darkened. "You here?" he exclaimed. "After being put off once, too? And from the looks of this young man, you have been up to more than stealing a ride this time. I shall not put you off again. This is a matter for the police at the next station. Come inside, here!"

He was about the grasp the tramp roughly, when Barrett touched his arm. "This man is a friend of mine, conductor," he said authoritatively. "I will pay his fare."

"U—m," doubtfully. "Well, if you say so. Where to?"

Barrett looked at his companion.

"Any old place," answered the tramp shortly. "That's where I'm goin'. But don't ye pay a cent for me. I don't want it, an' 'twould be money throwed away. I git on an' off, an' on an' off, whenever a conductor comes roun'; but I allers git through, an' I never walk a step, 'cep' when I want to for exercise. If ye pay a cent on me, I'll drop off the fust time the train stops. I'd feel like helpin' the train rob ye."

"Suppose you leave us for half an hour or so, conductor," suggested Barrett. "I want to talk with this man. When you come back it will be all right."

A few minutes later they were inside, on one of the back seats, which was as far as the tramp would allow himself to be persuaded. At first he had seemed on the point of positive refusal to enter at all; but his hand, slipping up to his

face as though for concealment, had come in contact with the rough beard, matted with blood and cinders, with the stubby growth that extended up and under the long, unkempt hair straggling from beneath his brimless hat, and the contact had suddenly made him grow affable and push his way boldly into the car, a strange, hungry gleam coming into his deep-set eyes. Perhaps he realized that if there were need for concealment his was effectual; perhaps the new look in his eyes was a yearning for information. He did not wait for the other to commence, but forced the conversation himself, speaking rapidly and using a strange mixture of good and bad language. "What was ye goin' to run away for, anyway?" he demanded.

The other hesitated. But he was in a relaxed condition, which follows a terrible strain. Besides, this man had saved his life, and after a few more hours they would probably never see each other again. "I was desperate," he answered slowly, "and there seemed no other way. You could not understand. I do not think I am a coward, and—well, it was like this: At Jacksonville I supposed I was a very rich man, with everything I could hope for almost within my reach. My mail was handed to me at the hotel, and I slipped it into my pocket, for I was talking with my sister. I came with her to the train, and she is now in one of the Pullmans forward. I came back to the observation car to read my mail, and one of the letters told me that my money was all gone—and, more, that I was a scoundrel. It will be in the papers—perhaps is now, for I have not looked at them this morning."

"And you took this way to escape?"

"I could see no better way. If I fell accidentally from the train, and was killed, my people would be sorry, and my creditors would withhold much that might otherwise go to the papers. I have done some good work, and that would go to mitigate the—the other."

"And now?"

"O, I shall let it go on," drearily. "Perhaps I may be arrested at Washington. I do not know, and it does not matter. I shall not try to escape again."

"Isn't there any way you could compromise?"

"No! The letter stated that all my money was gone, and a hundred thousand belonging to clients. I am the sole man responsible, and they are clamoring for their money and my punishment."

There was a short silence. Then: "Isn't there any one else—besides your sister, I mean?"

"My mother. The disgrace will kill her."

"And no one else, Bob? Isn't there a friend or—or relative who could let you have the money? Hasn't any property ever been left in the—the family at some time that could be used?"

They were strange questions for a tramp to ask, but Barrett did not notice. His face was drawn and haggard with the thought of what was past and what was to come. "No," he answered, "there are only my mother and sister and myself, and mother's income is barely sufficient for their wants. The only property of any amount in the family was taken by my brother Harold years ago. Poor Harold!" reminiscently. "Father was harsh with him, and that drove him to what he did. His inclinations were different from father's, for boating, hunting, athletics—everything but work—and so father seemed to think it a duty to thwart him in every way. In time came a State prison offense, and Harold was arrested and sent to jail. At the trial he was released on some technicality; but after that everybody shunned him, and father's harshness became bitter taunts and even cruelty. At last Harold took from father's desk some

papers which represented a large amount of property, and disappeared. They were of no use to him, and he did it only as retaliation on father. We never heard of them or him any more. And it was all a horrible mistake. We found afterward that Harold was not guilty of the crime at all, and was shielding another through some sense of honor. He was that kind of a boy, brave, chivalrous, loving, and reckless. If father had been more considerate, it might never have happened. Mother always believed in Harold, and—But, what's the matter?"

For something had suddenly slipped down the tramp's cheek upon his rough, soiled hand. The hand was drawn back hastily. "An' that brother o' your'n don't know he's cleared?" he said gravely. "I reckon if he did he'd shift off to a more fairweather tack, so he could go back an' see that mother when he got his hands clean. Yes, I know that's just what he would do." Then his manner suddenly changed, and he laughed jeeringly, with a mocking expression on his face that disguised the interest which had been there a moment before. "Ye've put up a pretty good story," he said roughly, "so I guess ye'll pull through all right. Ye needn't git mad, though," sneeringly; "'T aint worth while, for I'm goin' now. Much obliged for lettin' me sit on the soft seat here and listen to the romancin', an' for offerin' to pay my fare. That evens up for yankin' ye back from eternity. Give the gal in yonder my compliments, an'—yes! here's something I picked up. Some kind o' circular, I guess. You'n' the gal knows how to read, an' mebbe ye'll find it interestin'."

Barrett had risen, his face flushing at the remembrance of the family matters he had disclosed, but with his anger held in check by the thought of what the tramp had done for him. He watched him slouch to the door, open it, and pass out. The train was slowing at some station. The folded paper which the tramp had slipped into his hand, and which from its pictures of alligators and cheap jewelry was evidently the circular of some curiosity store, fell unheeded upon the seat.

At that moment the door at the forward end of the car opened and a girl entered, holding a paper in her hand. She came straight to him. "Robert, what does this awful thing about you mean?" she exclaimed. "I suppose you have seen the paper?"

He was holding to the back of the seat, his face white. "No, you needn't show it to me, Helen," he answered. "I have not seen the paper, but I know what it contains. It is true. I discovered it myself a short time ago only. I —I was coming in to tell you."

The girl looked at him, her lips trembling, but she smiled. "I know it is not true," she declared positively, "not a word of it. You are utterly incapable of a thing like that. You have not read the paper, so you do not understand. Why, Robert," her voice quivering with indignation, "the paper says you stole a half million of dollars, and from poor people mostly, whose sole means of support it was. It's absurd. You have been with us the last three months, and this has all happened within that time."

"But don't you see it is just the same, Helen?" gently. "The money was entrusted to me, and I am the sole one responsible. If I neglected the trust and allowed my partner an opportunity to do the rest, I am really the one to blame."

"I say you are not," she interrupted emphatically. "Maybe it was unbusinesslike, and maybe you are legally responsible. I do not know about that. But I do know that you are no more guilty than I am in the way the paper means. Of course you will let every cent of your

property go toward paying those poor people; and if it isn't enough, we will pay the rest off just as fast as we can earn it."

"Helen, Helen," he remonstrated sharply. "You must not talk like that. I cannot burden you with my faults. Why, dear, I may even be arrested."

"All the more need for us to work together, mother and you and I," quietly. "We will live this thing down and bridge it over. Why, Robert!"

For the young man's head had suddenly dropped to the back of the seat, and his shoulders were heaving convulsively.

She sank to a seat beside him, slipping one of her hands into his, stroking it softly until he should regain control of himself.

Presently the folded circular caught her attention, and she picked up the soiled paper gingerly, with the intention of throwing it from the window. But in doing so several other papers fell out, and in picking them up she saw something that made her look more closely. Then she slipped them into his hand. "These are yours, Robert, I think," she said. "You must have dropped them."

The motion of the shoulders ceased somewhat, and Robert raised his head. "You must forgive me, dear," he apologized. "I did not know I was so childish. The papers?" He looked at them indifferently, then his gaze grew startled. "Where did you find them?" he asked.

"In the seat, wrapped in an old curiosity store circular."

"Yes, I remember. The tramp left it. Why, Helen," with wondering thankfulness in the voice, "these are the papers father left me in his will—if they should ever be found. O girlie, girlie! They represent more than all I have lost—enough to settle up with everybody and leave me as I was before. But where—how—who could that man have been?"

He slipped past her and sprang to the door. The train had started, and was now gaining headway. The station showed as a cluster of twinkling lights behind. The tramp was gone.

WHEN THY CHIEFS ALL DANGER DARING.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

When thy chiefs all danger daring
  Forth to battle went for thee,
When they raised their standards, swearing
  They would die or set thee free;
When they led from mount and mireland
  Every clansman to the fray—
Ah, 'twas good to be in Ireland
    On that day!

When thy sons their feuds foregoing
  Once again united stand,
Side by side as brothers showing
  How they prize their native land;
When the love for thee, their sireland,
  Burns all lesser loves away—
Ah, my soul, to be in Ireland

IN THE PAPAL WARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY J. LOFTUS.

Part I.

ST. PATRICK'S BRIGADE UNDER PIUS THE NINTH.

"To the popes of the Middle Ages was assigned a province their abandonment of which would have plunged the Church and the world into the most hopeless slavery."

When the intrigues of Garibaldi and Cavour had brought the Emperor of the French to refuse further protection to the territory of the Pope, it was evident to the world "United Italy" would soon demand the sacrifice of the Papal States. Victor Emmanuel II was king of Italy, but for long his desires had been centered upon the "Patrimony of St. Peter." Now that Napoleon III no longer sheltered the object of his desires, no obstacle stood in Victor Emmanuel's way, and a prompt annexation of the Papal States followed. The states were "annexed;" they had yet to be "conquered." Pius the Ninth's appeal to Christendom for help and protection called brave hearts and strong arms from every country in Europe, from the United States and Canada. Soon 16,000 young men of every rank and position in life, all strong and fervent Catholics, stood together, with General La Moricière at their head, ready to die for the Pope. Resisting the promptings of worldly wisdom these young men abandoned their homes, many of them setting aside proud titles and brilliant prospects, to enlist as private soldiers under the banner carried by the French general.

*In this series we do not include the Roman Revolution of 1849 by which Pius IX was driven from Rome. The reason of this is that the struggle for the recovery of Rome was entirely in the hands of the French. Papal soldiers had little to do with it.

When tidings of the perils surrounding the Sovereign Pontiff became known in Ireland the people fell into a state of almost unparalleled excitement. The spirit of intense faith that has ever marked that Catholic nation had enabled it to resist onslaughts which had easily torn powerful countries from the Rock of Peter. The fiery nature of the Celt, impelled by love of religion and hatred of injustice, longed to fly to the Pope's rescue, but was held back by obstacles which had grown to be well nigh insurmountable. A pastoral issued by the Archbishop of Dublin to his clergy and people, about that time, gives us a faint idea of Ireland's trials.

"Everyone acquainted with Ireland," said Cardinal Cullen, "knows that a vast number of her people is living in a deplorable state of destitution. If you travel through all Europe, you will not find any country reduced to so sad a condition. Our towns and villages are falling in many instances into ruin; our streets are filled with thousands of half-naked, bare-footed, and half-starved women and children: our people, according to the report of the Devon Commission, are worse-fed, worse-clad, and worse-housed than any other people in Europe; and three or four millions of our countrymen, flying from prevailing misery, have not hesitated to abandon their native homes, which they love so dearly, and expose themselves to the perils of the ocean and to greater perils beyond the Atlantic."

And this is the country which gathered 1,200 of her sons and sent them, with 400,000 dollars, to fight the battles of the Vicar of Christ. The Irish Brigade received a flattering welcome from the Papal army. Celtic prowess in war made the Irishmen welcome guests to their continental fellow soldiers.

Immediately after the arrival of the Irish Brigade, General La Moricière's blunt soldierly address was given to his men:

"Soldiers! Since our Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, has deigned to entrust to me the defense of his rights which are being insulted and outraged, I have not for a moment hesitated to seize the sword. At the sound of that venerable voice, which has already made known from the heights of the Vatican the dangers surrounding the Patrimony of St. Peter, Catholicity has been moved, and now this cause is propagated in every part of the globe. Christianity is not only the religion of the civilized world but it is the source and true essence of civilization.

"As the Papacy is the centre of Christianity every nation shows in our days a definite knowledge of the truth upon which our Faith is based.

"Just as Islam formerly threatened Europe, so now does the spirit of revolution. Therefore the cause of the Papacy is to-day the cause of civilization and the world's liberty.

"Soldiers! have confidence. You can feel certain that God will sustain our courage and elevate it to the dignity of that cause whose defense He has now committed to our arms.

LA MORICIERE,
Commander-in-Chief."

A few months after the publication of this address, a very different kind of proclamation was made in Rome. General De Noué, who commanded the French squadrons which Catholic France insisted on keeping there for the protection of the Vicar of Christ, manifested his orders from Napoleon III to defend only the Eternal City itself and its immediate surroundings, in case of attack. This, being a virtual invitation, on the part of the French, to the Government of Savoy, to invade the Papal States with impunity, was the realization of Cavour's dream. A decision was immediately come to by Victor Emmanuel, and scarcely ten days after the French betrayal his army of 70,000 men invaded the territory of the Pope, without any previous declaration of war having been made.

Although Pius the Ninth's army nominally amounted to 16,000 men, not more than 10,000 could be really counted on. Love and faith had led many to his standard whom nature had never intended for the field of battle. After La Moricière had distributed garrisons for Rome and Ancona, he could spare only about five hundred men for the fortresses of Viterbo, Spoleto, Perugia, and Pesaro. With forlorn hopes the gallant Frenchman then took the field, feeling convinced that the most that he could effect was to avoid utter defeat until one or other of the Catholic powers of Europe might intervene. But, sad to say, nothing of the kind occurred. The young Emperor of Austria alone, true to the traditions of his ancient house, prepared to take the field, and was with difficulty prevented from doing so by his ministers. The Head of Christendom stood alone, but his heart never faltered. He yet had ten thousand men whose fidelity could be relied upon; and the issue he confided to Heaven.

On September 11th the first blow was struck at the little hill town of Pesaro. Pesaro boasted of old fortifications—built to withstand the battering rams of the Middle Ages—eight hundred Papal soldiers and three cannon. And this to withstand one-third of Victor Emmanuel's powerfully equipped army! But what a reception the handful gave the invaders! For twenty-two hours the battle raged about the old town; and it was only when their ammunition was exhausted that the defenders laid down their arms, after feats of gallantry that astounded the enemy.

On the 14th, the Papal general, Schmidt, who held Perugia, was surrounded by 22,000 Royalists. The entire force within the walls amounted to four hundred men from Switzerland, Ireland, and Italy. For three hours the attack went on, the Papal soldiers making every shot tell, and beating back

the enemy at every point, until Schmidt and his Swiss declared their intention of yielding. The Irish soldiers, however, refused to consent to this course and declared themselves, to the last man, ready to die rather than surrender, no matter what were the odds against them. But their opposition was over-ruled, with the result that sixteen of them scaled the walls, declaring an enemy of the Pope should never receive the word of submission from their lips.

Many critics considered the action of the Irishmen reckless and imprudent in thus trying to hold out against such overwhelming odds. The criticism is indeed just, but it must be remembered those brave fellows had left home and country with the fixed determination either to conquer the Sovereign Pontiff's enemies or die in the attempt. Moreover, it has been remarked always that Hibernians do not look to their numbers on the field in relation to those of the foe.

Two fortresses had been lost already to the invading host, and little hope of saving the rest remained. Three days after the surrender of Perugia, one of the three divisions of the Royalist army surrounded Spoleto. The defence of this town will assuredly go down in history as one of the most gallant struggles ever waged by European soldiers.

Major Myles O'Reilly, who held chief command in Spoleto of 300 of his own countrymen, 290 Swiss and twenty-three French, had received as the last order of General La Moricière to "cling to the old walls as long as he could." Never was an injunction better carried out. A force of 8,000 Royalists surrounded Spoleto with its 613 men, and demanded immediate surrender. O'Reilly's answer was a prompt refusal, and two hours afterwards the attack commenced.

Four artillery batteries were placed by the enemy at a distance of 600 yards from the principal gate—which had been entrusted to a body of Irishmen—and a company of sharpshooters was stationed on a rising ground to pick off the defenders of the fort. Soon the unequal combat was raging furiously. The well-directed fire of the Papal soldiers inflicted heavy loss on the enemy, but the great disparity in numbers soon indicated the ultimate issue of the fight.

Although the Pontifical garrison had gone without sleep for four nights and the men had been on the walls since two o'clock that morning, nothing was further from their thoughts than surrender. Towards mid-day the Royalist general despatched an officer to the walls, in company of the Archbishop of Spoleto, to entreat O'Reilly to consider the utter futility of holding out. The Major having consulted his men returned with their answer that while a gleam of hope flickered for the aged Pontiff's standard in Spoleto, it should never be supplanted by that of an invader.

The battle recommenced with redoubled vigor, for the Royalists keenly felt the losses inflicted upon them by the gallant handful within the doomed town. The Papal rifles and the single cannon which De La Moricière had left O'Reilly literally mowed down the invaders; while the latter showed no mercy to the men within their toils.

We pause here to relate an incident of Celtic coolness and devoted bravery that has rarely been surpassed. From early dawn two young brothers named Fleming had fought on the ramparts, side by side. Towards mid-day the younger was shot in the breast and fell, dying, inside the parapet. "Leave me as I am," he whispered faintly, as his brother stooped to assist him, "all will soon be over. I thank God for giving me such a beautiful death. Tell them at home how I died. When I'm dead be sure to kneel on my body—'twill steady your

aim. Now," he cried, making a last effort, "for God and the Pope!" And he was gone. The survivor kissed the pallid lips, and then kneeling on his brother's body, as he had commanded, resumed firing, sending many an enemy to his last account.

At three in the afternoon the old walls and gates were so badly damaged that General Brignone ordered a general assault. Two volleys from the old cannon, and a bayonet charge by the Irishmen—like that which won Fontenoy—threw the attacking force into disorder, and the next moment the breach was littered with their dead and wounded.

After this repulse the hostile officers ordered up all the resources of their powerful army. Shell followed shell on the devoted little town; the houses beside the powder magazines were on two occasions set ablaze by the enemy's grenades, but the flames were quickly put out by the French; extra sharpshooters were set apart to pick off those who carried food and drink to the men on the walls —yet the brave fellows never flinched.

For seventeen hours that little handful of 613 men had successfully beaten back and still kept at bay a well-equipped army of 8,000 soldiers, without once coming off the ramparts. They might have held out until morning, but even O'Reilly shrank from demanding the sacrifice. Long after, when describing the events of the siege, the Major said:

"Every man had been on the walls since two A. M. There was not a man to relieve them, and all must be kept under arms all night. . . . The night was dark; there was no moon, and the enemy could approach close to the walls in every direction, almost unmolested. A bag of gunpowder would blow in the rotten old gate which their round shot had shattered; the old breaches were not more than ten or twelve feet high, and the enemy disposed of any number of fresh troops. I calculated then that my men, after being kept on the alert by the fire of the batteries or by false alarms, would at daybreak be startled from the sleep of exhaustion by an attack, on all parts . . . and be overpowered by numbers. And General Brignone . . . after the surrender exactly described this as his plan of attack . . . Of my soldiers it would ill become me to speak in lengthened eulogy; yet this much I will say: I have seen the troops of many nations, and better or braver men I never saw."

That night the Papal soldiers surrendered and the fortress of Spoleto was lost.

It is of interest to know here what the enemy thought of Hibernian capacity for war. When General Brignone was drawing up the terms of surrender he wrote of the Irishmen: "The officers and men shall be treated in all respects with that urbanity and respect which befits honorable and brave troops, as they proved themselves to be in to-day's fight."

Writers on the tragic events of the Papal wars tell us that the Irish soldiers during the campaign were remarkable for dashing fighting qualities and perpetual good-humor. No men felt the losses sustained by the Pontifical army more keenly; yet none were able to shake off fear of ultimate defeat and keep hoping against hope, as they were. It was no wonder then that the French soldiers, awakened from their slumbers the night of the defeat of Spoleto, muttered to one another—"Ma foi! but how those Irish fellows sing and laugh!" They did not reflect that it is the Irish temperament to laugh off trouble and always look on the white side of the cloud.

The second division of the Royal army, to the number of 27,000 men, had already pushed on to Castelfidardo, a locality near the town of Loretto. On Sept. 16th, General De La Moricière arrived, by forced marches, at Loretto,* at the head of 2,300 Papal soldiers, and the following day he was joined by 2,700 men under General Pimodan, second in command.

*A small hill town some hundred miles from Rome in which the Holy House of Jesus, Mary and Joseph now rests.

De La Moricière decided to give the enemy battle the very next day. In the early morning of that remarkable September day, those 5,000 heroes marched out from Loretto, bearing in the van a banner which their general took from the House of Nazareth, and which the Christian army had borne long centuries before at the battle of Lepanto. They went joyfully to the field of battle, although few expected to survive the day. That morning every man had received Holy Communion, and had prepared for death. So little hope was held by the people of Loretto of ever again seeing the little army of Pius IX, alive, that many fell on their knees as the men filed by, proclaiming them already sacrificed.

We shall not detail the events of that terrible day. It was one long scene of men fighting for God and His Church. The little Papal army was mercilessly cut to pieces by a powerful force.

General Pimodan was pierced by five bullets, and died shortly afterwards; the Swiss and Italians of the Pope's troops were scattered by overwhelming numbers; the Irish and French bore the brunt of the battle, and fought side by side until the bugle for retreat sounded, and the field of Castelfidardo was lost.

Then a woeful spectacle was presented to the view. Out of the five thousand who had that morning left the altar in the House of Nazareth only 2,100 returned to give thanks for deliverance. Three hundred gallant French were in the army that morning; only ninety-six saw the evening; and out of this number there was not one left unwounded. Well might La Moricière bitterly cry to one who condoled with him on his men being "conquered:"—"Conquered? No, Sir! My men were not conquered—but massacred!"

The remnant of the Pontifical army now retired to Loretto. The enemy, knowing their prey was safe, leisurely remained encamped outside, intending, however, to attack the town in the morning. That night was passed, amid continual alarms, by the survivors of the day's slaughter; yet weak and wounded as they were they determined to hold out to the bitter end. The post of honor and danger was assigned to the fourth company of St. Patrick's Brigade, under Lieutenant D'Arcy, at the point nearest to the enemy's camp. The night, however, passed without any attack being made.

Next morning the few remaining officers of the ill-fated army held a sad council of war. From the windows of the council chamber the Royalists could be seen preparing to attack the town, thus giving little time for debating the question of surrender. Scarcely had the council opened than dissension was observed among the officers. The Swiss and Italians declared nothing remained but to yield, the Irish, French, and Austrians resolved that they and their men would die sword in hand. At length, after much discussion, it was decided to despatch a herald to General Cialdini, commander of the hostile forces, to treat of terms, with a view to surrender. The termination of the letter sent to the Royalist camp by those brave men is worthy of notice.

"Gentlemen, all the best names of France have remained on the field of battle. We who are left have been spared only by a miracle. No hope remains for us in the position in which we are placed. We have done our duty, and now it is useless to seek death. We have agreed to treat of a capitulation provided the conditions are such as we can accept; for it is useless to deceive ourselves —we are in the hands of the enemy."

Late that night they marched out by torchlight with all the honors of war, the officers retaining their swords, and the men their baggage, while the Royalist soldiers when presenting arms saluted them as valiant and honorable men.

The defeat of Castelfidardo virtually ended the war of 1860. True it is that the brave La Moricière made another gallant stand at Ancona—where for eight days a small force of French, Irish, and Austrians, kept at bay 50,000 Royalists aided by Victor Emmanuel's fleet with four hundred cannon.

Two nations gained undying glory during the campaign of 1860—Ireland and France. "Oh!" cried General De La Moricière, speaking in the bitterness of his heart, after the battle of Castelfidardo, "that day saw the spoilation of the Patrimony of St. Peter, and the first defeat in my military life. Yet, if all my men had fought as did the Irish and French, I should have won the fight."

When the last tragic scenes were closed the Papal army left Italy, each nation returning to its own country. La Moricière went back to France where he lived in seclusion for three years, at the end of which time he was found one morning dead in bed, with a volume of the Imitation of Christ clasped in his hands.

With regard to the disbanding of the men we must recall a tale of shame and horror. By one of the conditions of capitulation after the battle of Castelfidardo, the Papal soldiers surrendered their arms. But what a sequel followed this act! Says the author of the *Making of Italy:*

"The dead had perhaps a better lot. The prisoners who had given up their arms at Loretto were, on their return to their homes, mobbed and insulted by the dregs of those cities of Italy through which they passed, and were, by Piedmontese authority, abandoned, without protection and half-dead from hunger. Despite promises of liberty made to the French, they were imprisoned at Turin in the citadels, and at length ordered, in a miserable and famished state, to the frontier. . . .

"The Irish were shut up in a gloomy prison at Genoa, 'in a condition that baffles all description,' to use the words of a public report. The clothes sent by Pope Pius IX were refused them, and they were hardly given food enough to sustain life. Alas! we are forced to add, Sardinia thus treated English subjects with encouragement received from English ministers—men unmindful of their most sacred duties, unmindful of the blood shed by the Irish who had fought under the English banner on the coast of the Crimea and the sands of India."

We confess, notwithstanding these sentiments of the learned author, we cannot see why the blood of Irishmen spilled in England's wars should have procured protection for their brave, though unfortunate, countrymen under the Papal flag. The world has little respect for blood which is shed by mercenaries; nor had England any for the sons of a conquered country who died in the conqueror's cause.

The Irishmen who ranged themselves beneath England's banner, in order to enslave other nations as she had enslaved theirs, were deserving of neither pity nor honor for their wounds. They may be justly termed *hirelings of England!* We cannot believe that the brave Irishmen, who pined in the dungeons of Genoa through love of the Vicar of Christ, would dream of accepting better treatment if it were accorded in remembrance of their recreant countrymen having served under the Saxon flag.

They were not, however, left in Genoa long. Shortly afterwards they embarked for the green hills of holy Ireland where they were received by warm hearts and with a hearty *Cead Mille Failthe.*

BRIDE WALSH'S LOVERS.

BY CAHIR HEALY.

We were seated by his own fireside in the winter season when Teddy Dillon told us the story for the first and last time. We knew that he had a love story, for the old people said so, but we little suspected its character. The cottage was in darkness save for the flickering light thrown out by the burning peat, and we were ranged round the wide hearth on straw *hassoggs* (stools).

This is exactly what he told, for I have neither added to nor forgotten one incident of the old man's narrative.

"It'll be three an' forty years come Lamas since it happened. That was in the days of the great famine, when the pratees failed, an' when there was starvashion an' misery in the counthry, An' Danny Blake, (may the light o' heaven be shinin' in his face this day), it only seems as yesterday since he an' I were boys together.

"Danny an' myself were companions an' frien's in the oul' days. What he liked I liked, what he hated I hated,—our two intherests were bound up in each other so. In the wrestlin' match or the hurlin' fiel' my frien' was always the foremost man. In the dance he was the brightest an' most favored; but, then, who could not favor him, with the dark brown eyes an' the pale delicate face, for all the worl' like a purty *cailin* in her teens. None so gentle as he in sport an' play, but wance rouse him an' he was a very demon. The black eyes would glare an' dance, an' the pale sweet face would get a look that would frighten ye. That was Danny, the playmate iv my boyhood, an' my companion till we both reached twenty.

"Well, Danny an' purty Bride Walsh, the orphan niece of the oul' miller, got deeply in love with wan another. An' no wan wondered at it either, for, as the song goes, 'She was th' purtiest girl in town an' he was the best of men.' The miller didn't say much for or against the affair. Maybe he thought the boy good enough for her, or maybe he was of opinion that the love atween them would wear off by-an-bye, for he had higher things in view for th' cailin. Anyhow, he didn't interfere.

"That was in '45, an' in the very next year came the failure of the pratee crop. An' 'lomintee' but failure it was in rale earnest! The stalks died away while they were yet green, an' the wee tubers were melted or decayed in the groun' by Lamas Day. The neighbors would shake their heads if you'd ask them about the crop, for the lonely sorra had already come into their hearts, thinkin' of the long winter an' the wee childre without food. An' if sometimes a lithe, manly fellow with the strength of an ox would sit down behind a ditch, an' sigh an' pray, an' look at the spade standin' idle in the drill afore his eyes, who could blame him?

"The oats an' barley failed too, an' Miller Walsh fell upon evil days. The big, black wheel no longer went whirrin' roun' with the white foamy water dashin' over it, like the Donass falls iv a rainy day, an' inside the wee wheels stood still, an' the whirrin' an' the soun' were at an end. Th' doors were shut, an' a cloud iv desolation an' sorra seemed to be hangin' over the whole place.

"Oul' Walsh didn't complain at first —he wasn't of th' complainin' class, but the way he used to go about, with his fingers clasped in the top iv his waistcoat, an' his eyes fixed on the groun',

towl' the cuter wans iv us as plainly as words that things were in a bad way.

"As the days an' months wore by the food became scarcer, until there was nothin' except India meal for the people to eat, an' not much of that either. The Government, at last, got up relief works for us, but agra', it was the donny relief. A lot iv red-cheeked fellows came down from Dublin Castle an' mapped out roads—r'lief roads they're called to this day—an', then, some of us that had good recommendations from the gentry, got odd jobs breakin' stones at two shillin's the week. It's myself that seen strong men sicken an' die, leavin' the mortal iv a woman to work an' struggle the best way she could. The folks died in hundreds by the roadsides. Ah, them were terrible times, an' a sorra always comes into my heart when I think how people lived an' loved through it all.

"Danny Blake had neither man nor woman dependin' upon him, an' he was not so badly off as th' rest of us who had old folks to look after. All the same, he worked at the stone-breakin' every day, an' the inspecthor who used to come roun' at times, noticin' his good manners when he put the spake on him, gave him the job iv gauger at ten shillin's a week. The people said that he must be savin' money, for he used to ate nothin' barrin' the India meal stirabout. They said that he must be givin' it to others, as he showed no signs iv a roughness iv money. An' sure enough, at wance I thought iv Bride Walsh an' the oul' miller who couldn't work. It became as plain as a pikestaff to me then why the cailin an' the oul' man were able to get along so well.

"Wan day himself an' me were comin' home from the works an' talkin' as we went iv the hard times an' the distress iv the people, when all iv a sudden he stops in the path right in front iv me. 'Teddy,' sez he, 'Teddy, isn't it quare that a fella can forget the sorra iv his frien's in his own joy.'

"I forget now what I said back to him, for I didn't understand his quibbles, an' I towl' him so to his face.

"'Damn it, man,' sez he back again to me, 'don't ye know that I'm in love with Bride Walsh. Aye, an' we'll be married,' he sez again in a whisper, 'as soon as everythin' is right again.'

"'A man may as well cry as laugh,' sez I to him, 'for the people care as much for wan as th' other in these times.'

"After that we didn't speak till we parted at the double ditch leadin' up to his home. He jumped it at a bound, an' as he did so a lot iv papers fell from his pocket an' were blown across to me on the breeze. I stooped to pick them up, intendin' to call him an' give them back to him, but when I raised my head he was gone. An' there I stood, holdin' in my hand a bundle iv shopkeeper's receipts for goods sowl' to the Walsh's but paid for by Danny.

"Th' next day he came to the works as usual, but he made no mention iv the Walsh's till we were on our way home again. Then, he sez, lookin' as happy as a mother bendin' over her wee one's cradle, 'Maybe ye'd come over to the Walsh's with me this evenin'. I'm goin' to ask Bride in marriage, an' it's the usual thing to have somebody with wan on an occasion iv the kind.' I consented to go, little dreamin' how much would turn on my act that evenin'. To make a long story shorter, he didn't ask the cailin that evenin', an' to tell ye the truth I wasn't sorry at it either. I suppose he would have done so, but the miller was very ill—dyin', the doctor said.

"After that we went often to the mill—Danny an' myself, an' I could not help thinkin' what a kind husband an' protector he'd make the wee girl, an' what a happy home she'd have in the days

that were comin', an' when the oul' miller would be restin' in the sweet little God's acre by Inver Bay.

"But it was not to be, boys, for myself an' Bride fell in love with wan another; aye, me, that was Danny's frien', proved the coward to him! But I couldn't help it, an' often when I prayed God an' His Holy Mother to give me strength to run away from him an' her, an' lave them in happiness, somethin' within me, an' Bride's smile, would make me stay.

"The miller died a couple iv days later, an' Bride was left alone in th' world. I was passin' over to the mill wan evenin' a week later when I met Danny in Dorrian's whinny lane. We hadn't exchanged a civil word for a week afore, an' I was sorely puzzled when he put the spake on me, an' him as mild an' gentle-lookin' as a lamb.

"'Well, Teddy,' sez he, lookin' up at th' stars, 'ye have won an' I have lost, it's an end to our friendship, an' an end to my happiness. I never thought you could have come atween us. Who could have thought it? I gave up the job on the roads, for I couldn't live an' work there longer. The money I have saved —it's only a trifle,—but it's lyin' at the bank for you an' Bride. I am goin' away to begin life in some strange country, an' maybe ye'll now let me wish ye happiness.'

"He reached out his hand an' grasped mine as he spoke, an' as I looked up into his face I saw that tears were shinin' in the black eyes. I pitied him from my heart, an' when I thought iv the mane, deceitful part I was playin', I could have killed myself.

"'Don't go,' sez I, 'don't go, for the sake of heaven; don't. If any wan is to blame for yer sorra it's me, an' it's but right that upon my shoulders should rest the blame.'

"'What d'ye mane,' he sez, back again.

"'I mane,' sez I, 'that I'll go an' ye may stay with Bride.' I couldn't get out another word, for the sob choked it, an' I ran away leavin' him standin' there gazin' after me.

"Well, boys, I made my way to the wilds of Mexico, an' tried hard to forget the *cailin* an' Danny. But it was a failure, for even out in them backwoods, Bride's face, pale an' sweet, would be before my eyes as I felled the tall timber; an' as I lay awake on my hammock at night. In my dreams I'd hear the foamy water fallin' over the big mill wheel an' dashin' the spray up against the wall; an' I'd see Danny, still a boy, scamperin' over the three-acre meadow, for it was as a boy that I still liked to think of him.

"Th' folks at home didn't know whether I was dead or alive.

"Wan night as I lay awake tossin' about on my hard bed, the moon shone in through the spaces iv th' door an' fell in lines iv light upon the floor. Then I heard from the outside a weak voice callin' 'Teddy, Teddy!' I jumped out iv bed, pulled on my clothes, an' all the while the voice from without was callin' my name, only that the souns' were growin' fainter an' fainter as if the caller were walkin' away or gettin' weak. I pulled open the door, an', Blessed Mother! there on the green in the moonlight stood Bride Walsh. The callin' had now ended, an' she looked towards me with the oul' look iv love an' pity that I knew so well. I called her name again an' again, an' then I remember no more till the woodmen brought me to a neighbor's shanty, an' towl me that they had found me good as dead.

"I could work no more, try how I might, for Bride's face was before me everywhere. I didn't like to come back to the oul' place, an' I didn't like to stay where I was. But at last the home in-

clinashion conquered, an' after settlin' my wee affairs I set out for Inver.

"Ah, *wirrasthrue,* what a home-comin' it was? The famine had passed away, an' the people were just beginnin' to be their oul' selves wance again. Many of the faces that I knew had been carried off by the hunger an' the poverty, an' them that survived welcomed me back. But Bride Walsh was no longer there, she rested in Inver graveyard; an' the fresh flowers that willin' hands had placed above her grave were withered. An' Danny, too, had gone to keep her company, for they buried them side by side, knowin' how the boy loved her in life, an' thinkin' it's near her he'd like to be in death.

"The neighbors towl me that from the day I left she faded away as the snow fades from Errigal when the sun comes out in the springtime. An' when Danny asked her to be his wife it's the sorry answer she gave him.

"I do be prayin' at times that she may have come to care for the lad in heaven, for I know it wouldn't seem heaven at all to him without her love.

"I often go to Inver to see the graves. Bride's has a cross, but Danny's is without wan, an' the young folks as they pass iv a Sunday 'ill say: 'Musha, but it's young she died—twenty-two.' But iv Danny's they seldom say a word, not knowin' the strange story iv the boy's love an' his end."

And that's the story just as Teddy Dillon told it for the first and last time by his own fireside in the winter season.

MINOZZI AND MONOTYPES.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

The art of monotyping has a very great attraction for amateurs. There is a large element of chance in it. Thus, it happens that the mere tyro may succeed often, and the artist of repute and long study may fail dismally.

In Italy, Signor Mariani (of Milan), and Signor Filiberto Minozzi (of Bordighera, on the Riviera), are perhaps the only two professional painters who have given themselves up very seriously to this new process.

Signor Minozzi lives at Villa Capriccio, near the quaint Fishermen's Church of Sant' Ampeglio, which stands among the rocks, and almost in the waves, at Cap Ampeglio; on the outskirts of Bordighera. He shows his work, and the whole process of monotyping, with the greatest good-nature, to persons of the kind that Emerson described as "commended strangers."

"Those are my implements," he said to three art-loving visitors, as he placed a little tray of "oddments" upon the table. There were a few brushes, a pen with color on the feather-end, a small rag, a ball of wool, a "stump," a white chalk pencil, the wooden end of a match, his "medium," in three little bottles, and, I think, a bar of sepia and another of Indian ink. But his little brass tray contained less of artist's materials than of *miscellania.* Near it, lay an aluminium plaque. (A few weeks after I saw him, he went back to copper; and, formerly, he preferred gelatine, and later, silver plaques to any others!) He mixed a little Chinese black with his oils and spirit, and spread a dark layer on the

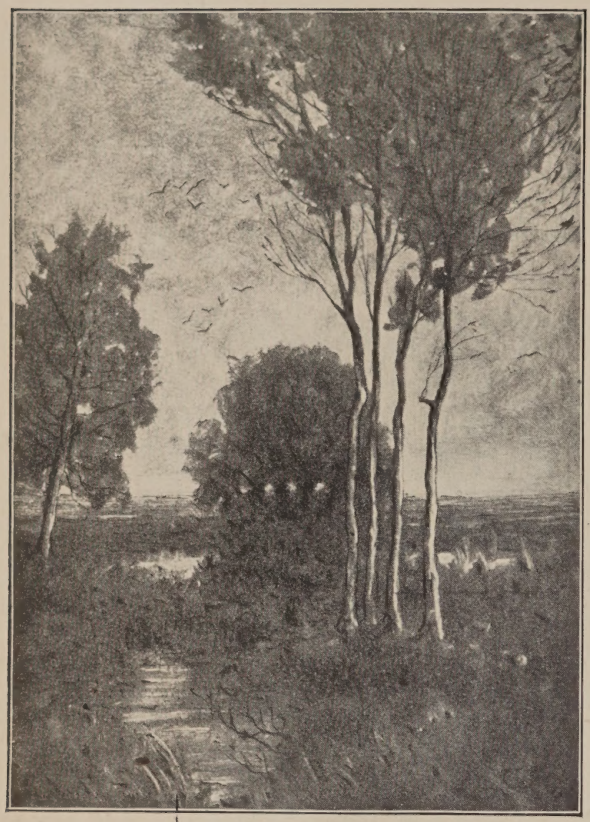
oblong piece of metal, — talking merrily all the time. Then, with a wisp of wool, a dab of rag, various pokes with his pointed instruments, and, most of all, with strange gyrations of his thumbs and fingers on the plaque, he laid on what eventually would be the surface touches of his picture. To the onlookers, there was still nothing but a dark mixture to be seen on his plate.

"There must be no lumps; — no lumps!" he cried; and he fell upon a slightly darker spot on the aluminium, — scattering the color in what seemed to me a purposeless manner, but a pine-tree's crown of tufted needles was the result of his manipulations, when the impression was taken. Next, in a flash, he put in a storm-riven tree bole. I felt the true "tree growth," in that dead thing.

It was easy to perceive his "high lights," even now. He strove for a moon, but only achieved moonlight, Luna shining from behind the trees,

F. MINOZZI.
The laughing painter in a serious mood.

when the plaque had been through the press. Here was an instance of the uncertainty of the art. A distinguished patron of art has seen many painters of repute attempt to monotype, with results that he describes as "ghastly;" while some amateurs, in England, are printing charming " 'types."



A MONOTYPE

The background was next put in, the artist meantime discoursing of his late friend, the famous painter, Segantini, and his family, of Mariani's monotypes, of his own experiments with various papers and mediums, and of many other matters, while his clever fingers fluttered rapidly above the plaque. We next adjourned to a basement room, by a staircase the walls of which have been decorated by the artist's own brush. Below, we found what has been described as "Minozzi's glorified mangle," and the peculiar paper, damped over night to the precise degree of humidity required. The "mangle" is of the artist's own invention and construction.

The plaque was laid, face downwards, on the prepared paper. Both were placed between layers of felt, in the track of the rollers. The artist, in evident excitement, turned a wheel, thereby applying strong pressure to the wrapped-up plaque, Two rollers passed over it, twice back and forth; and the monotype was disclosed.

There was a rough foreground, a pond, reflecting moonlight, in the middle-distance, tall trees (one lightning riven), with brushwood, to the left, far away, a long, pollard hedgerow, a cloudy sky suffused with moonlight, and a brightly-lit, distant horizon. It seemed like jugglery. And the artist seemed to feel a juggler's joy in a good trick. The picture had grown under Minozzi's hands, and was stamped into being, all in about twenty minutes.

These prints are called monotypes, because it is the rarest thing in the world for a plaque to give more than one impression. Even when a maximum of color, or a minimum pressure causes a plaque to retain enough of the design for a second impression to be made, the difference between the two 'types

> "Is as moonlight unto sunlight,
> And as water unto wine."

The second print is a faint and feeble version of the first.

A German painter, — the praised of the great Lenhardt, and a pupil of Robert Fleury, in Paris,—found "poetry, imagination, atmosphere, and nature-knowledge," in Minozzi's monotypes.

It is quite possible that the apparent "Nature-knowledge" is partly due to the process itself. Monotyping *may* supply for lack of study. Here, again, is a bait for the amateur. Of course this art needs experience and a great feeling for

art, — as well as a hand that obeys the brain promptly and unfailingly. Distinguished painters, as I have said, have attempted to monotype, and have failed ignominiously. But, then, they lacked experience in this curious, nascent art.

A French painter of repute has taken up this very "modern" art, — modern in its impressionism as in its date — and sends his monotypes to be sold by a dealer in London.

In a sea-piece monotype, which I did not see Minozzi at work upon, I thought the utility of his ball of wool was proved by a wild cloud of foam. To have drawn that intricate maze of curving lines would have been a very long and difficult process; whereas, with one dexterous sweep of his implement, the thing may have been accomplished!

Yet some people declare that the charm of the art of monotyping lies in its *difficulty*. Others say, with Dr. Johnson: "Difficult? sir! difficult? I wish it were *impossible!*" — meaning that art should owe nothing to luck. Monotyping certainly has its happy hazards. It is above all things an interesting art, with its surprises, its endless unlooked-for features. Say you have indicated a beech-tree. One of the dreaded "lumps" escapes your attention on the plate. The "mangle" may turn it into a blot that altogether destroys the print, or it may make a perfect crow's nest of that "lump." Lucky for you, then, if you have drawn the home-coming of "the clanging rookery," through your evening sky. One of the illustrations is from a photograph of the young (and generally laughing) painter, in a serious mood. The original of the study with reeds and trees is in sepia. An admiring painter thought it, "like a *Corot*."

A SYLVAN SCENE.

At an exhibition, last Spring, Minozzi sold some interesting polychrome monotypes; but, naturally, monochromes are safer, in this process. He is busy upon one or two large oil pictures, for the Milan Exhibition; and he works also, in distemper; and, with special pleasure, in pastelles.

My doubt about monotypes is this: Can they interest those who have not seen them *in the making*, even a hundredth part as much as those who have had the good fortune of standing sponsor for them (as it were), with their genial creator, Minozzi, discoursing upon his art, while he gives "demonstration lessons?"

THE ANGEL OF TOBIAS.

MRS. STEELE OFFERING HER MONEY TO GENERAL GREENE.

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

So, in the days of the past, when Liberty raised her voice,
Weak as a new-born babe in the cradle who wakes and calls,
And the tremulous accents ran through the beautiful land of her choice—
As into the heart of the mother the cry of her infant falls—
So did hand of the woman reach to hand of the man,
Helping with comfort and love, steeling his own for the strife;
Till the calm of his steadfast soul through his wavering pulses ran,
And the blow of the husband's arm was nerved from the heart of the wife.

—*M. E. Blake.*

"A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia a long time ago," said John Adams, writing to his wife, thus indirectly bearing witness to the value placed on woman's influence in the struggle for American independence. General Washington, in his letter of acknowledgment to the committee of ladies, put on record his opinion of their services. "The army ought not to regret its sacrifices or its sufferings, when they meet with so flattering a reward, as in the sympathy of your sex; nor can it fear that its interests will be neglected, when espoused by advocates as powerful as they are amiable."

Throughout the Revolution, wives and daughters promoted the spirit of patriotism. Many were the ways in which they manifested their devotion, from the feeding of the hungry patriots, to the equally feminine expression of partisanship made

by a Colonial maiden who flaunted thirteen plumes in her bonnet, in avowal of her sentiments. An association of North Carolina women signed a paper that called for no small sacrifice in those tea-drinking days:

"We, the Ladys of Edmonton, do hereby solemnly engage not to Conform to that Pernicious Custom of drinking Tea, or that we the aforesaid Ladys will not promote ye wear of any manufacture from England, until such time that all Acts which tend to enslave our Native Country shall be repealed."

tea, as is well known, having been the immediate cause of the contest with Great Britain. I offered her, however, a cup, and presented her with a paper case full of tea. This drove away all clouds between us."

A basket of potatoes, some good butter, and "three neat rooms with very good beds" marked the state of amity brought about by the foreign lady's diplomatic offering. Less happy was her meeting with the daughter of a Colonel Howe, "a detestable girl" though very pretty, and only fourteen years of age.

MRS. SCHUYLER FIRING HER CORN FIELDS.

Frederica De Riedesel, describing her efforts to secure food from the landlady of the house in which she found shelter, tells of the good woman's gradual yielding, as the needs of the children were urged upon her:

"By and by she softened, and offered me bread and butter. I made tea, and saw that the hostess looked at my teapot with a longing eye; for the Americans are very fond of that beverage; yet they had stoutly resolved not to drink any more, the tax on

"Sitting with her near the fire" relates the Baroness, "she said on a sudden, staring at the blaze, 'Oh, if I had here the King of England, with how much pleasure I could roast and eat him' —a cannibal yearning for which she was properly reprimanded by the indignant guest, who avows herself "almost ashamed to belong to a sex capable of indulging such fancies!"

A letter written by a lady of Phila-

delphia to a British officer in Boston, is instinct with the spirit of renunciation:

"My only brother I have sent to the camp with my prayers and blessings. I hope he will not disgrace me; I am confident he will behave with honor, and emulate the great examples he has before him; and had I twenty sons and brothers they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family; tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington; and what I never did before, have learned to knit, and am now making stockings of American wool for my servants; and this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea drinking and finery, to that great spirit of patriotism that actuates all degrees of people throughout this extensive continent."

"He is wanted," said a New England mother, as with her own hands she bound knapsack and blanket on the shoulders of her only son, a lad of sixteen, "he must go." Then, turning to her daughter, who begged, with tears, that her brother might remain to protect them — "You and I, Kate, have also service to do, for before to-night, hundreds, I hope thousands, will be on their way to join the Continental forces. Some who have travelled far will need refreshment, and you and I, with Mollie must feed as many as we can." When the weary patriots trudged by they had cause to bless the forethought of Dame Draper. Pans of bread and cheese and tubs of cider were ready for them, and their hostess presided over the long board spread by the roadside. At another halting place one hundred men were regaled on the contents of a huge brass kettle of hasty pudding, and the milk of a herd of cows, which the house-wife had gathered in the barn-yard to contribute their share to the impromptu breakfast.

In New Rochelle a mother melted all her pewter into bullets and gave them to her two sons, with the command to join the army. "Remember to do your duty," were the parting words of a wife, whose husband was about to join the troops. "I would rather hear that you were left a corpse on the field, than that you had played the part of a coward."

The services of women as spies were frequently availed of, and many a danger was guarded against through the timely information gleaned by the tireless feminine allies. A "sprightly maiden," Mary Redmond, under cover of a game of romps, wrested papers from a market boy, who carried despatches in the lining of his coat. Mary was an ardent rebel,

THE FATE OF JANE WELLS.

but withal fairly cautious, for her historian tells us that, when she was apprized of Burgoyne's surrender, the damsel, not daring to express her exultation openly, thrust her head up the chimney and cheered for General Gates.

"The worst rebels in New York," declared the surly marshal of the New York prison, annoyed by the persistence of the New York women who visited the prisoners, and left undone nothing that would ease their misery or aid their escape. The intrepid Quakeress, Deborah Franklin, who was banished from New York for her liberality in relieving the wants of the prisoners, was but one among many who came under the ban of the enemy's displeasure.

Scenes in the Wyoming valley form one of the darkest chapters in the history of a crucial period, but even the awful stress of such warfare did not daunt the heroic women who in the absence of the men became the protectors of their helpless ones.

On the night of the 3rd of July, a Mrs. Gould, with the women who still remained in Wyoming, sought refuge in the fort. Her brother-in-law, one of the brave men who survived the massacre, was with her family, but many of the terrified inhabitants had already fled. It was quite dark when they entered the fort, and so great were the terror and confusion that it was not perceived till they went in that a boy four years old, one of Mrs. Gould's children, was missing! The effect of this fearful discovery, on the mother, may be more readily imagined than described. Disregarding all remonstrances and entreaties not to expose herself to deadly peril, she set out immediately, alone and in the darkness, to search for the missing child. For

MOLL PITCHER AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

more than an hour she wandered, seeking him in every spot where it was likely he could have strayed; taking her path across the plain strewed with the dead and dying of the recent battle — where the savages, eager for blood, were still lurking — fearing only for her child, lest he might be lost in the river, or might have fallen into the hands of the merciless redmen. At last the little truant was found playing with some other children, on the banks of the river. Snatching him to her bosom the young mother hurried back to partial safety.

The next morning, realizing that their only hope lay in flight, the refugees in the fort prepared to depart. Mrs. Gould and her four children were placed on a bed, which was strapped to a horse that had belonged to Mr. Gould. Thus she entered on the memorable journey through a wilderness. Every pathway was thronged with women and children, and men too old to serve in the army. In one party of fugitives, numbering one hundred, there was only one man. "Paint the throng climbing the heights!" exclaims a writer, as he vividly depicts the scene, "hurrying on filled with terror, despair, and sorrow. Take a single group; the affrighted mother whose husband had fallen, an infant on her bosom, a child by the hand; an aged parent slowly climbing the rugged way behind her; hunger presses them sorely; in the rustling of every leaf they hear the approaching savage; the valley, all in flames behind them; their cottages, their barns, their harvests, all swept in the flood of ruin."

Mrs. Gould was moved beyond endurance by the misery surrounding her. With the prospect of a long and perilous journey before her, she dismounted, took down the children, and with the youngest in her arms, pursued her way on foot, leaving the horse for the use of those fugitives who, from sickness or old age, were unable to accomplish a journey of any length on foot, or even to make good their escape. With a heart filled with forebodings of evil, she turned her face towards the rising sun, and with her young children resumed the toilsome march seventy miles in length; sleeping at night under the canopy of heaven, subsisting on fruits of the forest and the handful of spoiled meal, which was all she had been able to secure in the way of provision for the journey. But her unfaltering trust was fixed on Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry. Sustained and guided by His protecting care, they at length reached the Delaware in safety.

At Cherry Valley the most wanton acts of cruelty were perpetrated. The murder of Jane Wells was an instance of the most savage ferocity. "She was a young lady not distinguished for her personal beauty, but endeared to her friends by her amiable disposition, and her Christian charities; one in whom the friendless found a friend and to whom the poor would always say 'God speed thee.'" Fleeing from the house, she tried to hide behind a wood pile, but was pursued by an Indian. As he approched he deliberately wiped his bloody knife upon his leggins, and then placed it in its sheath. Drawing his tomahawk he seized the girl by the arm, and, despite her pleading and the efforts of the servant who had come to her aid, he struck her to the earth. Mrs. Campbell, who was carried off by the Indians and kept in their village all winter, endured the anguish of having all her children taken from her, even to the infant that was torn from her grasp, its piercing cries coming back to her until they were lost in the distance. With great fortitude the bereft mother set herself the task of being useful to her captors, and succeeded so well that she won their favor. An Indian promised to give her a cap as a token of friendly feeling. He pulled

from behind a beam a cap of a smoky color, and told Mrs. Campbell that he had taken it from the head of a woman in Cherry Valley. She at once recognized it as having belonged to her friend, the unfortunate Jane Wells. It had a cut in the crown made by the tomahawk, and was spotted with blood. Though she shrank from the murderer, with horror, Mrs. Campbell took the gift, and returning to her cabin, tried to wash away the blood stains, intending to give the cap to the victim's friends, if any of them had escaped the massacre. This heroic woman was detained by the Indians for a year, but had the joy of being reunited with her children, all except one, who was with a branch of the Mohawk tribe. In June she was sent to Montreal, and there found the missing child, a boy seven years old, whom she had not seen since the day after the massacre at Cherry Valley. He had forgotten his native tongue, but remembered his mother, and expressed his joy in the Indian language. At Montreal the exchange of prisoners was effected, and in the fall Mrs. Campbell and her children reached Albany, where Colonel Campbell awaited their arrival. They remained there until the close of the war, when they returned to Cherry Valley, and began the world anew. Their lands had gone to waste, were overgrown with underbrush, and all else had been destroyed. They had no shelter, but hastily erected a log cabin. In the following summer a more comfortable log house was built, and here General Washington was entertained on his visit to Cherry Valley. Presenting her sons to him, Mrs. Campbell told the General that she would train them up to the service of their country, should their country ever need their services.

Two sons of Esther Skinner went forth to conflict, and were never again seen by their widowed mother. With her six surviving children she hastened to the waterside, to escape by boat. The little ones, half destitute of clothing "were ready to cry with the anguish of their bruised and lacerated feet, but the chidings of the wary mother, and the fear of being heard by the lurking savage, repressed their weeping, and made them tread in breathless silence their painful way." After travelling one hundred miles by water and nearly three hundred by land Mrs. Skinner reached her former home in Connecticut, and in narrating her experiences could be grateful for the shelter of "nice barns, with clean straw, where my children lodged very comfortably."

The heroism of Mrs. Steele, mother of gallant John Steele, makes a pretty tale, well worth the telling: When the coming of the enemy was announced, Mrs. Steele was engaged in combing the captain's hair. He boasted a remarkably fine head of hair. It was very long and of raven blackness, and was usually tied in a queue. John's important services to the whig cause, employing him both night and day, had of late left him little leisure for attention to his locks; they had been long uncombed, and probably showed very plainly the neglect they had experienced. The personal appearance of her son was a matter of pride to the matron, only less than her delight in his gallant conduct. While thus occupied, they heard the sharp crack of the rifle, followed immediately by Lockart's warning shouts, and the screams of the young girls who had been stationed in the field. In a moment after, several guns were fired in quick succession, and the girls were seen running towards the house, while the two divisions of the enemy, at no great distance behind them, could be perceived advancing through the standing corn. Not an instant was to be lost; yet such was the effect of sudden surprise on the brave men who, only two days before, had been taken unawares on Fishing Creek, that they seemed utterly

at a loss what to do. Mrs. Steele alone retained perfect self-possession. Starting up, she called to them, "You must fight!" but directly, seeing the confusion that prevailed, she shouted an order for them to "clear themselves" as fast as possible. She urged her son to mount his horse at once, and save the public papers in his charge, while she pulled down the bars to let him out with his men. John was quick in all his movements, and it may easily be conceived that no time was wasted. First in the saddle, he spurred his noble horse towards the bars, which he cleared at a bound — his mother having had no time yet to let them down — and galloped off. He was followed by the greater number of his men, for whom Mrs. Steele removed the bars as fast as she could; some, however, were slower in getting off, and paid the penalty of their delay, being now exposed to the fire of the advancing tories.

About fifty guns were discharged at the bars, and two of the whigs fell dead from their horses, bearing Mrs. Steele under them to the ground. One who could not get his horse, in leaping had part of his foot shot off. Another's hunting shirt filling with the wind as he rode, was riddled through and through with bullets that missed his body. Captain Steele, determined to cut his way through the assailants, rode foremost up the lane at full speed, his long hair, unfastened, streaming in the wind, his rifle in one hand, held high above his head in defiance of the foe. He was closely followed by those of his company who had escaped. The tories, startled by the fury of their onset, gave way and scattered from the road, nor were they able to rally till the fugitives were beyond their reach. The whigs who were then taken prisoners were carried to Camden; one or two died in the jail there, while others languished for seven months, suffering incredible cruelties.

Meanwhile the first thought of Mrs. Steele,— as she struggled to release herself from the weight of the dead bodies, rising from the ground covered with their blood, her dress pierced in different places with bullet holes — was for "John and the papers." When she heard they were safe, she burst into an exclamation of thankfulness, and as she was fortunately unhurt, turned her attention to the relief of others. The tories, enraged at their disappointment, with one accord turned their course to Mrs. Steele's house. This they burned to the ground, and destroyed her property of every description, where they could find anything belonging to her.

The captain often related this adventure, and said that while flying along the lane with his hair streaming, he thought of Absalom, and vowed, if he escaped his fate while passing under the trees, to sacrifice the hair which had brought him into such peril.

One of the patriotic efforts of the women of Fishing Creek neighborhood is worth remembrance. The rich lands were well adapted for the growth of wheat, which was extensively cultivated by the "Pennsylvania Irish" settlers. The harvest was in June; but all the men able to bear arms having taken the field, none remained to secure the crop, on which the support of their families depended:

"The young women, with spirit equal to that of their gallant brothers, formed a company of reapers for cutting and garnering the grain. They went day after day from one farm to another, and reaped the crop with the assistance of the matrons and a few old men. The only question they asked was, 'Is the owner out with the fighting men?' and an affirmative answer was sufficient to engage them at once in the labor. It was no small undertaking, five or six weeks of unceasing toil being necessary to gather in the harvest through the country. It seemed that Providence smiled on the generous enterprise; there were no storms during that period to ravage the fields, and it was related for years afterwards as very remarkable, that some of the crops of 1780 were secured several weeks after the grain was fully ripe."

Anne Elliott, "the beautiful rebel," the wearer of the thirteen plumes, had a brave heart and ready tongue.

At one time, when Colonel Lewis Morris was visiting at Accabee, the country seat of the Elliotts, the attention of the family was drawn to the windows by an unusual noise, and they perceived that the house was surrounded by the Black Dragoons, in search of the young officer, who had no time to escape. Miss Elliott went to one of the windows, opened it, and presenting herself to the view of the dragoons, demanded what they wanted. "We want the rebel!" was the reply. "Go and look for him in the American army!" answered the young girl. "How dare you disturb a family under the protection of both armies?" Her firmness and resolution conquered; and the enemy departed without further molestation. The marriage of Colonel Lewis and the dauntless Anne was one of the romantic happenings that brightened even the records of war.

An interesting anecdote is told of General Greene's experience of the devotion and patriotism of the keeper of the hotel at Salisbury.

His aids having been despatched to different parts of the retreating army, the General rode on with a heavy heart to Salisbury. It had been raining during the day, and his soaked and soiled garments and appearance of exhaustion as he wearily dismounted from his jaded horse at the door of the principal hotel, showed that he had suffered much from exposure to the storm, fatigue, and harassing anxiety. Dr. Reed, who had charge of the sick and wounded prisoners was engaged in writing paroles for such of the officers as could not go on. From his apartment overlooking the main street he saw his friend, unaccompanied by his aids, ride up and alight; and hastened to receive him as he entered the house. Startled by his dispirited looks—he could not refrain from noticing them, with anxious inquiries; to which the wearied soldier replied: "Yes—fatigued—hungry—alone, and penniless!"

The melancholy reply was heard by one determined to prove, by the generous assistance proffered in time of need, that no reverse could dim the flame of disinterested patriotism. General Greene had hardly taken his seat at the well-spread table, when Mrs. Steele, the landlady of the hotel, entered the room, and carefully closed the door behind her. Approaching her distinguished guest, she reminded him of the despondent words he had uttered, implying, as she thought, a distrust of the devotion of his friends, through every calamity, to the cause. Money, too, she declared he should have, and drew from under her apron two small bags full of specie, probably the earnings of years. "Take these," said she, "for you will want them, and I can do without them."

"She has seven sons in the rebel army," said an English officer by way of excuse for permitting the plundering of the farm and the burning of the house owned by the Widow Brevard. Another mother when asked how many sons she had answered eight, and added proudly, "Seven of them are engaged in the service of their country." "Really, madam," said the officer, sneeringly, "you have enough of them." "No, sir," said the matron proudly, "I wish I had fifty."

Lord Rawdon, importuned by the valiant Mrs. McCalla for permission to see her husband, brutally declared that he "would rather hang such rebels than eat his breakfast," but finally gave grudging consent to an interview. "She can cry, and she can fight, too," he declared to Major Doyle. "Did you see the look she gave me? Major, such a woman might do harm; she must not be permitted to pass and re-pass, unless some one of the officers is with her, she must stay only ten minutes, and it must be in your pres-

ence." In her ten minutes grace Mrs. McCalla informed herself as to the needs of the prisoners, and, returning home, she immediately took measures for their relief, to such effect that within a short time she set out again for Camden, with a neighbor, and each woman drove before her a pack horse, laden with provisions and clothing.

Near the frontier of Georgia lived Nancy Hart, whose heroism is commemorated in the naming of the stream "War-Woman's Creek." Being accused of harboring a noted rebel, Nancy admitted her agency in securing his escape, and even taunted the loyalists with the trick she had played upon them. Her boldness did not please the tories, but being hungry they contented themselves with commanding her to prepare food for them. She replied that she never fed traitors and king's men if she could help it, and added that the depredations of the enemy had put it out of her power to feed even her own family, as all her pigs and poultry had been killed "except that one old gobbler you see in the yard." "And that you shall cook for us," said one who appeared to be the leader, and raising his musket he shot down the turkey, which another man brought to Nancy, ordering her to cook it without delay. She protested, but finally consented, and enlisting the aid of her daughter, a child of ten years, she began her preparations. Hidden in a stump near the spring was a conch-shell used by the family to notify Hart or his neighbors, when working at a distance, that the tories were about, and variations in the call indicated that he was needed at the cabin, or that he was to keep close, or "make tracks" for the swamp. While bustling around the hearth Nancy instructed the child to bring some water, and to blow the conch, giving her father warning of the presence of the unwelcome guests. The little girl obeyed. While the men made merry over the gobbler and a jug of liquor, their hostess waited on them, and occasionally passed between them and their muskets. More water was called for by the revellers, and again Sukey went to the spring, by her mother's orders, but this time the signal she blew was a summons to the cabin. In the meantime the mother, taking out the "chinking" between the logs of the cabin, passed out two of the five guns, and was putting out the third when she was detected. The men sprang to their feet, but quick as a thought Mrs. Hart brought the piece to her shoulder, and threatened to kill the first man who approached her, a threat she promptly carried out as one of the men moved towards her. "Daddy and them will soon be here," reported Sukey, as she picked up the remaining gun and carried it outside. The trapped tories proposed a general rush, and again the woman fired, her aim bringing down another of the enemy. Sukey stood by with musket ready for her mother, who posting herself in the doorway called upon the party "to surrender to a woman." They agreed to surrender, but unwilling to trust them Nancy stood guard over them until her husband came, with three neighbors. Summary vengeance was wreaked upon the captives. "Poor Nancy," said one who had known her, relating this story of her courage, long years after the Revolution, "she was a honey of a patriot — but a devil of a wife."

Little Sukey giving signals and handing guns showed herself familiar with the exigencies of frontier life, but even in play the spirit of war seemed to dominate the thoughts and acts of the children of the Revolution. The Marquis de Chastellux describing the treatment accorded Burgoyne and his staff by Mrs. Schuyler, wife of the general, tells of her efforts to alleviate the distress of the prisoners. In the apartment assigned to Burgoyne several mattresses were spread for his officers, and here they were found

by Master Schuyler "a little fellow, about seven years old, very arch and forward, but very amiable. Opening the door of the saloon, he burst out a laughing on seeing all the English collected, and shut it after him, exclaiming 'You are all my prisoners.'" Mrs. Schuyler showed a fine spirit of forbearance toward the enemy, and her graceful courtesy was felt and acknowledged by the British officers. Her resolution and courage had been shown some time before, when the Continental army was obliged to retreat from Fort Edward, before Burgoyne. She went herself, from Albany to Saratoga, in her chariot, to see to the removal of her furniture, and while there received instructions from her husband to set fire with her own hands to his extensive fields of wheat, and to request his tenants and others to follow her example with their fields rather than have the crops reaped by the foe.

Hannah Erwin Israel, wife of Israel Israel, was nineteen years of age, and about to become a mother, when her husband was arrested as a spy, and accused of seditious language. He had been heard to say that he would sooner drive his cattle as a present to General Washington than receive thousands of dollars for them in British gold. He was carried on board the frigate, and treated with the utmost severity. The young wife developed heroic qualities in those trying days. Her loyalty to her husband made her determine that not one of his cattle should be taken by the British, and when she saw the soldiers advance towards the meadow, she started off, determined to baffle them, even at the peril of her life. Letting down the bars she ran to drive the herd to the opening. The soldiers threatened to shoot. "Fire away," was her response, and the balls flew thickly about her. The frightened cattle ran in every direction. "This way," she called to the little boy who had accompanied her. "This way, Joe. Head them there. Stop them, Joe. Do not let one escape." And not one did escape. The bullets whistled around them, so scaring the child that he fell to the ground, whereupon Mrs. Israel seized him by the arm, lifted him over the fence, and drove the cattle into the barn yard. The baffled assailants, fearing the wrath of the neighbors, returned, disappointed, to the ships.

Miss Nancy Jackson, who lived in the Irish settlement near Fairforest Creek, has a record in history for the robust quality of her opposition. She kicked a Tory down the steps as he was descending with a load of plunder. In a great rage he threatened to send the Hessians there next day, and the athletic Nancy decided to be absent, taking refuge with acquaintances, some miles away. Samuel McJunkin, a staunch patriot, but too old for the battle-field, gave compulsory shelter to a foraging party, who stayed all night, and attempted the next morning to carry off all the bed-clothes and wearing apparel in the house. The last article seized was a bed-quilt, which one Bill Haynesworth placed upon his horse. Jane McJunkin, the patriot's daughter, seized it, and a struggle ensued, the combatants being encouraged by the cries of the amused soldiers — "Well done, woman!" "Well done, Bill!" The colonel swore that Jane should have the quilt if she could take it from the soldier — which she did. Bill's foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, panting, whereupon Jane placed one foot upon his breast, and wrenched the quilt from his grasp.

Another thrifty, careful homemaker, Mrs. Caldwell, was equally resolute in defending her treasures, and when a soldier drew from the drawer her best table cloth intending to take it with him the intrepid owner seized it, and after a very uneven struggle secured it, the officer in charge commanding the soldier to let go.

Not only were these ladies ready with

their hands, but they had also a disconcerting fluency and sharpness of speech that stung the enemy, and at times angered them to the extent of punishing the offenders. Witness the penalty paid by the vivacious Mrs. Brewton. Being asked by a British officer for news from the country she replied that, "all nature smiled for everything was *Greene,* down to Monk's Corner." This *bon mot* was noticed by an order for the lady to leave the city. The society of this "sprightly and fascinating widow" appears to have been much sought after by the more cultivated among the British officers, who enjoyed her wit, though often obliged to wince under her sarcasm. On one occasion when passing the house of Governor Rutledge, in company with an English officer, the widow tore a bit a crape from the flounce of her dress, and tied it to the front railing, expressing her conviction that the house, as well as the Governor's friends, ought to wear mourning. A few hours after this act of defiance, the lady was arrested and sent to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Willie Jones was another matron gifted with a pretty wit, as was also her sister, Mrs. Ashe. Tarleton who sneeringly remarked, in reference to Washington's size, that he should like to have an opportunity to see that man, was quickly reminded by Mrs. Ashe, "If you had looked behind you, Colonel Tarleton, at the battle of Cowpens, you would have had that pleasure." The taunt so moved the Colonel that involuntarily his hand sought the hilt of his sword.

Margaret Gaston, whose husband had been shot down in her presence, devoted herself with assiduous care to the training of her children. Though born in England, she had been educated in France. Her parents wishing her to have the advantage of Catholic training, placed her in a convent, where she passed many happy years. After leaving school she went to America to her brothers, and there she met and married Dr. Alexander Gaston. Though still young when left a widow she never married, and the anniversary of her husband's tragic death was observed by her as a day of fasting and prayer. When her son was seven or eight years old, a little schoolmate asked him why he "was always at the head of his class." "There is a reason," replied the boy. "But if I tell you you must promise to keep it a secret, and do as I do. Whenever I take up my book to study I first say a little prayer that my mother taught me, that I may be able to learn my lessons." He tried to teach the words to the dull pupil, but finding that he could not remember them, wrote out the prayer in the hope that his friend would be helped to get his lessons. Those were the days when young people sat up straight in the presence of their elders, and it is said of Mrs. Gaston that she never permitted her daughter or any of her juvenile friends to rest their shoulders against the back of a chair. During the last seven years of her life Mrs. Gaston seemed constantly engaged in preparing for eternity. A room in her house was fitted up as a chapel, and services were held whenever a priest visited that section of the country.

Washington's own mother afforded an example of greatness of character, and even to the latest hours of her life her distinguished son, chosen to rule the destinies of the United States, yielded to her will the most implicit obedience. Calmly she received the congratulations of the patriots, and when informed of the surrender of Cornwallis she lifted her hands towards heaven and exclaimed, "Thank God, war will now be ended, and peace, independence, and happiness bless our country." And when the Marquis de La Fayette bowed low before her, lavishing encomiums on his chief, she said, "I am not surprised at what

George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

Wearing a homespun gown, or ruling with easy sway
The world of fashion and pride, gilded by Fortune's sun,
Rich or poor, who asks, as we read the record to-day?
Lowly or great, who cares how the poor distinctions run?
Hallowed be every name in the roll of honor and fame,
Since on hearthstone and field they kindled the sacred fire,
Since with fostering breath they nurtured Liberty's flame
And set it aloft on the heights to which heroes' feet aspire.

Molly of Monmouth, staunch in the place of her fallen brave,
Drowning the cry of defeat in the lusty roar of her gun;
Rebecca, the Lady of Buckhead, who, eager for Freedom, gave
Home of her heart to the burning, and smiled when the work was done;
Abigail Adams of Quincy, noble of soul and race,
Reader of men and books, wielder of distaff and pen;
Martha Wilson of Jersey, moving with courtly grace
Deborah Sampson, fighting side by side with the men;

Frances Allen, the Tory, choosing the better part,
Led by Ethan, the daring, to follow his glorious way;
Elizabeth Zane of Wheeling, timid, yet brave of heart,
Bearing her burden of powder through smoke and flame of the fray!
Each, on the endless list, through length and breadth of the land,
Winning her deathless place on the golden scroll of time,
Fair as in old Greek days the women of Sparta stand
Linked with the heroes' fame and sharing their deeds sublime.

Stronger than we of to-day, in nerve and muscle and will,
Braver than we of to-day the burden of women to bear,
Glad from their wholesome breasts the soft mouths of children to fill,
Holding the crown of mother the proudest that women could wear;
Asking no larger sphere than that in which bravely shine
Sunshine of home and heart, stars of duty and love;
Full of a purer faith that rested in Truth Divine
And lifted their simple lives to glory of Heaven above.

. . . . . .

Well that with praise of the brave song of their triumph should blend!
Well that in joy of the land fame of their glory find part!
For theirs is the tone of the chord that holds its full strength to the end,
When music that dies on the ear still lingers and sings in the heart.

—*M. E. Blake.*

IN MEMORIAM. J. P. K.

BY W. T. K., S.J.

We were two, and he the younger—
Purer, fairer than I knew.
Now I know, with awe, the hunger
That God gave him for the true,

Deathless good; and how he stood
In an effluence divine,
Angel-like, his taintless blood
Fired by visions never mine.

We were two, but he is dead.
And I feel his presence now—
With the old toss of his head,
And the brown curls round his brow,

And the clear eyes, in whose deeps
Glowed that unknown light of old,
Mystic, as a lake that sleeps
In the shadows hills enfold.

And I know his arms are round me
Now as in the long ago;
And his spirit-eyes still sound me,
All my inner soul to know.

And his voice through all my sinning
Echoes still, and clear in hope;
He will guide me to the winning
Of that goal for which I grope.

Dearest, when the way is dreary
Here above thy covering sod,
I will close my eyes, world-weary,
And see thee, and through thee, God.

THE AMERICAN LEGACY.

BY NICHOLAS P. MURPHY.

The lawyer—a dry little man—said it was the strangest will he had ever helped to draw up. He felt he owed an apology to the relatives of the deceased for its peculiar phraseology. But they must please understand that he was not to blame. He had begged the testator to allow the terms to appear in the ordinary legal forms. He had argued, got angry even, but in vain. The stubborn old gentleman insisted on wording the will in his own way.

"I opposed him with the—er—greatest persistence, ladies and gentlemen, but in the end I was compelled to succumb," he concluded with a gesture of pained resignation as he slipped the tape band from the document.

A score of anxious eyes were on the lawyer at that moment. There sat Shaun Kelly, and old Regan, Susan Mullen, and Bridget Leary, and Frank Murtagh, and Tom Gaynor, with as many more again, all expectant of something out of the huge pile John Rooney was known to have inherited some years before, from an American uncle.

The deceased man's nearest relative was old Tom Gaynor, who it was said fully expected to come in for the bulk of the hoard. A proud, hard man was Tom, wealthy as wealth goes in rural Ireland, but as grasping of the penny as if he had nothing. The pride born of his wealth was shown in the way he treated suitors for the hand of his pretty daughter, Kitty. Decent, well-to-do farmers came seeking her, but old Tom would have none of them. It was said he was waiting till the possession of Rooney's money brought some of the big graziers of the neighborhood to his door, hat in hand, looking for Kitty.

Pretty Kitty, however, had already made her own choice, which by a certain lovable perversity was none other than Frank Murtagh, the very poorest of her suitors, himself also a relative of John Rooney. When his parents died, John had taken him in and reared him as his own son. It was said that the two men had failed to hit it off together in later years. Frank was a merry, light-hearted blade, and it was a matter of popular conjecture that his easy-going ways had alienated whatever affection old Rooney may have entertained for him originally, and in the scale of expectations he was put down at a very low altitude.

But all suspense on this important matter would soon be at an end, for the lawyer, having cleared his throat, now commenced to read the will, in a thin, piping voice.

" 'I, John Rooney, sound of mind, do herewith make this my last will and testament. There is some ready money in the bedroom cupboard. Of this I leave twenty-five pounds to Biddy Leary, a decent soul. And that mean grasping wretch, Susan Mullen—' 'Excuse me, Mrs. Mullen,' as a portentous snort sounded from the front benches, 'very discourteous I must own, but I assure you it would have been more so if it were not for my—er—representations. A very obstinate, peculiar man was the deceased gentleman—' "

"A cantankerous ould serpent, that's what he was, may the Heavens be his bed this night," cried Susan.

The lawyer went on: —

" 'I leave her a pound sterling just to give me a chance of saying what I think of her—' "

"Let him keep his pound then," cried

Susan, jumping to her feet and flinging from the room, her silk skirt making a noise like a rush of steam as she went.

The others watched Susan out of the door, then turned to listen to the lawyer, with increased expectation.

" 'To Pat Regan I leave the few sacks of oats in my barn. I know he likes oats, for he's taken enough out of that barn during the last few years to stock a granary—' Excuse me, Mr. Regan," in answer to a malediction from Pat, "but no—er—representation of mine would make Mr. Rooney forego that statement. Good day, sir," as Pat Regan bounced out of the room.

And so the will went on, dispensing small bequests and flouts in equal doses, until every relative had been mentioned but Frank Murtagh and old Tom Gaynor. The lawyer had paused to cough and take a sip of water. Then he resumed:—

" 'And to that sorra-may-care rascal, Frank Murtagh—' Excuse me, Mr. Murtagh—'I bequeath the house and land about it on condition that he does not sell it for less than two hundred pounds for the far field, and five hundred for the house and near field, and as this is about six times its value he is not likely to get anybody fool enough to buy it of him. And I give my old clothes—not a thing more—to that niggard, Tom Gaynor—' "

All eyes were turned on Tom, who, strange to say, took his treatment with perfect composure, except for a slight flush at the testator's personal reference. The lawyer gave a discreet cough.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Gaynor," he said. "These things are—er—as painful for me to utter as for you to hear, I assure you."

"Oh, go along, sir," said old Tom, in a quiet, good-tempered tone that set everyone in the room admiring and wondering. "Sure it's only what we might expect from ould John, God rest him. He was very conthrairy."

The lawyer bowed to Tom Gaynor and continued:—

" 'He treated me like a dog when I was poor, and fawned on me when he thought I had grown rich. And there's my old bamboo stick that I used for many years, I leave that to Frank Murtagh to belt'—my apologies, but belt is the—er—extraordinary word the testator insisted on using," mournfully protested the lawyer—" 'belt Tom Gaynor off these premises and lands if he dares to show his face on them. This duty I enjoin solemnly on Frank Murtagh, and if he fail to perform it everything I have left him goes to Cooldara chapel. And now I've bequeathed every penny I was possessed of, and much good may it do those that have got it.' "

And so the peculiar will came to an end. Astonishment gripped the room. What had become of the vast hoard that Rooney had received from America? All he had spent of it that the public knew was the amount for the purchase of the freehold of his farm under the Ashbourne Act. The amazed relatives eyed the lawyer expectantly, thinking he would suddenly spring something upon them by way of a surprise, but when they saw him stowing his papers in his bag, they rose and went off in twos and threes, chattering their consternation and surprise. Not a small amount of their wonder was expended on the calm way old Tom Gaynor had met the shattering of the expectations he was known to have entertained of Rooney's hoard.

But they would have ceased to wonder had they been privileged to know what was passing in Tom Gaynor's mind at that moment. On his way home he had paused at the road gate of one of Frank's fields and stood looking towards a hill-

ock, on the top whereof flourished a small tree. A satiric smile played on his lips.

"I'm too knowing for ye, John Rooney," said he. "I can see ye now, God be good to ye, as I saw ye that night six months ago, dhragging the big iron pot and burying it close to that tree there, and there it is now with the American money in it safe and sound for me when I like to go for it," and he gave a chuckle. "I'll go take a look to see the exact spot where the ould lad buried it."

Forgetting the terms of the will that warned him, under penalties, off the land, he crossed the gate. Frank, however, had perceived the movement from the kitchen window, and mindful of his testamentary obligations, snatched up the bamboo stick and charged down upon Tom, who thereupon regained the right side of the gate with alacrity. Frank was full of apologies for the harsh duty that had been imposed on him, but Tom made light of the matter, merely turning it to account to say a few indulgently sarcastic remarks about the queer eccentric nature of old John Rooney. All the time his eye glittered on the hillock.

Now, though the hiding place of the treasure was known to Tom, there was one great difficulty still in the way of its acquisition. To enter a man's field and take something out of it was nothing short of theft. Therefore, while the field belonged to another, Tom was debarred by the most elementary principles of honesty from attaching the treasure. The only resource left then was to wheedle Frank into selling the valuable piece of land. It chilled Tom to the marrow to recall the prohibitive price the will had put upon it as a condition of inheritance. But on further thought what did it signify after all? What were two hundred pounds to the thousands of the American money? Hesitating no longer he decided to see Frank and cajole him into parting with the precious field without delay.

The realization of this project was made easy by the appearance that evening of Frank Murtagh, bent on asking Tom to give him Kitty. When they were wrapped in the secrecy of the parlor, Tom craftily introduced his scheme. He was aware of Frank's circumstances he went on to say, and how small was the amount of ready money old John Rooney had left him to carry on the work of the farm. Knowing this he felt certain he would not be able to sleep o' nights if Frank's position was not made easier. He had thought the matter over and evolved a very good idea. It was to buy the far field of Frank, yes, even at the prohibitive price old Rooney had put upon it.

Frank, sorely in need of money, met the offer with mingled wonder and delight. He pointed out, however, the clause in the will that imposed on him the duty of "belting" Tom off the land should he intrude. Tom, however, was quick to inform him that this only applied to Frank so long as he was owner of the land. Once divested of his power of proprietorship, the obligation devolved by the will fell away from him.

When the matter was arranged, Frank took occasion to venture his proposal for Kitty. Tom's good humor at once evaporated. He shook his head severely.

"Don't let that idea into your head, my boy," said he. "Ye're no match for her. 'Tis one of them big graziers Kitty will be getting. No, no, thry somewhere else." Then, anxious to avoid offending Frank, he added in a softer tone. "Ye see, Kitty's only a young girl yet; she won't be on for marrying these years. An' sure aren't you time enough yourself, too? Musha, what hurry's on ye to get yerself spanchelled? Mebbe in a year

or two, ye'll be betther off than y'are now. Then come to me and we'll talk about Kitty."

This was more hopeful, and Frank's spirits rose even to the extent of bursting into a hearty fit of laughter when Tom added, "Who knows but ye'll be a millionaire by that time. Why, mebbe ye'll come across the American legacy somewhere hid away in the farm."

The day he entered into possession of the field was a great day for Tom. When all were abed that night he took a spade from the stable and cautiously made his way to the hillock where he had seen old John Rooney burying the iron pot. Feeling round the brow of the hill, he found the loose scraws of earth and knew that the treasure could not be more than two feet away from him. Seizing his spade he commenced excavating with feverish eagerness. In a very short time,—two minutes perhaps—the spade struck metal. The excitement of the moment made Tom pause, breathless. Sitting on a heap of mould he had thrown up he gaped at the dark gap in the earth, listening to the loud beating of his heart. But the reaction came in an instant. Again was he alive and full of vigor. Bending, he groped for the handle of the pot, and seizing it, dragged the vessel out of the hole. The mouth of the pot was merely covered with rough sacking, but with admirable self-restraint, Tom determined to refrain from making acquaintance with the contents till he had reached the friendly haven of his own kitchen. Let it be noted, too, that he carefully filled the hole and replaced the scraws to avoid arousing the suspicion of anybody passing that way—a very unlikely event.

Then he began the return journey. Carrying the spade in one hand and dragging the pot with the other, he groped, struggled, stumbled, till he had the treasure on the kitchen floor and the door closed and fastened.

With a cool deliberation, remarkable when the occasion is considered, Tom lit a lamp. Then he bent down, and with just a slight trembling of the fingers proceeded to untie the rope that bound the sacking. The knot was presently loosened, it fell away, off came the sacking, and Tom's eyes glared vacantly at —stones.

"It must be undherneath," he muttered hoarsely.

But when the contents were strewn on the floor, nothing was shown but stones, mingled with sand and ashes.

"The villain, the ould schaming rogue, full of thricks he always was," muttered Tom, and that was all he said during the half hour he sat staring wildly at the heap, occasionally turning with a start to hear in the chirrup of a cricket the jeering cackle of old John Rooney.

Presently he rose, cleared the rubbish into the yard, and went to bed.

Next morning, the first poignancy of his disappointment was passed. Indeed the matter that stood most prominently in his mind was the loss of the two hundred pounds he had paid for the field. But on further thought he was able to relieve his depression by the conclusion that he would have small difficulty in coaxing the amount from easy-going Frank, and so restore affairs to their original condition.

With this purpose in view he set out to call on Frank, quite forgetting the warning in the will, and the bamboo stick.

Frank, too, appeared to have permitted his testamentary duties to slip his memory, for he bade the old man welcome and haled him to the parlor with every demonstration of respect. The object of Tom's visit filled him with delighted speculation. Was it something

about Kitty? Had Tom repented of his harsh opposition?

His heart leaped wildly but grew calm enough again when Tom referred with mournful air to the matter of the purchase of the field as the reason of his call.

Tom thought fit to adopt an air of self-reproach. He was a fool, a man without deliberation, a creature of wild impulsive unreason. He had made the offer to Frank in a burst of generosity, but now, after much thought, it had been borne in upon him that he, poor man as he was, would not be doing justice to his child—he didn't care in the least about himself—but he felt he would be doing wrong to Kitty in thus depriving her inheritance—for she would have all after he died—of such a large sum as two hundred pounds.

The mention of Kitty was enough for Frank. Up he jumped, and going to the press in the corner extracted from a little box the check, just as Tom had handed it to him.

Tom's eyes glittered as he crushed it into his pocket.

"You're a thoroughbred, Frank," said he. "And if I can do anything for ye, my boy, command me."

"Give me Kitty, then," said Frank, promptly seizing the opportunity.

Good humor instantly fled the old man's face. It became hard, flinty. But conscious that he owed Frank something for the ready return of the check, he resorted to diplomatic evasion to smooth over the incident.

"Before I answer that, let me ask you a question," he said.

"Well!"

"Have you ever made a search for Rooney's money that he got by the American uncle?"

"Indeed I did. I searched everywhere in the house, but not a thrace of it could I find."

"But it must be somewhere, Frank. Ould John couldn't have taken it away with him."

"That's thrue."

"Well, now, just listen to this. If you find that money, I'll give you Kitty."

Frank's eyes rolled wildly in the excitement of the prospect this remark opened out to him. In one of these revolutions they encountered the bamboo stick. A chill struck him, for he was at once reminded of the duty imposed by the will which left him no alternative but to "belt" out of the house the man whom it was his best interest to propitiate. But though his soul girded at the task, the bamboo drew him as if the very spirit of old John Rooney possessed it.

"Sorry I am, Tom Gaynor, but ye must get out of this," he said, leaping to his feet and running to the corner. "Remember what the will said, man. You're to be belted out of this place every time ye come into it. Be off now if ye plaze. Quick, man! Sure it's not my fault, but it can't be helped any way."

Frank purposely fumbled with the stick to allow Tom to collect faculties grievously scattered by the abrupt outburst.

"Are ye gone?" cried Frank, waving the bamboo menacingly, as he swung round, just in time to see old Tom's coat-tails disappear through the door.

Down along the path sped Tom, with Frank not a yard behind, improving his position gradually by way of demonstrating that there was no deception in his effort. To give further evidence of his determination to carry out his testamentary obligations, he made a fierce blow at Tom, just as he flew through the gate. The blow missed Tom—as indeed it was intended to do—but struck the gate with terrific force.

Now in safe territory, Tom drew up, gasping for breath, while Frank gazed

ruefully at the bamboo, broken across the middle.

"Begor I've done for ould Rooney's bamboo," said he. "But what's this here?" gazing closely at the slit. "It's hollow within and there's something in it. What can it be?" he added, pulling out a long tube of papers.

"There's more of them here up the hollow," he said, throwing the papers on the ground, and proceeding to further investigation. "This is something ould Rooney hid here, I'll hould ye. What can it mane, I wondher?"

"Mane!" cried Tom, who had picked up the roll and opened it. "What can it mane!" with a hoarse shout. "It manes that these are bank notes for fifty pounds apiece, aye, and here are more for a hundhred."

The pair stood and gasped their astonishment.

"The American legacy," whispered Frank, when he had caught his breath.

"That's just what it is," returned Tom, vaulting from trembling excitement to genial enthusiasm. "Frank, my boy, I congratulate ye, ye're the richest man in the county this minyet."

"And—and—" murmured Frank.

Old Tom saw the question in the young man's eyes and cut his hesitation short with a laugh.

"Don't throuble to say another word," he said. "Kitty's yours, my boy, and my big blessing on ye both."

UPON THE HEIGHTS.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

I dreamt last night that I, and only I,
In all the universe of hidden things,
Was held exempt from all the bitter stings—
The carping cares, and griefs that sear and try
The souls of men; methought that I stood high
Among my kind; the great of earth-proud kings
Bent low before me. Ah, such homage brings
A glow of pleasure to the cheek and eye,
But never warms the heart. Upon a height
I watch'd the eager world go pulsing by;
Men looked, and passed—nor tarried in their flight
To touch my hand. I knew no grief—yet I
Grew sad. From all my kind I stood afar—
And wished myself an atom, not a star.

CALLED BACK.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

The rills and streams of Ireland! I hear them night and day,
Although, ochone, betwixt us lie long leagues of waters gray!
I hear them when the day is done, and in the dawning clear;
And through the din and stir of noon their silvery tones I hear.

I hear their bursts of laughter gay as fast they race and run
O'er rock and stone, down heath-clad hills that flame beneath the sun.
I hear their plaintive crooning by many a ruin old
When sings the thrush, and all the west's a sea of burnished gold.
They murmur soft, and soft they sing where violets peer and peep,
And stately lilies view their robes in waters clear and deep.
And how they linger in the vales where happy homesteads rise!
And how they hasten to the lakes that mirror back the skies!
I hear them lilting mirthfully when swallows o'er them pass,
And skylarks with ecstatic notes spring from the dew-wet grass;
And with their happy songs, or sad, by wood, and hill, and plain,
Their sudden sighs, their laughter light, they call me home again.

They reach my ears, they pierce my heart; and love of golden store,
And dreams of fame and honor high can rule my life no more.
The rivers of my own fair land are calling, calling me
Back to my home, poor though it is, beyond the cold, gray sea.

"THE GALLOPER." ACT II.

THE LAUGHING PLAY.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The end of the dramatic season was marked by the return to town of our most eminent actor and our cleverest actress, Richard Mansfield and Mrs. Fiske. With all their limitations these two have achieved distinction, and hold undisputed the first place in the slender galaxy of stars. Mansfield presented a round of familiar plays, among them two new ones, the *Don Carlos* of Schiller, and *The Misanthrope* of Moliere; and he touched all keys from *Beau Brummel* through *The Scarlet Letter* to *Richard III.* Nothing need be said of his work but praise. His achievement has added distinction to the American stage, even if the critics do not rave over it, as their predecessors were wont to rave over Forrest and Booth and Cushman. The taste of the hour is more exacting than formerly, though one may doubt if the critics are so well founded in their profession as in the earlier day. Mansfield is a colder creature than the stage usually brings forth, and has no personal following. Praise is given him stintedly. To a more generous temperament than his, with his rare accomplishment and splendid achievement, criticism would gush forth like a sparkling flood. Mansfield wants it not, being sufficient to himself and beloved of his audiences. He took the rather violent hints of his western critics, and changed the tone of *Don Carlos* from a bigoted misrepresentation of Catholic history to

MISS NANETTE COMSTOCK IN "THE GALLOPER."

a milder key, with a pleasing result. The poet Schiller seems to have been overcome in this play with the prevalent hostility to Catholic Spain, just as in his play of *Mary, Queen of Scots* his sympathy for misfortune put him for the time on the Catholic side. It is rumored that in a few years Mr. Mansfield will retire from public life and spend the remainder of his days in cultivating an amiable disposition. This he can afford to do with his fine income and assured fame.

Mrs. Fiske reappeared in her touching melodrama of *Leah Kleschna.* She has devoted the past two seasons to making money, shelving Ibsen and other intellectual coruscations until the treasury is full. Like most of the subtle-minded actors of the time she has a great fondness for Ibsen, and plays *Hedda Gabler* with fiendish malice. There is a popular belief among the select that *Hedda Gabler* stands for depth of feeling and richness of symbolism, and that the greatest actress could not exhaust its profundity. "One thing it has taught me," shouted a lady at a recent discussion of the play, "is to fear myself." Self-distrust is not a new doctrine. Dr. James J. Walsh, medical man, journalist, lecturer and wit, said to me not long ago: "Ibsen certainly studied up special diseases for his so-called social dramas, and describes their progress accurately. In *Ghosts* he deals with paresis and in *Hedda Gabler* with puerperal mania." It is not the first time that the conceited critics and the clever actors have mistaken the symptoms of disease for evidences of profound intellectuality; but it would be a frightful shock to Mrs. Fiske to learn that Hedda Gabler needed the diagnosis of a physician rather than the analysis of a leading actress. During her brief stay in town our leading actress portrayed only money-making *Leah Kleschna* and the volatile but entertaining *Becky Sharpe.* Next year she promises to do things.

Meanwhile the fancy of the public has undergone the usual and expected change. Comic opera has been shelved to make way for farce, which in its most aggravated forms is ravaging Broadway. The scattered theatres of the purlieus and the suburbs have abandoned musical nightmare for the old-fashioned melodrama. The change will be beneficial, because any change from the absurdities of comic opera, which was not comic, and musical farce, which was almost funereal, would be healthful. The stars of comic opera have turned into legitimate comedy and farce, and the performing monkeys of musical farce have taken to vaudeville. The thrill is the favorite in one class, and the laugh in another. The motto of

Broadway has been provided by a quotation from Mr. Louis Mann: "It is to laugh!" It is no joke to make the denizens of Broadway laugh from sheer enjoyment. This fact is so well known that for many decades our dramatists have avoided the farce pure and simple, as it was known in the earlier period. Augustine Daly used to translate his from the German and adapt them to his company and his audiences. They were funny enough in all conscience, but it is doubtful if success awaited them outside of Daly's. In some inexplicable fashion five varieties of farce are now flourishing on the American stage.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN "THE GALLOPER."

Mr. Raymond Hitchcock amused his admirers for a few months in *The Galloper,* a farce from the golden pen of Richard Harding Davis. The actor was the only valuable quality in it. Hitchcock is a born humorist, who has yet to prove that he is a real comedian. In the part of a newspaper correspondent, following the Greek army in the last war with the Turks he was called upon to do the usual lying which forms the warp and woof of most modern farces. The play was beautifully mounted, resplendent with Greek and Turkish uniforms, Grecian skies and emerald seas, lively characters, if a little foolish, and frisky incidents crowding upon one another too fast for analysis or pleasure. They would not have stood analysis. Mr. Hitchcock as The Galloper lied and lied, and fell into a reputation for bravery without having really earned it; but he found a fortune and a wife, and amid much laughter from the first act to the last left the impression that he and she lived happily ever after. The play itself left no impression at all, except that of expensive futility. Richard Harding Davis has achieved the success of earning a large income in journalism and the drama, but so far he has given no sign of owning other qualities than the commercial. He and Dooley were once introduced to each other.

"Strange," said Davis, "what ideas one gets of an author through his writings. I always pictured you with red hair and Galways."

"Same here," replied the nonchalant Dooley. "I always pictured you in shirt waist and panties."

On the other hand *Brown of Harvard,* by a young lady of lesser experience and no literary reputation, Mrs. James Young, wife of the actor, won something like success under the management of Mr. Henry Miller. It is rather a play than a farce, but the wild exploits of

the students and the light touch of the dramatist give it the expression of elegant farce. The college scenes are charming, funny, and at the same time exciting; the character sketching is admirably done; and there is considerable moral fibre in the play. The antics of the students and the originality of the boy are well set forth. For example Tom Brown, finding his dear girl monopolized by the dandy of the college, bribes a heavy youth to draw the rival off in some other direction; in which the heavy youth fails completely by the diplomatic way; whereupon he summons his fellows, who for a lark lift the dandy out of a flowery speech and carry him off on their shoulders, violently protesting against the outrage. In this play the son of Henry Miller made his debut as an actor, a serious-looking youth of twenty who enjoys the honor of being the grandson of Matilda Heron, a Catholic actress of fifty years ago. His mother is a good Catholic and was long known to the stage as Bijou Heron. John Heron Miller ought to score, if heredity and the right training are of real service. No better tribute to modern stage methods could be paid than by the presentation of *Brown of Harvard.* The selection of the players was so accurate that it became well night impossible to accept them as other than actual Harvard students, with the grace and awkwardness, the frank eccentricity, the mannerisms and audacity, peculiar to their age and condition. As George Ade's college play turns upon a football game so *Brown of Harvard* is mostly concerned with an international boat race. The stroke of Harvard fails at the last moment and the hero has to take his place; but he wins the race for his college in spite of some physical drawbacks. The quarters of the Harvard crew, the tremendous excitement of the crowd as the stroke rushes away to save his sister from shame, the leaping into the breach of the hero, and the crowning victory, are all admirably portrayed; and Harry Woodruff as Tom Brown makes that appeal to the audience, by fine acting and sincere feeling, which insures the success of the drama.

When Mr. Francis Wilson is in town, however, the laugh may be said to center on him. This year with his *Mountain Climber* he has set the whole city laughing. He was made to stir up the bubbling spring of laughter, when time and care have almost sealed it up forever. In private life he looks like a subdued gentleman upon whom the burden of life has fallen rather heavily; on the stage all his personality turns to mirth, and he seems constantly on the verge of becoming a concrete laugh. The authors of the *Mountain Climber* gave us an old theme, but handled it in a most effective fashion. Montague Sibsey is a comfortable Londoner who won his romantic wife by writing her letters from Switzerland, in which he described his wonderful feats of mountaineering. The letters were cribbed from a book written by a real Alp-climber, Walter Lydbrook, and so affected the charming widow with two daughters that she married Montague, offhand. The play opens with the celebration of an anniversary, of which the most awkward souvenir is a little book entitled *Mountain Climbing* by Montague Sibsey. It contains the letters cribbed by unlucky Montague. Its publication leads to consequences. He is acclaimed a hero, and an Alpine club commissions him to scale the Herrenthaler, never yet stained by the foot of man; the journals write him up extensively, and the most enterprising sends a photographer to secure his portrait on the eve of his departure for the Alps. Being a realist the photographer insists on building a photographic mountain of tables and

chairs covered by sheets and table-linen; his relatives and friends forcibly clothe Sibsey in his Alpine togs and shove him up the improvised mountain; and thus is his picture taken on the only mountain which he had ever climbed in his career.

As a sensible man Montague is fully alive to the dangers of his situation. He is between the devil and the deep sea, with an outraged author looking for step-daughter. The preparations for climbing the Herrenthaler go on apace. Montague makes a deal with the guide, by which a brave mountaineer is to take his place and put on his clothes when they reach a certain point in the upward climb; and then Montague is to return to the chalet and go to bed in comfort, stealing forth about midday for the supposed return from the Herrenthaler. May Robson as Mrs. Montague Sibsey

"THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER." ACT I. THE SIBSEY FAMILY.

him on one side, and on the other an escort of relatives and enthusiasts waiting for him to cross the terrible Herrenthaler. The second act opens in the chalet of a Swiss guide, to which all parties have come for the great performance. The outraged author is there too, and his interview with Montague is appalling. He is saved by the fact that Lydbrook is in love with his was as funny as her husband. She weakened at the last moment and begged him to forego his dangerous enterprise; but in lofty language the heroic Montague declined to surrender. He went off amid great enthusiasm, watched by the little group of relatives; and ten minutes later he stole back unseen, climbed into the attic by means of a ladder, put on his night-robe and went to

"THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER" ACT II.

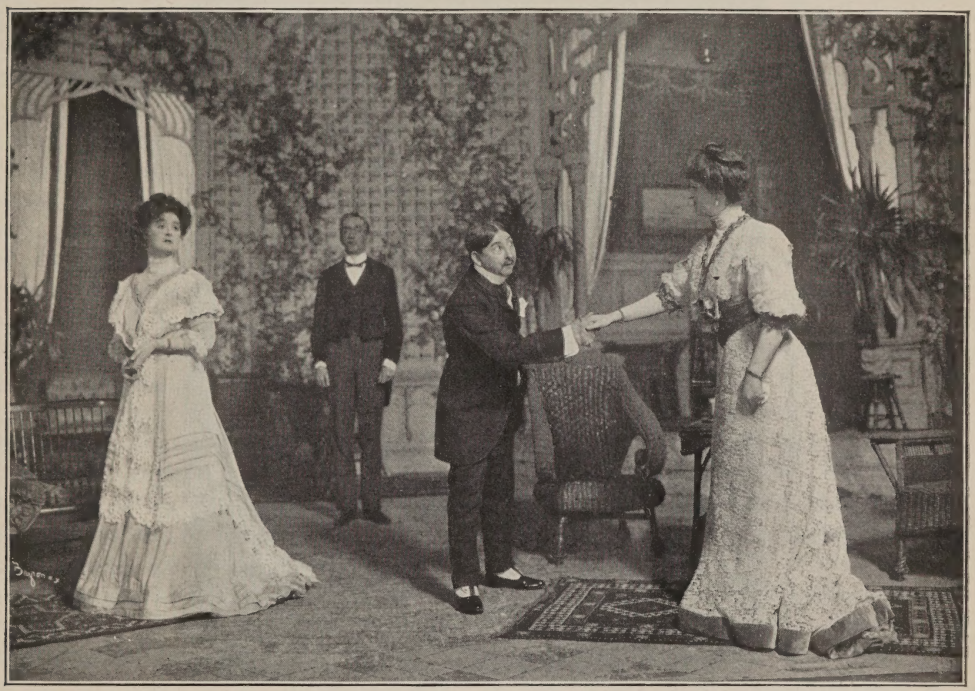
bed. The watchers meanwhile grew nervous, and Betty went into hysterics as she saw the form of Montague wrapped in a winding-sheet, in a vision as it were. "A presentiment of coming woe," cried Mrs. Montague wildly, and then she shrieked with horror at the spectre of her Monty, leaning over the upper verandah of the chalet in his white night-robe. "The winding-sheet!" was her horrified cry as the curtain fell.

Montague was never discovered. He returned from Switzerland crowned with glory, bought the silence of Lydbrook by helping him to win his step-daughter, and cheerfully assented to his wife's demand that he should never risk his life on a mountain again. This is a typical American farce, not easy to analyze. It is touch and go all the time. No time is given for thought, for the enjoyment of character, except in the case of May Robson, who insists on differentiation. The effort seems to be ever towards the provoking of the unwilling laugh, and the cumulative effect is a tension that induces weariness. It is doubtful if one would care to see *The Mountain Climber* a second time, unless for an enjoyable study of Francis Wilson and May Robson.

There came to town during the winter a farce of another character, which had won a reputation in London before Mr. Hackett presented it to American audiences. It was an English farce in three acts, by an English author, R. C. Carton, and was played by an English company. Its instant success in New York amazed the managers, who are very easily amazed. After having seen it no one wonders at its success, which seems to be secured by methods the very opposite of those employed in *The Mountain Climber.*

The first act is so deliberate that it might easily be taken for the prologue to a melodrama. One gets acquainted with the amiable Duke of Braceborough and his patient and no less amiable Duchess; with Lady Thyra, their well-bred niece, Lord Gawthorne, her remote admirer, and the Honorable Otho Dursingham, the trainer of Mr. Hopkinson, from whom the farce takes its name. The Duke wonders if his wife would give him ten minutes of her valuable time to discuss an important business matter. Although they live in the same house he has not seen her in a month. She graciously gives him the ten minutes, and chats with him like an old

friend. They are charmed with each other, and she invites him to attend the dinner which is engaging her time that evening. He inquires affectionately about her designs for spending the summer, and is really glad to learn that they will accidentally meet for a week in the country house of a friend. She must go shooting with him, she must indeed. He bids her good evening with the enthusiastic remark that he had not so enjoyed ten minutes in a long time. Gawthorne flirts with Lady Thyra. Otho tells the Duchess of the immense fortune into which Samuel Hopkinson has stepped after a life of simple poverty as a butcher's boy at six shillings a week. Her Grace is interested and begs to see him. Into this scene Mr. Hopkinson is introduced. It is a most effective entrance, at the moment when one has become as it were intimate with the household of the Duchess. Mr. Hopkinson gives one the impression that a character from Dickens has escaped from the book, a relative of Sairey Gamp, a boon companion of Micawber, a fellow lodger of Dick Swiveller. His appearance is quite indescribable, his interview with the Duchess defies print, his entrance into society under her guidance is as natural as it is practically inconceivable. He becomes engaged to Lady Thyra and the day of the wedding is fixed. Two trials come to flout his good fortune: he has to meet the Earl of Addleton, his future father-in-law, and his former fiancee, Eliza Dibbs, is engaged as Lady Thyra's maid for the honeymoon tour. Nothing funnier has ever been put upon the stage than the interview between the Cad and the Earl; nothing ever burlesqued better the expression of human horror than Hopkinson's antics when he came face to face with Eliza Dibbs. The third act is de-



"MR. HOPKINSON." ACT II.

voted to the arrangement of the marriage settlements, and all the characters are present with the exception of Lady Thyra and Lord Gawthorne, who have gone off to be married in private. The Duke and the Duchess, the Earl and the Solicitor, Hopkinson and Eliza Dibbs, have it out among themselves; and in the end their labors are vain for Lord and Lady Gawthorne arrive with the information of their marriage and their journey to the continent. With perfect politeness the nobility bids Hopkinson adieu, and he in his confusion turns again to Eliza Dibbs and makes her his wife.

"MR. HOPKINSON."

Dallas Welford as Mr. Hopkinson.

Annie Hughes as Eliza Dibbs.

The deliberateness of each incident is matched by the seriousness of the characters, who never laugh at Hopkinson, and seem to take him as seriously as he takes himself. They do not see themselves as the audience sees them. There is no extravagance of speech, action or incident. All the forms of well-bred society are observed. There is no vulgarity, no horse-play. One may not laugh at or with the nobles. Nevertheless the very fount of laughter is opened, and the audience fairly screams. Miss Hughes as Eliza Dibbs is perfect, and Dallas Welford as Hopkinson surpasses imagination. The laughing play has the field almost to itself at present, and the English farce with its English company easily takes first place for literary and artistic merit, and as a provoker of mirth.

MAURICE, JR.

BY MARY WEST.

I.

THE VINE OF THE GARDEN.

When Mademoiselle Cecile Ducros wedded Mr. Maurice Ronayne, there were many who pronounced it a most unsuitable match and declared that nothing good would result therefrom. Indeed there were a few croakers who predicted that some untoward event would be the sequel.

Cecile Ducros was French and petite and pretty, with an ardent, emotional, undisciplined nature; Maurice Ronayne was Irish, and corpulent and plain—with a temperament hard to read at sight, yet which those who knew him best pronounced stolid and unimpressionable.

Whatever force of attraction had drawn these two together was a mystery to their friends. The good-natured dismissed the discussion with a laugh and an allusion to the well-known maxim that "Love is blind." The evil-minded suggested on the one side that Maurice needed a wife and asserted on the other that although Cecile had beauty and came of good family yet that there was nothing back of her in the way of means, and that she had married for sordid and prudential reasons. Maurice Ronayne was a man in affluent circumstances.

Before I say any more, perhaps it would be well to state my authority for the facts of this little story. Since childhood, certain persons have said to me, if I tried to romance the least bit, "But, my dear! are you not exaggerating?—From whom have you heard this?—Learn to make accurate statements," etc.

For the benefit of all such students of the exact sciences then, let me say that 'twas the groom's-first husband's-second-cousin's-boy who related, for me, what follows. Surely a reliable source of information.

In passing, let me say a good word for one who was most sincere and upright and truthful. A charming narrator, too—whose only fault was that he became too reticent and retiring in the most thrilling parts of the narrative—and he had an absurd little trick of saying, "But now shall we drop the veil?" when you were most anxious to see what was happening, without the intervention of any foreign substance. But I shall not quarrel with one who was most kind to me.

To proceed then with this strange history,—in spite of all the dissatisfaction and evil prediction, everybody,—even the malcontents and croakers—declared that the sweet little Cecile looked most happy on her bridal morn, tremulously happy and content, and that the big Maurice looked happy, too—in a stolid kind of way. The onlookers did not soon forget the picture.

The years passed, and apparently the match turned out well. Two little daughters were born to them—fair, lovely, little girls, resembling their mother—but they died in childhood. Then, late in life, when Maurice Ronayne was somewhat aging and his wife comparatively a young woman, a third child was born—also a little daughter—and it is with her that these pages are concerned.

The groom's-second cousin's-first husband's-boy told me that while the world never knew the truth—barely suspected it in fact—the match really had not proved a happy one—and the first few years were utterly trying and heartrending to Cecile. She found that she had

won a good man and a good provider, but the sum of his perfections as a husband began and ended there.

He was far from being the mate that so confiding and ardent a soul as hers craved. There was never community of tastes between them, nor congenial pursuits, and the young wife wept all the lustre from her pretty eyes, and watched the threads of gray mingle among her golden tresses—the while stifling the thought, lest it be treason, that she had made a mistake, and putting on a brave front to the world.

To give an instance of the contrariness of Maurice Ronayne. He had married a woman who was the soul of music from her dainty fingers to her lithesome feet. But she loved classical music best—the heights and deeps of which were utterly beyond the intellect of her husband. He denounced it all as heathenish and forbade her to indulge herself that way. If she played selections from some opera, a nocturne or stately minuet, he would call in strident tones for a jig or a "come-all-ye," and nothing else would suit him.

This single instance gives a general idea of the tenor of their lives.

At first Madame Cecile shed passionate tears and gave way to little fits of temper, as was her wont when crossed at all in the old days at home, when she had been a spoiled and petted child. These did her no good, she found, and failed to soften her lord and master. Not that he ever openly abused or ill-treated her—but he failed utterly to sympathize with any of her tastes. He could not rise to her ideals—she could not stoop to his views of life. Their souls drifted apart.

The groom's-second husband's—of course I mean the groom's second cousin's—would you mind, by the way, if I do not keep repeating such a round about authority? Besides, simply to say the Boy is more direct—and it means just as much—at least to me.

The Boy told me, then, that at last poor Cecile conquered her nature and her emotions and became quite a disciplined little wife—ready to obey the least nod or behest of her husband, while crushing her own feelings. They began to get on tolerably well, with only occasional differences, as you shall see.

In their home was an old servant who had lived in the Ronayne household since Maurice was a child. She had been much opposed to the match which she called a "mixed marriage"—and the worst mixture of all, she would say, is "Frinch-Irish." Her master had become imbued with the prejudice of the old domestic and had gotten into the habit of attributing everything that went wrong to his "Frinch-Irish alliance."

At the time of the birth of the subject of this sketch, agitators were discussing the question (as they do at frequent intervals) "Is Marriage a Failure?"—Whatever street door you went to, you would be sure to find an insinuating little tract with the title aforesaid lying at your feet.

It was very aggravating to say the least, for if you *were* married and had indeed found it a failure, you did not wish to be reminded of it every other minute, and if you were contemplating such a step, the sight of said tract was apt to bid you pause.

On the morning of which I speak, Maurice Ronayne met with this identical experience—for in an unsettled frame of mind while he was taking a peep at the weather, an innocent-looking circular was blown into his face by the wind, whence it fell humbly to his feet. He picked it up irascibly and read laboriously, without his glasses,

"Is Mar-riage A Fail-ure?"

He immediately flew into a rage and

began to tear the paper into minute bits —a work of art which necessitated so long an absence that after some delay old Ellish came to look for him.

"Come in and see your new daughter," she suggested.

Maurice Ronayne groaned. "French-Irish again," he muttered, "a bad combination and—squalls."

Then for the first time in her life old Ellish was known to laugh long and heartily. "You're wrong," she said—"It's Irish-Frinch this time and the sweetest thing you ever laid eyes on. The living, breathing image of yourself, too."

Her master out-distanced the old servant hobbling up the stairs, in a worthy ambition to view the "living, breathing image of himself."

Well, he was disappointed. Not the slightest resemblance to himself could he trace in form or feature—yet it was gratifying to him that others saw it—but when the mite seized his finger in a painful grip, he always declared, (this trait has been related before of other renowned children), they were sworn allies on the spot—ay, comrades, mates, playfellows and souls akin for evermore.

"Maurice," whispered the timid wife, "I hoped this—this time it might be—different."

"Woman, say no more," retorted her spouse, but with such a gentle voice and withal a wave of the hand as if dismissing so trivial a matter that the patient little mother sweetly closed her eyes and fell asleep.

From that moment was noted a great change in Maurice Ronayne. Patient where he had been hasty—diffident rather than domineering—courteous instead of brusque—he went tiptoeing about the house with a vague smile upon his lips. At meal times he turned quite unaccountable. For he who had been such a good liver was observed several times eating soup with a fork as if to get as little of it as possible, and Ellish groaned over the untasted cups of coffee thickly salted and peppered which she had to throw away.

But when one evening, her master smilingly emptied the contents of the gravy boat into his napkin ring and thence on her snowy cloth, the long suffering Ellish lifted her voice.

"Maurice Ronayne, there'll be war in this camp, I say, unless you mend your manners."

He waggishly shook his head. "War? —but the Irish conquered in the fight, and she looks like me."

The climax came with the christening day. That morning Maurice Ronayne approached his wife with a diffidence that was far from his usual blustering manner.

"Cecile"—(he rarely called her thus—it was mostly "Madame," or "Woman").

She looked up with a pleased smile. "Well, Maurice?"

"Would you mind if I had the—the naming of my little Irish lass?—You named the others because—I did not care. They were French—and yours."

"My dear Maurice, it would give me the greatest joy to please you. Name her what you like without consulting me."

Yet while the christening party were away, the little mother lay saying prayer after prayer with the most blissful anticipation. What, oh what if he named the child for her! Surely that was what he meant, he had been so pleased with this last little daughter.

She closed her weary eyes again and wished somehow that she might drift away to the Blessed Isles—to that God whom her lonely soul had learned to love so well. Life had been such a struggle and a disappointment to her! and now there had come a crowning joy which she was content to relinquish, for she

foresaw that father and daughter would be all in all to each other. Yet perhaps she had not lived in vain.

The mother drifted back from the Blessed Isles, with a start and a sigh. The christening party had gone forth quietly; there seemed to be much talk and merriment accompanying their return. Ah, here were her husband and little daughter, both with beaming faces. Old Ellish was standing by with disapproving looks. The infant was "smiling like an idjot," she thought,—was it an uncanny thing that it could crow and laugh so loud at so tender an age?

Maurice Ronayne saluted his wife with a fine bow, tossing the baby a little.

"Madame, the deed is done, and no one now can take her from me. She has received the sign manual—she—"

The mother put up her hand and looked troubled. Who wanted to take the child from him? His ways and words were always so strange!

"The name?" she queried, breathlessly.

The answer came in clarion tones, "Maurice, Jr.!"

"My dear husband—you joke—and I am so—tired! I mean, what name did our good Pére Regnier bestow upon—your little daughter — what Saint's name?"

"St. Maurice, Jr., at your service, and the finest name in the calendar!"

And Maurice, Jr. it remained.

II.

BLOSSOM TIME.

When the news was bruited abroad that a son and heir had been born to the Ronayne household, (what else did Maurice, Jr. signify?) a wave of excitement swept the community. Maurice, Sr. himself humored the joke and abetted the deception, by sending about numerous cards and telegrams. He even stooped to write gossiping letters, hinting at details to old and intimate friends.

"I must have been a fine little chap myself," he wrote, "for they say that Maurice, Jr. is the breathing image of me—i.e., stocky and muscular. There is too, a hint of hidden violets about the eyes—(you see mine are faded now)—while the hair, such of it as is visible, has a tendency to curl. I have an early tintype of myself—but I must not further excite your curiosity," etc.

To some the event was chiefly interesting because it concerned the little mother, who had always been a pathetic figure in the eyes of many. To others, and they constituted the majority, it meant the felicity of a "jolly good fellow" and boon companion and generous friend—for such was Maurice Ronayne to his familiars.

Soon congratulations in the shape of gifts began to pour in—and such gifts no baby girl ever received since the beginning of the world, I grant you. Rich and poor alike were represented in all sorts and conditions of presents. Marbles and tops and balls came rolling in; express wagons, rocking horses and go-carts paraded into view; all rubber dolldom squeaked to be noticed, from the King of Monkeyland to the President of the United States. There was all manner of headgear, and sailor's outfits and soldier's outfits sent by distracted old bachelors who really did not know what to send. A kind old lady proffered the scarf pin of her lamented mate, with the pious request that "dear little Maurice, Jr. would not wear it until he came to the age of reason and then always pray for the giver!"

There were besides cuff-buttons galore and watches and chains sent by interested relatives.

According to the testimony of the groom's-second-cousin's-first husband's-boy—Maurice Ronayne, Sr. went about

those days in a state of the greatest hilarity, punching everybody he met from pure joy and delight in his own joke—before the truth of the affair leaked out.

Every new gift was greeted with uproarious laughter. As for Maurice, Jr., herself she too seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing—fighting the air with two tiny fists and crowing with delight every time she heard her father's voice.

One morning old Ellish who always took upon herself the burden of undoing the bundles shook out a pair of complicated knickerbockers, which had come, as she said "from some pagan country beyant the say."

"Ronayne," she cried wrathfully, for he stood regarding her with mirthful eyes, "it is not well to trifle with the Almighty!"

He liked the way she usually addressed him, and better he liked her manner of referring to him as "The Ronayne." As if forsooth he were a chieftain!

"Tut! tut! Ellish, woman," he said, "the joke is on me."

And very good-humoredly he took it all, later on, when he had to bear the brunt of it—though he did not as a rule like to be the victim of a joke.

The nurse was banished early from the Ronayne domain—our proud parent declaring that he was quite competent to care for his own little Irish lass. Ellish and the mother were also given warning that their services could be dispensed with. He proclaimed, too, that he should superintend her early education. At least until she arrived at years of discretion.

Under such tutelage how she survived the accidents of babyhood shall never be fathomed. It was a miracle.

That he was completely devoted to her and she to him, was a truism needless to detail. They were the world to each other. The little mother became a shadow and Ellish a towering figure of wrath and disapproval in the background.

The evolution of Maurice, Jr., when she began to drop some of her monkeyfied ways of climbing and crawling on all fours, and tried to stand on her dainty feet, was attended by various bumps and bruises. Her experienced nurse recalled some of the old-fashioned remedies of his youth, namely, mustard and flaxseed poultices, paregoric, brown paper and vinegar, etc., with really marvellous results. And fortune seemed to favor him every time—with one exception.

Said bumps and bruises he doctored after a Christian Science fashion of reasoning with the little victim that she was not hurt at all, and covering her with kisses. And he usually ended with an internal or external dose of paregoric. "It was soothing to the nerves," he declared.

On two occasions the mother and Ellish rescued Maurice, Jr. purely by physical force, when she was crying from the pain of cutting a tooth, and Maurice, Sr. was about to apply a mustard poultice to the pit of her stomach, thinking the root of her trouble was there.

According to the authority of the Boy, Maurice Ronayne was one of those dead set sort of men who never can be convinced against their will. Everybody was always in the wrong but him.

The first instance of the great indulgence of the father of Maurice, Jr. to his little charge was quite remarkable and showed really what a weak man he was, and not a fit guardian for such a child. She had not been well for a few days and could not seem to locate the pain. It was everywhere the solicitous nurse designated; if he touched the restless head, the mite nodded vigorously, signifying that there was her trouble enthroned; if he felt of her throat she protested with a frown. He tried to rub the little feet thinking them cold, but the owner

promptly wriggled them away from him. He prodded her chest and she coughed with a hollow sound.

"A complication of diseases," thought the poor man with a groan, and forthwith he produced a box of sugar-coated pellets. They were a combination of those "cure all" preparations, the Boy asserted—really the most dangerous things in existence—warranted to cure everything from frost bites to hydrophobia. But on more than one occasion Maurice, Sr. had found them efficacious. How was he to know that they would not serve with like efficacy for his own kin, Maurice, Jr.?

The mite received a sugar-coated dose on her rosy tongue and swallowed it with a gleeful gurgle.

"My yants mo'," she begged.

The hope of the Ronaynes, in her early years, never could enunciate the pronoun "I." It never entered her vocabulary. "My," she said instead—and really it seemed better to typify her arbitrary, tyrannical little self—implying as it does, possession.

"My yants mo'," she called again shrilly.

The nurse looking quite gratified, immediately complied with her wish, thinking what a wise child was his, who knew what was good for her.

"Mo'!—mo'!—" demanded the miniature Oliver Twist.

Her parent administered a third pellet, yet slowly now, and with a dubious shake of the head.

Then while he waited nervously for a further command, suddenly the lively patient had the box in her chubby fist, and, in a twinkling, its contents secreted in her mouth and throat.

For a week little Maurice, Jr. hovered between life and death. But it really was a necessary evil and a blessing in disguise. Maurice Ronayne, Sr. was hustled with ignominy into the background, while the mother and Ellish, the doctor and a new nurse came forward with alacrity and played prominent parts. Maurice Ronayne was never again known to administer medicine to anybody. He left it to more experienced and less indulgent hands.

But the week was really a great trial to the poor man. He lost flesh, while a lock of hair on which he prided himself and which hung in the middle of his forehead—like that of the little girl with the curl,—turned quite gray. At the end of that period, apparently he was a wiser and a better man—but really more weak and loving than ever.

In the meanwhile the little mother mused and wrought and prayed. The sparkle which had come back to her eyes, at the time of this child's birth, fled again—and happiness died at her heart. Mirrored in the eyes of her little daughter, she saw reflected her own sunny childhood—the same traits of character—ardent attachment—undisciplined emotions. She too had had a fond father, who while he never went to such extremes as the father of little Maurice, yet sought to gratify every whim. Would the same youth of delightful dreams follow? she wondered, to be crowned by disillusion and heart hunger? In the depths of her soul the mother trembled.

That little Maurice was a spoiled darling was patent to all who knew her. A strange nature was hers—spells of the noblest generosity alternating with violent fits of temper and contrariness. On more than one occasion, the child when a mere baby toddling along with her father had insisted on being divested of shoes and stockings to bestow on poor children she met, who had none. In fact this got to be quite a trick of hers. In the beginning her father mildly protested, but his will was always overruled by that of his little tyrant. Never in his

life was he known to scold her—but he fumed *at* her indirectly, sometimes, and later visited his exasperation on the head of his long suffering wife. At such periods of his displeasure, Maurice, Jr. was never his child but always—"Your offspring, Madame, who will yet bring down your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

Another trick of the little Maurice was to extend the glad hand of good-fellowship to every dirty little mendicant that crossed her path, with a cordial invitation to dinner.

"Tum home an' have a bite with us," she would say, "cause my loves 'oo, poor child." And forthwith the generous "bite" would be administered by her own eager and awkward baby fingers.

But these angelic traits alternated with diabolic moods as has been said. The little hands extended in such charity could also mar and destroy.

One day her mother came upon the child regarding, with folded arms and gloomy brow, a doll headless and dismembered stretched before her on the floor.

"You naughty girl!—what have you done?" she cried severely.

"My fink she so naughty that she b'long to the Debble an' my killed her," returned the child, surveying with complacence her gory work.

From the rebuke that followed though administered with tenderness and softened with caresses, the little girl fled storming and screaming to the arms of her father as he came up the stairs, where she received solace and assurance that she had done no wrong.

Would her daughter turn out to be a monster of self-will and selfishness if nothing worse? The mother feared. She fell upon her knees and prayed long and earnestly.

It stood to reason that the child in those early days neither loved nor appreciated her mother. She meant to Maurice, Jr. simply a disagreeable, unsympathizing person who would deprive people if she could of all pleasure and freedom. All the love of her heart was given to her father and the tendrils thereof clung to "mine daddy," as she called him, as once at first sight of him she had clung to his finger. The first word uttered by her baby lips was "da-da."

It was a new cross to the little mother—heavier than the other and it dragged at times.

Nor did the idol of his heart always make for her father a bed of roses—as you shall see. Perhaps it would be well to relate an instance or two of her childhood's caprice or depravity—call it what you will. It might make a certain extraordinary event of her youth the more explicable—an event which altered and deflected the course of more than one life. And yet the psychologist would tell us that years before the birth of this child soul elements were forming and shaping themselves and waiting for the advent of Maurice, Jr. to make her the creature of caprice and emotion and passion and impulse that she was.

That she could be unreasonably jealous she exhibited early tendencies. A child of one of the neighbors—the first infant that she ever saw cradled in her father's arms, she regarded for a moment with curious, doubtful looks. Suddenly she made a spring—and her astonished parent taken totally by surprise—she routed the poor, helpless little thing and pulled it ignominiously to the ground—where it was rescued by its outraged mother (who never again entered the Ronayne household). For no balm of word or gift could ever soothe her wounded feelings. The darling might have been killed, she said—which of course was quite true.

After that when doting mammas con-

fided the hope of their home to the arms of poor Maurice Ronayne, Sr. he received them with protestation and held them very tightly—always with a wary eye on Ronayne, Jr. who of course was always lurking about. But there was no restraining her. Once or twice she succeeded in scratching the faces of the little visitors, if not in picking out their eyes.

Finally the doings of "Ronayne's Imp" became so noised abroad, that prudent parents kept their offspring within their own precincts.

Yet after these performances, when her father would attempt to reason with her, she would wind her dimpled arms about his neck in a hug at once ecstatic and strangling and hushing. For when the breath has been knocked out of a man, how can he find words to argue?

Maurice Ronayne, Sr. had but one oath for all occasions. It was really quite fearful and wonderful—yet in so genial and agreeable a way did he use it that people as a rule failed to regard it as an expletive, and associated the thought of it with something pleasant.

For instance if he assured you that it was "a blanketed tough morning, sir," —the day might be raw and damp—yet you would draw your overcoat closer about you, and think it a fine thing to be warmly clad.

It was after one of the occasions aforesaid of little Maurice's strangling hugs, that he was observed to eat with difficulty and mumble over his words. Upon old Ellish's inquiry if anything were the matter, he replied with a solemn shake of the head that "it would be well if he and she and all the other blanketed crones in the world who had no teeth were in their graves."

As it was well known that old Ellish had not a tooth in her head, she was quite huffy over this observation, until it was discovered that his daughter in an excess of love and nearness had brought her hard little head into such contact with his mouth that some damage had resulted. Yet he uttered no further word of complaint.

But I must cite for you an instance of the perversity and doggedness of Maurice, Jr. One day her father, as was his wont, took her for a walk. It was a Sunday afternoon and the little maid was in spotless raiment. The good pious mother from the hour of her birth had dedicated the child to the Blessed Virgin, and there was a brave showing of the Heavenly Queen's blue and white insignia. But dear me! I have often wondered if the mind of the Heavenly Mother was so exercised over the pranks of her little charge, as that of her earthly one. Yet we are told that there are neither anxieties nor cares in that abode of peace.

So as the demure mite trotted along by her father's side, with serene baby brow—the soul of sweetness apparently shining in her clear blue eyes—one would be far from associating the thought of perverse propensities or evil manners with her little ladyship. No one would ever dream that she could ruffle the souls of men.

She still wonderfully resembled Maurice, Sr.—only nature had improved and refined the type and turned her out an exceedingly pretty child. Her father was often heard to declare that he too had been pronounced a pretty babe, and that was why he had grown up so plain. Possibly you have heard before of similar cases.

The twain had not proceeded far on their little jaunt when Maurice, Jr. espied a cat peacefully slumbering in the sunshine, surrounded by her numerous small progeny, also asleep.

The baby gave a shriek of delight. "O, mine daddy, look! look!—couldn't you buy 'em?—My yants 'em all!"

Maurice Ronayne, Sr. foresaw a tug of war and felt his heart sink. He summoned strategy to his assistance, securing her hand more tightly and trying to hurry her along.

"My dear little daughter—just watch that squirrel! What a climber! Will you ever be able to climb like that?"

The baby wrenched herself free with a look of disgust. "Pussies, I say—yants whole fam'bly—must have 'em all."

It was in vain to reason with her—her good father proposed two of a kind—then three—the mite only threw herself on the curbstone and wept. She should never go home—never—unless with the pussies—and she yanted 'em all!

Maurice, Sr. drew his heart up from his boots, with long sighs, and approached the domicile in whose front yard the kittens were basking. It looked modest, and he rang the bell. A careworn looking woman appeared, three children clinging to her gown. He proffered his request—at once lucid and modest.

"Madame—that is—I should say—these children are yours?—In fact to come to the point—my child wants one—she says the family, madame, but we must wean her from that notion—and—are they for sale?"

"Are—my children—for sale?" gasped the woman, losing her breath, "I don't understand you, sir."

"I should say not," said poor Maurice, Sr. removing his hat and mopping his head, "I should say not. I asked you quite distinctly if your kittens were for sale. My little daughter would like one—or two."

The woman began to laugh. "Are the kittens for sale? I can tell you, sir, that it would be a mercy an' a God-send if some one would remove 'em bodily. This is the famous cat I'm sure that the song was wrote about, 'An' the cat come back'—nine times with my own hands have I tried to drownd her an' nine times has she come back."

Mr. Ronayne donned his hat. "You see, madame," (he had all through been trying to play the gentleman after the fashion of a courtly Southerner who belonged to his club). "You see, madame, if you had only tried the tenth time you would have succeeded, and saved me some trouble—for I'll acknowledge that my child is a bit spoiled and she will have her way. But I say, let them all be blanketed, madame."

This last suggestion was uttered so genially and withal with so much heat, that the poor woman thinking doubtless that she had met with some mentally unsound person—(the weather was warm—what need had kittens of blankets?) retired hastily, slamming the door.

In the meanwhile Maurice, Jr. was jubilating in the dirt, frisking with all the pussies and hugging them to her heart. Oh, no, she would never part with them. The usual stormy remonstrance took place when her father tried to remove her. At last he remembered that discretion is the better part of valor, and seizing Mother Tabby fiercely in his arms and tucking two more in his pockets, he sallied along still trying to play the part of the dignified Southerner.

The idol of his heart trudged after him with shrieks of gratified pleasure, clasping to her bosom, several struggling, wriggling kittens.

Just here the Boy paused to announce that he would not be tied down as to stating just how many of the bunch streeled after them. And wouldn't we draw the veil now, he wanted to know over the humiliations of Maurice Ronayne, Sr.?

But did they really take them all home? I wanted to know, and then—what happened?

That was just like a woman, he said, wanting to enter into gruesome details.

Of course the poor little things scratched and bit and fought; of course they kept running away and had to be sought after; of course the old cat gave poor Maurice Ronayne more trouble than had ever entered his life before, so that he quite forgot his rôle of courtly Southerner. They were followed by a procession of grinning little boys who aided occasionally in capturing the waifs and strays, and to whom the generous Ronayne threw nickels and dimes indiscriminately.

Then of course when they arrived home, that was another story, to quote Rudyard Kipling. The poor little mother bore the brunt of it, of course, because were it not for the "French-Irish" combination there would never have been such "an imp of Satan who was being so spoiled by her mother's indulgence that she wanted every blessed thing she set her eyes on!"

During the week in which Mother Tabby and her family overran the household, Ellish sprained her ankle and there were various other mishaps. But of what account? They were mere incidents in the education and evolution of Maurice, Jr.

Never but once in the triumphant career of the childhood of this child did she know what it was to suffer from thwarted ambition. Yet Divine Providence used such humble instruments as a poor organ-grinder and incidentally his monkey Jocko, to utterly rout, checkmate and humiliate her.

I believe it was the first time she had ever seen a monkey, and immediately her ardent little soul burned to possess him. From the start she and her devoted ally worked under difficulties—the man being a raw recruit just landed, could not understand one word of English, and Maurice, Jr. and Maurice, Sr. jabbered and gesticulated at him in vain.

"Monkey man—my yants monkey—mine daddy buy him," repeatedly cried the child. The poor man continued to move on with his monkey and patiently to grind out his music, deaf to other people's wants.

The little one tried to embrace Monsieur Jocko but he skilfully eluded her. She then begged to be placed in the arms of his master—fancying that one of her intense hugs would purchase what she wished. After much indignant protest on the part of her outraged parent, she was surrendered to the tender mercies of the not over-clean organ grinder.

He, poor man, did not attempt to return her love—but looking quite scared in fact, tried to unwind her clinging arms from about his neck. She strangled a few tears out of him, however, and then resorted to her last stratagem —(which was usually practiced on her father, or indeed on any one who proved averse to her wishes). Said stratagem was apparently an innocent little wile of fingering your buttons (I'm making it personal for she would do the same thing to you) while crying in a pleading voice, "Rich man — poor man — beggar man," etc.,—you know the nursery rhyme. Of course long before she arrived at "Indian Chief," you would either repel or compromise with the invader—for your buttons are certainly your own affair.

But with the master of Jocko she was handicapped even in this direction. He had only two buttons it seemed and they both came off in her clumsy little fingers.

"Rich man—poor man," wailed the baby, and then in a paroxysm of fright at her misdeed, she clung all the closer, assuring the scandalized foreigner in incoherent little gasps, that "she yanted—him an' monkey an'—oh, the buttons!—to come live with her—mine daddy would buy 'em an' oh — sew 'em all up!"

The poor organ-grinder looked puzzled and perturbed in spirit, and doubt-

less thought Young America a strange product. It appeared, too, that he was proof against female charms even when bombarded by the same—like a few others in this world.

At last he forcibly ejected Maurice, Jr. and while muttering strange words like oaths, he and the organ and Jocko tore themselves away, leaving a laughing, hilarious crowd of spectators, and poor little Maurice, Jr. utterly abashed and disconsolate.

On this occasion, it is said, her father came nearer to being angry with her than ever before in his life. He walked her home sadly and silently, remembering in whose company she had recently been, and not offering to take her in his arms. Nor did the mite beg for her old resting place. She did not cry or fume over it. She was too surprised and stunned it seemed, at this check to proud ambition.

As for Maurice, Sr. after his usual reproach to his wife that "their gray hairs would be brought down in sorrow to the grave," he retired to the fastness of his billiard hall and began to knock the balls about. This was a favorite pastime of his whenever he was disturbed in mind, and really it did harm to nobody, and seemed to relieve his feelings. His wife marvelled whenever she heard the balls hitting the ceiling, or rolling over the floor in quick succession, as if it were a bowling alley. But she was never accustomed to pry into his affairs. Then he always seemed to retire from his harmless diversion in a calm frame of mind.

But oh! how these scenes—these swirls in the current wore upon the mind and heart of the loving Cecile. How she redoubled her prayers and vigils for her little Maurice and her big Maurice, as she named them in her thoughts. For the days of childhood were fleeing fast, and Maurice, Jr. would soon be standing not with "reluctant feet," as the poet puts it, but with eager, hurrying, dancing feet,

"Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE "ROOK."

A Barrack Room Vignette.

BY W. H. FEENEY.

No one at the Island Army recruiting rendezvous, that is no one who had any reason to care, seemed to understand why they had taken him down in Tennessee.

The war with Spain was but a memory, and he seemed but seventeen or eighteen at most.

There he was up on the top of the double bunk. Older men than he had felt the forlornness of it all—the first night at the Barrack. Who can depict the feelings of the recruit!

A thousand men from all walks of life, but mainly from the commonest, were waiting for sleep within the Island Fort. Men from many states were there, for the island is the meeting place for all new men enlisted east of the Mississippi in U. S. A. Soldiers from other armies doing "hitch" for Uncle Sam, this time talked their own "lingo," while the City "cut-up," who would soon be licked into a good cavalry man, discussed with amazing verbosity and sparkling profanity, the evening meal.

And the little rookie!

Neither country nor city, redcheeked but wan enough in spots, little "Rookie" was lonesome.

Oh, the lonesomeness of being alone in the great crowd.

It was the first time that he had gone to bed too much excited to be—well, not exactly, wholly afraid, only—

When the stern-voiced "top" sergeant came down by the double row of double bunks and found little rookie Johnny of the South hesitating, with the strings of his army "pajamas" trailing, the owner of the chevrons had given him a boost, with a bit of a roar. Up on top, little Johnny wondered why he had left Nashville—and for three years! How odd it seemed! He had been tall enough and just eighteen that day. Not heavy but his little body without a blemish; and eyes of dark brown that make a marksman. It seemed good enough to pass, but this—with two companies of artillerymen, new and old, about him, the strange sounds, the lights on white-washed side-walls with green trimmings off-set by rows of white bunks covered with blankets blue—all this was nothing else but crude, but honest U. S. A. Below, a soldier of twelve years, who had seen service in Cuba, was removing his heavy shoes, softly swearing to himself for this, his latest enlistment, or else for even getting out "of the game" at all. A man came up from the bath-room and tracked along the floor in damp, bare feet, and was cursed promptly for his noise.

Across the aisle an English ex-sergeant deserter was discussing Roberts. Down near the centre, the parody of a popular song went up, while the ugliest looking "rookie" of all, with a red boil on his neck, would try to change with "Bluebell, my heart is breaking." But the "Irish Volunteer" had the call. A big deserter from several European armies led the chorus.

"Our Cap'n is an Irishman, his name is Fogg Moran,
He's goin' to run for President, boys, an' we'll do what we can—
An' if he is elected, sure I'll tell you what we'll do,
Take Ireland over to Central Park an' make Irishmen of you.

CHORUS.

"Then, right shoulder, shift, away we go,
As we go marchin' down the avenyue
With the stars and stripes in hand,
We are the sons of Paddy's land
As we march away with the Irish volunteers."

The top bunk opposite Johnny contributed a reverberating snore.

"Taps" was near at hand but the lonesome boy soldier on top knew nothing of that. Soon the doors could be closed and the surge of the waters of the Sound not heard again until morn and the "Reveille."

One might stay there, up in his bunk, but the spirit of the grandson of one who fought under Longstreet rebelled at this.

"No," the Spanish War veteran was saying, "it is not the loud 'yap' kind that make the game 'uns. Of course, they are all good in the regulars, but these city folks will tone down 'fore long." "What gets me is how these City guys from New York hanker for the cavalry. They don't know what the cavalry means. Two or three hosses of yer own and an officer's hosses besides to keep clean, to say nothing of carbine, sabre, revolver belts, buttons, I tell yer the artillery is the coming branch."

And interspersed is the jest, the army joke, the cynicism, blunt, uncultured, unfeeling. Nothing that reminds one of home lights—all that is kept within breasts, for the army is virile, not sentimental, however the individual feeling may be.

In the midst of all this it isn't at all easy to carry out one's best intentions, still, moral courage will not be denied—even at a chance of ridicule.

There was a slight stirring within the non-commissioned officers' room a few yards away, at the end of the barrack. The last of the tired recruits had settled their weary forms between the sheets; the old timers had turned from preparatory sleep position to side and "pound" ears craving Morpheus, when a splendid, agile, boyish form slid down from the top bunk; the seasoned regular below, lying on his left side, saw a boyish "rook" do something that carried him back from army life to mother's knee.

The Sign of the Cross! !

Ah, little Johnny from Nashville, Sergeant John F. Murphy some day, it is a quick prayer you say, not as quick in the Salutation as in the jerky first few whispers to Heaven! If you could read the hearts of fifty soldiers who saw you, you would be amazed.

Fifty men to whom the streets and barracks are Clubs saw you, carried it along, and at least one burly former service man, toughened by raw army life, who had had top sergeant's stripes once, thought long and heavily for minutes, aye, and hours even, after the guttural corporal had called out from above—

"Lights Out!"

THE REWARD.

BY EILEEN WALSH.

A charming sky of that wonderful hazy blue which the palette of summer knoweth not. A snowy trail of clouds flurry over the pine-wood on the hill. A lingering somewhere in the fields and Elinor in her garden.

Yesterday or thirty years ago? How should I tell? The same brown road winds up the hill. The self-same brook foams down the deep grassy siding. The gold of the furze is all unspent and the sweetbriar and bramble blush rosily in the wholesome Autumn time. I could well-nigh swear that it is the same clump of ferns — brown as a nut for all its dipping — which hangs over the brook at that sharp turn. How should I know from the gurgle of the brook whether its laughing protest is for the freight of withered leaves of thirty years ago — or yesterday?

Why does my lady not come? Must we not hoard every golden minute of the long-deferred fulfilment? Hand in hand, pacing the old familiar walks of this dear garden, shall we not whisper to each other, the story of the years between? 'Twixt marigold and mignonette and pansies blue as your eyes shall we not find our way to the hedge where a late rose lingers still?

This is the spot where you stood yesterday, when my horse came over the brow of the hill — and the thirty years were cancelled. See, I have broken a rose for you, dear — for the one you gave me when I rode away. Nay, I am no true lover, you protest — or I should have brought back that rose all crumbling and brown like one of the leaves on the road there. Ah! — the lover of the song you used to sing did not spend the years of separation as a political prisoner. Do you think when they took everything from me, they would leave me *that?*

Why should we not speak of it and think of it, together? Is it not the very essence of our love that it lifts and binds to itself all the elements of our lives, so that whether we speak of joy or sorrow, matters little, since love is all and in all. Dear heart, since love is all! Life has nothing better to give than what it has given us two. "Thirty years of prison for me and thirty years of waiting for you — is this the best that life can give," you whisper, with a laugh that is half a sob. Nay, dear one, a life-time of love strong enough to overcome all things, and after thirty years a meeting like this by the old rose hedge. If it were all to come again, should we not do as we have done? If the throbbing heart stilled its beating to listen for the signal and young eyes strained themselves, as they once did, for the "blessed warning light," do you think we two would hesitate any more than we did then? Not an instant, dearest. Thank God for that.

"If it were all to come again!" If it were really yesterday and not thirty years ago. Do you remember the night of the dance when I first met you? It was poor Rose's idea — the dance in honor of the young doctor straight from Edinburgh with the brand-new degree which was to open up such a successful career for him. I see you yet as I first saw you — when I turned suddenly and caught sight of you in the doorway, on Stephen's arm. Don't love — don't! I have forgiven your brother long ago. It was never found out for certain, was it — that it was really he who swore information against me? Ah! well. What if it were! Why should I think of him

now any more than I did then? For from the moment I saw you there was no room in my mind for aught else than the tall white figure in the doorway. Did I think you beautiful? I hardly know. But I know that from the instant my eyes fell on you I knew I had found the one woman in all the world for me. I knew I had been waiting all my life for the smile of your dark blue eyes. I felt at last the meaning of the, "dear dark head." How proudly you always carried it, Elinor, dear. "The thought of me has helped you to carry it high," you say, with your old quick smile. Thank God for that, sweetheart, thank God for that. Now, indeed, I know that life has given us the best it has to give.

Shall I tell you a fancy I have always had? With the pale smoke curling up from the village below, and that golden rift in the sky above Carntogher, and the unseen blackbird behind us — it is the very time for fancies — is it not? When the thought of Ireland came to me — of an Ireland to be loved and served — and died for, if need be — it came always in the form of a woman. Tall and straight and strong, with a little black head poised on a slender throat, with dark blue eyes that would smile bravely though the heart were breaking. Have you not guessed it Elinor? It was you. How could I separate my two loves — since they were one in heart, one in soul, and form and outward shape? When did the idea take possession of me? you say — and there are tears in your smiling eyes. That night of nights when I met you first — and I heard for the first time "the Risin' of the Moon." Do you remember how nervous poor Rose was as you sang it — but I believe she joined in with all the rest before many bars were sung. There now, if you will have it, there is what made "a rebel" of me. That is what led me up this road on such another evening as this, thirty years ago, on my way to join "the boys."

And now, tell me, did I guess aright? When I stood awaiting my sentence, it seemed to me that the whole court faded away and I could see nothing but a woman's form thickly veiled and motionless — I think I scarcely heard the sentence — for all my faculties were absorbed in the thought: "It is Elinor — and she loves me." And when all was over I turned for one last look — and you raised your veil and your eyes spoke their message. I would fain know if I read the message aright: "I love you and I will be true."

"Oh! Elinor! pearl of women — it is worth the thirty years to hear it, at last, from your own dear lips."

WITH THE DANCERS OF DONEGAL.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

In our mountains in the winter the fiddler is king. From the harvest work ends till the spring work begins time would hang heavily on our boys' hands were it not that the fiddler is to the fore to beguile the dark and idle season. So the winter is at once the gloomiest and the brightest quarter of the year. Where there is a fiddler it glooms in vain—at least for the young, not one of whom minds it.

When winter's first cloud perches upon the mountain-top anigh, with air appropriate to one come to stay, the fiddler wakes from the torpor of a long summer-time, strings his fiddle, rosins his bow, and, looking round for the most commodious house in the parish, makes public announcement that, on a certain near-by night, he will do himself the pleasure of holding a dance there. He is an autocratic king, is the fiddler, whose will is law. It would be most unkingly to consult one of his subjects when he resolves "to call a dance on him." Accordingly, those whom he deigns so to honor are never consulted, nor ever even directly notified of their king's commands. In all probability they incidentally hear from a neighbor's child that Donal intends opening the winter by a dance upon them on We'nesday night next. Autocratic as Donal is, though, it must not be imagined for a moment that he purposes holding a dance on them in the literal sense. Saying that a dance is called on a certain person when we only purpose holding it in his kitchen is merely our way of putting it. When the welcome news of the privilege the fiddler intends to confer upon him reaches the ear of a subject, he sets about properly preparing his house for the great occasion; and to this end, on the day before the dance, everything that is domestically useful is turned out of doors and crammed into barn and shed until the king and his light-heeled myrmidons have come and gone.

On Wednesday evening the boys and girls troop thither from far and near, and as they arrive at the dance-house take their seats around the walls. The fiddler, with instrument affectionately gathered under arm, comes in, has his hands wrung in enthusiastic welcome by *fear-an-tighe,* and *bhean-an-tighe,* the seat of honor in the chimney corner accorded him; and, in short time there are a dozen dancing couples, shaking their toes to merry music on the baked-clay floor. Through the whirl of the dance, and over the strains of the fiddle, rise the chaff and joke of the wits assembled —in a country where everyone is a wit.

There is no place where the joke flies faster, or where the atmosphere sparkles more with humor than in the dance-house amid the mountains; for the boys all bring with them hearts brimming over with fun; and the girls' hearts—if not likewise laden as, indeed, oftentimes

they are—receptive as humorist could wish the heart of woman. Gladness, merriment, humor, cram the kitchen to the rafters, that ring unceasingly the night long with peals of laughter put forth from care-free hearts.

Much of the wit that flies, and fills the air, at the dance, is of the caustic, and very, very, personal order. Though it be caustic, however, it is not meant to, and never does, rankle. Everyone is privileged, for the benefit of the house at large, to turn to pleasant account any ones, seeing that the boys are now the targets for a hail of jokes that pelt them front and rear, and come witheringly from either wing. Yet, the stranger would be much mistaken. The dancers enjoy all the caustic things at their expense now put forward without prejudice, and without privacy—enjoy them fully as much as the loud-laughing ones who line the house walls.

To the edification of the house the poor boy, whose moustache is mainly remarkable for that most of it forgot to

NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN.

personal peculiarity of his neighbor, or his neighbor's dress, that intrudes itself.

A stranger would think it a severe trial to the temper of the three or four boys who, before a dance begins, take their stand under the eyes of the house, and fronting the fire of the wits, in the centre of the floor, await the pleasure of being joined by their best girls (at their leisure) for the forthcoming reel. A stranger, I say, would be misled into thinking these waiting-minutes trying grow, is addressed by an insinuating voice which inquires, "Michael, would you mind lendin' me your moustache to go coortin'?" To spare him reply, from the other end of the house quick comes sound of a voice,

"Faith, an' he won't. You mightn't fetch it all back."

And then from the former speaker the assurance, "Upon my honor I will. Sure he can count it."

The cutting of the old fir logs that are

found embedded in our bogs is an industry requiring a very sharp hatchet indeed. So it is apposite enough to tickle the fancy of everyone present, the victim himself included, when a quiet-toned rascal makes request in innocent tone, of a sharp-visaged boy upon the floor,

"Terence, me father bid me, if I'd see ye the night, ask ye would ye lend him your face to cut fir the morrow?"

"And next week," another interjects, "me Uncle John's Ned would like the loan of your nose for to split hailstones for the Hallowday market."

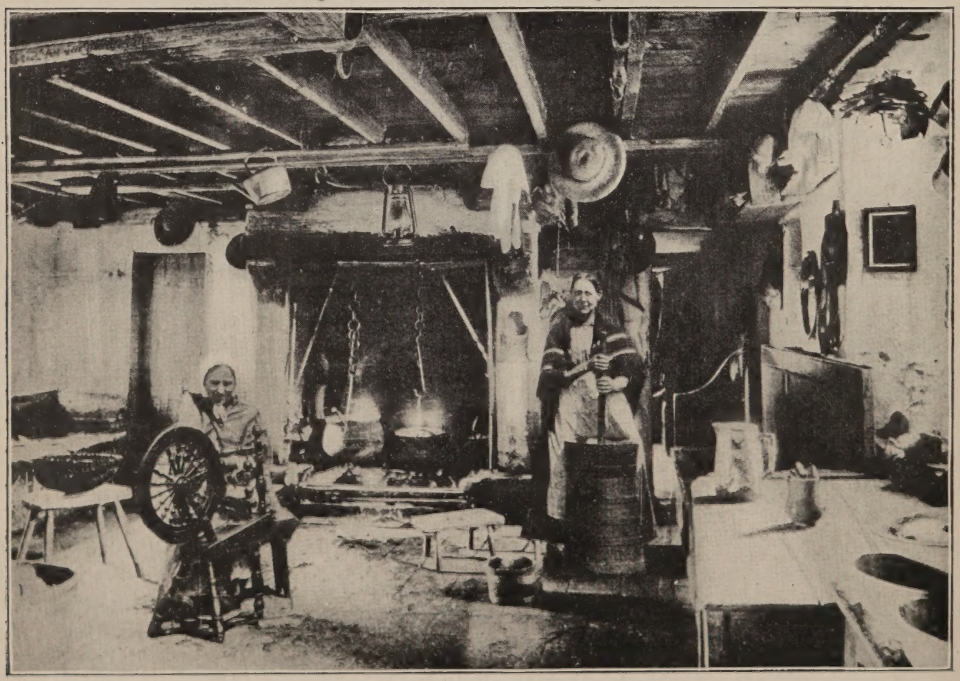
The knot of lads in the centre of the floor, who are the innocent cause of the caustic things, give, usually, little heed to the jokes that pelt them, and the noisy laughter that rings them round. Awaiting their partners' pleasure to join them, they converse among themselves unconcernedly, tacitly admitting that it is only fair their fellows should get some fun out of them during these few minutes, since, soon, they themselves will be taking advantage of the predicament of others, and making merry at their comrades' cost. One of these boys has remarkably flat feet; and in the mountains, as elsewhere, this misfortune evokes small sympathy. The boy who would borrow the man's face to cut fir, now acquaints the house in the form of acquainting Patrick (the flat-footed one)—

"Pathrick, I would like, if you don't mind, if you would give me father a day walking our corn ground. We haven't no roller."

"And wherever Pathrick fetches down one or other of them feet," comes from another humorist, "there'll be sudden death to all creepin' things."

"Flat feet!" from a third, "Well, the Lord spare ye your health to wear them out, Pathrick; but they're as brave, and as flat a pair, as you'd find atween the four winds. Dance aisy, Pathrick, me lad, or the hollow of your foot will make a hole in the daicent man's floor."

Nature was liberal with Billy Carney



A COMMODIOUS KITCHEN.

when she was serving feet around, and she stinted him not in length certainly.

"I observe that two feet makes a yard at your house, Billy Carney. And no miss of a yard either."

Billy, who is a bit sensitive, here shuffles the objects so hard hit by the witty one's shaft. And thereupon another wit passes a remark:

"Never mind the begrudging fellow, Billy, he is vexed that he doesn't own your feet himself. Then he wouldn't have to send word afore him when he'd go coortin', bekase his toes would tell he was comin'."

Nor do the girls, the blushing and shy twinkling-eyed ones, wholly escape the humorists' tongues. Mary McGinn is a particularly winsome, coaxing girl with a roguish eye in her head.

"Arrah, Mary *a mhillis,* you have an eye in your head woud coax a toaly* from a hungry pig."

The wit is not all quite so personal as this; but, with us in the mountains, just as elsewhere the wide world over, the personal is more popular, and even the bluntest can see the point of it. It never rankles, though, with us, and it never hurts—because it is never meant so to do. Everyone is as willing to take as he is ready to give; and if he deigns to notice the joke cracked on himself, it is to enjoy it. It is well for him, too, that he is so minded; for, if should he, weakly, show irritation at shaft of wit levelled at him *pro bono publico,* then the publico would instantly bring its light artillery to bear on him, riddle him, and rake him fore and aft, till, in very desperation, he struck his flag, and by hearty laugh consented that he earned all he was getting, and more.

*A very good species of potatoe.

STEP DANCING.

By reel, jig, and horn-pipe the couples keep their blood gaily coursing from candle-light to cock-crow. Some of them will have tramped six, or eight, or ten miles of mountain and moor to the house of merry-making, will dance hard all night, tramp their long home-tramp by the morning light, and then begin a day's labor like giants refreshed—all this notwithstanding the fact that they did not break their fast between quitting home and reaching it again. In the course of the night, too, some of them will have danced jigs in rivalry to prove who could dance longest, and quickest and best. The competition dance is always the most enjoyable, as well as the most exciting, event of the night, arousing the enthusiasm of the whole house, including even the fiddler, to almost unbearable pitch;—for the fiddler, who is

wont to be wholly wrapped up in his music, is by the excitement raised out of his seat, drawn into the arena, and around and around the dancing pair, his eyes upon their nimble feet, and hand fast flying so that one may see half-a-dozen bows instead of one, and half-a-dozen jerking elbows likewise.

During the night the only rest for dancer and fiddler is when one or other of the popular songsters of the company proposes to delight the house with a ballad, and has his proposal hailed with vociferous applause. It may chance, too, that, a rival singer following him, a singing contest unprovided for in the programme is suddenly started,—a contest that may engross their rapt attention till cock-crow awakes an entranced audience, warning them to bend their faces homeward, though they may meet some other night at house agreed upon to conclude the contest.

The ballads beloved of mountain audiences never sin on the side of brevity. Anything less than a dozen verses is voted entirely too trivial to engage the attention of people seriously bent upon enjoyment.

Ere the dance breaks up, and the dancers take their departure, a plate is passed around on which each boy puts a few pence, or a bit of silver, as tribute to the fiddler, who, in this way, receives, on a night, any sum from five shillings to fifteen—and even more. The fiddler then rising to his feet calls a dance upon another favored man in another corner of the parish, on a night named, probably a week later, and the boys and girls, after making tryst for the next spree, to which all look forward with the gladness of youth, fare homeward happy-hearted and hungry.

Our dances leave behind neither headache nor regret.

BHEAN-AN-TIGHE.

ROSES.

BY LIZZIE TWIGG.

The roses I culled at morn for you
Were bright with the glitter of dawn and dew;
I kept them with care through the sultry noon,
And all through the radiant eve of June,
But they withered, and wilted, and fell away,
And died at the end of the long, sweet day.

The love that I have in my heart for you,
That bourgeoned and blossomed the long years through,
That lighted the gloom of the winter night
With a beauty that nothing could blast or blight,
It lived in the dark as it lived in the day,
For the roses of love they live alway.

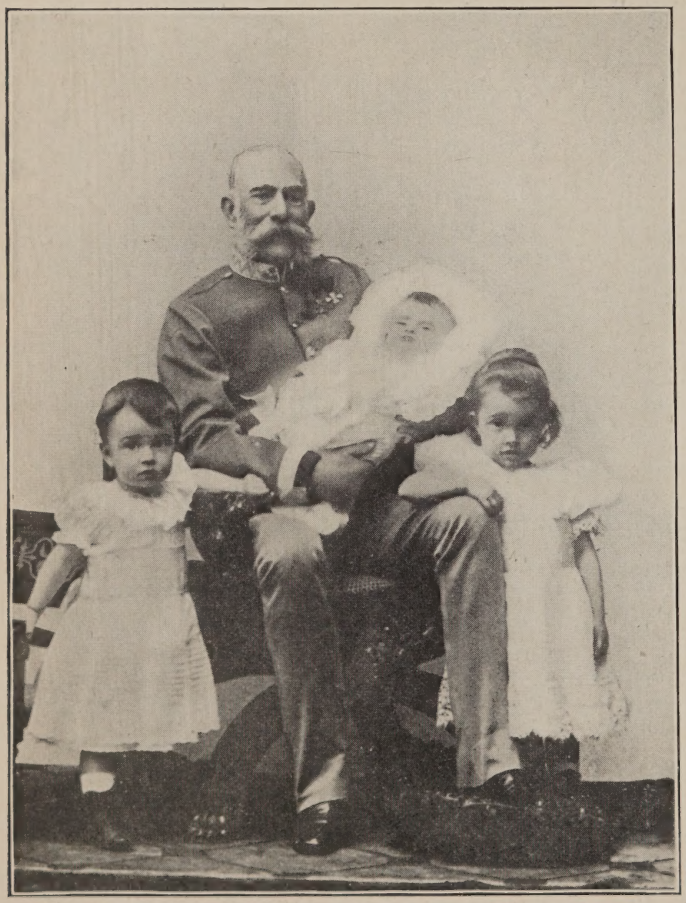
CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

III.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND ARCHDUCHESS MARIA VALERIA.

BY BEN HURST.

Austria's veteran ruler, who is at this moment making such a gallant stand for the integrity of his empire, is the most revered figure in the courts of Europe. Cavillers at long descent are forced to acknowledge that here indeed is an example of race power unparalleled among ordinary mankind. The multiple tragic events in his household, — the sad and sudden rupture of dearest family ties, the humiliation of seeing his brave armies defeated by a numerically superior foe, the constantly recurring dissensions between the various peoples he governs,— all this has he withstood, each fresh blow leaving him erect, unwearied, and undaunted. Truly a chivalric figure is this valiant soldier, and well qualified to inspire ordinary mortals with a similar courage and a similar devotion to duty.



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH WITH HIS LATEST GRANDCHILD.

What could have upheld Kaiser Franz-Josef throughout the dark phases of his dolorous destiny but the living faith which has been the beacon of his life? An irreligious spirit would have succumbed where he allowed himself no more than a few days of solitary grief, emerging with redoubled ardor for the fulfilment of his appointed task. The round of public work, the pursuit of charitable undertakings, never relaxed in his hours of deepest anguish.

There is, we believe, no other instance of such rare Christian fortitude, such perfect self-abnegation under appalling catastrophes, such as have overwhelmed the reigning Emperor of Austria. Apart from political disasters, against

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA-VALERIA AND THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ-SALVATOR WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

which he had fought with all the genius and energy which characterize him, he was deprived of a beloved brother, cruelly put to death in Mexico, an only son, and a cherished wife, the high-souled Empress Elizabeth, victim of an assassin's dagger. These cruel blows have not shaken the faith and resignation of one who early bade farewell to light-heartedness, and took up the burden of duty.

The Catholic Hapsburgs are known to have weathered storms of many kinds, and to have constantly kept before them their obligations to that large section of humanity which owes them allegiance. The political turmoil, which for half a century has accompanied the Emperor's gov rnment of the manifold nationalities subject to his sceptre, has now once more broken forth with startling vehemence; but Franz-Josef's unfailing spirit has risen to the occasion, and his staunch adherence to his convictions has made even Hungarian enthusiasts pause.

Regularity of life and plain food combined with much exercise have been the main props to the Emperor's hale longevity. He is astir every morning at five o'clock, and, shortly after on his knees at the daily Mass, which he never omits; then to his frugal breakfast, after which the business of the day begins. The priests of Vienna, and the workmen, whose avocations demand their presence in the streets at that early hour, watch for the light in the well-known window of the Burg, and never fail to find it all through the winter season. Sometimes it is a little earlier, but seldom a little later, and often when the weather is milder the beloved figure itself may be seen leaning out of the window for a moment to drink in the morning air. In spite of his advanced age, Franz-Josef has not yet modified his rule of life, laborious to a degree. His fidelity to the transaction of state business is as inflexible as his adherence to his devotions, and whoever has had the privilege

of witnessing these, carries away the ineffaceable impression of a good man and true. The Emperor's strict observance of the solemn ceremonies of church feasts is well known. Last year it was supposed that the aged monarch would yield to the wishes of his ministers and the advice of his physicians to refrain from assistance at the public procession of Corpus Christi owing to the danger of exposing himself uncovered to the rays of the burning sun—but the citizens of Vienna had a pleasant thrill on seeing their dear Kaiser, bare-headed, among them as heretofore. Franz-Josef will be indeed an invalid when he ceases to pay this public homage to the Monarch of monarchs.

THE EMPEROR DRIVING WITH HIS DAUGHTER, ARCHDUCHESS MARIA-VALERIA.

Among the Emperor's favorite distractions, hunting, in younger days, took the first place, and even yet he is one of the best shots in his realm. He was never very fond of the theatre, and though he of course patronizes the drama it is rare that he remains to the end of the representation. Music on the other hand is his special joy—(could it be otherwise—in Vienna?) and he prefers simple melodies to puissant orchestration.

Tyrol is the favorite summer resort for the Court, and the Emperor is generally accompanied to his residence in Tschl by his youngest daughter, Archduchess Maria-Valeria and her numerous family. While Archduchess Maria-Josepa, mother of the heir-presumptive, is the Emperor's companion and aid in the functions of public life, the associate of his private hours remains his own daughter, Maria-Valeria, particularly endeared because she was inseparable from her mother during a long period, and spent much time with her even after her marriage.

The venerable monarch may often be

seen in summer strolling through the magnificently wooded parks of Tschl, surrounded by his grandchildren, and enjoying in this delicious retreat a temporary relaxation from his heavy cares. Beyond the occasional obligatory visits of his ministers he receives nobody, and the Archduchess alone is at all times privileged to approach him. This devoted daughter was in her girlhood solicited for more than one union which would eventually lead to her sharing a throne; but these offers were declined owing to her reluctance to separate from her parents. Finally she bestowed her hand on a distant relative, a member of the Tuscany branch of the House of Hapsburg, and within the bounds of Austria's vast empire no union has been fraught with more happiness.

Archduke Franz-Salvator is only second to his wife in devotion to her father, and their children are the greatest solace to a ruler grown grey in the perpetual solving of vexed political problems. At Christmas and Easter he allows himself a respite among them at the palace of Wallsee on the Danube, when the joyous shouts of "Der Grosspapa kommt," greet him, and make him for a moment forget the cares of his mighty heritage. Here the Emperor becomes simply "grandfather," and versed in the studies and games of each child; interested in the tiniest toddler at his knee, he listens to their prattle, no incident of their lives being too trivial for his notice.

The family as he joyously remarks is ever on the increase, and his demand: "Now, show me the new baby!" has passed into a proverb. Large families are the rule in the royal House of Hapsburg, and to those who associate the idea of a numerous progeny with poor dwellers in cottages we would point out that these are out-rivalled by the archducal families of Austria.

Archduchess Maria-Valeria is goodness itself; her bounty and compassion have made a heaven of the district in Upper Austria where she usually resides. Her charity is constant, unostentatious, far-reaching, and she and her husband are blessed far and wide. Both are of simple domestic tastes; both find their chief interest in the education and physical development of their children; both are devoted heart and soul to the beloved parent on whom depends the welfare of so many millions.

A VALIANT WIFE.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

It was Tom Moore with his "Lalla Rookh" that first filled my boyish fancy, my head and heart, with infinite longings to see something of the charms of "that delightful province of the Sun." So I still lacked two years of being out of my teens when I shipped as able seaman in the clipper ship "Chieftain," bound for Calcutta. She was commanded by Captain Stephen Maguire, who for all his deep water dignity and quarter-deck aristocratic airs had a look of instinctive kindness on his manly, bronzed face. There were unmistakable indications of masterful physical strength in the swing and poise of his athletic six foot stature. We knew, too, that the judicious use of this strength had been chiefly instrumental in winning his way, at thirty-five, to the command of such a ship as the Chieftain.

But it was not the beauty of our fine new ship and the robust competence of our captain that gave such hopeful promise of a pleasant voyage. This came for the most part from the appearance of a woman who was driven up to the gangway in a carriage, and helped on board the Chieftain by the mate and captain, half an hour before we put to sea on that bleak March morning. The lady was Mrs. Maguire, the captain's wife.

A March nor'wester has a rare skill in deepening the rose tints on a woman's cheek, more especially if she be running off shore before it, looking back wistfully at the fading landscape astern as she leans on the arm of her sailor husband.

A record of that passage, however interesting to the nautical-minded, would lack sufficient entertainment for the great majority whose fancy or feeling seldom goes down to the sea in ships. So it must suffice to say of our passage that it was as pleasant as such passages possibly can be, all the way. There were times, of course, "running the eastern down," far south, among the great ice islands, before the heavy westerly gales and mountainous seas, when it seemed that even the Chieftain must be overwhelmed. Yet even then a chance glimpse of Mrs. Maguire's face through a window gave one fresh courage. The cheerful influence which radiates from one centre was never more gratefully felt than during that three months passage from Sandy Hook. And when the Chieftain hove her main topsail to the mast off the mouth of the Hoogly River, to take one of those high and mighty Calcutta pilots on board, every man of the twenty-two of us in her forecastle wished the passage had been a month or two longer.

On board the big side-wheel tug which towed the Chieftain up the Mahomedan's "sacred stream" there was more profanity in one day, amongst her officers in driving her crew of thirty native lascars around deck, than there had been on board our ship for the whole passage. But the instability of human growth, upward, was never more palpably seen or felt than in our case. It ended in fact on the day we got the ship moored to the buoys in the muddy river abreast of the "city of palaces" and Mrs. Maguire went on shore with her husband to stop at the Great Eastern Hotel. From that hour the light seemed to have gone out of the ship, and we lapsed back into the old, rude, seafaring ways.

The scorching heat and miasmatic atmosphere of the riverside fens intensified the gloom and unrest. By the time our outward cargo was discharged seven men were laid up in the forecastle on Dr. Burke's hands. He came on board

every morning, good soul, to treat his patients, his pleasant discourse and rollicking ways mitigating more pains than his prescriptions.

We had not seen Captain Maguire come on board, as was his custom of a morning, for several days after the loading of our homeward cargo was begun. This of course naturally bred conjectures that something had befallen him. We dare not ask any of our officers, and the doctor was simply deaf to our appeals for information as to what had happened. When the ship was nearly loaded we were told that a severe attack of the cholera had left Captain Maguire a mere physical wreck. There was talk of the Consul General appointing a new captain, our mate not having sufficient navigation to take the ship home. But Mrs. Maguire protested against having her husband sent home by steamer, and applied for appointment to sail the ship home herself. The other American captains in port took up her case, assuring the Consul General that though a woman she was a thorough navigator, and sufficiently skilled in seamanship to take the ship home quite as well as any one of themselves. He at first laughed at the idea of putting a woman in charge of such a ship. But when he came to talk with her on the matter he soon saw that the captains were right. She furthermore assured him that this was the only means of getting her husband home alive. This last appeal settled his consent, and he bade her go ahead and have her own way.

The American captains attended to all the business of getting the ship ready for sea, but Mrs. Maguire had to appear in the custom house herself to sign her clearance papers. Her invalid husband was carried on board in a sedan chair, on the afternoon of the day prior to our sailing. Burke and his Baboo accompanied the party, bringing on board a fresh supply of medicines for the voyage. We could hardly realize that the pale, spent invalid in the chair was our strapping robust captain of a couple of months ago. Yet with his wife, somewhat thinner, and with face saddened and paled by her cares, came back the light which had gone out of the ship with her.

The new pilot with his crew of lascars was on board next morning by three o'clock, and at sunrise had the ship unmoored and wafted out to a buoy in midstream, hanging by a single hawser ready for a start. With the sea pilot and tug came the fine American captains. The start was made at once, ere the seven beach-comers come to take the places of the four deserters and three who died from our forecastle, had time to put away their scanty outfits for the voyage. They were still dazed from their last orgy, and Mr. Harding, our second mate, made slow headway in shaking a little life into them. Mr. Inches, our mate, charged him to be cautious and not to let Captain Maguire see any of his drastic handling of the men.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the answer, "that's the devil of havin' a woman capt'n."

Abreast of Garden Beach his friends carried the invalid on deck, to a sightly place on top of the after-house, under the double awnings. There his wife sat by him most of the forenoon, leaving the care of her ship to their friends. The freshets were still strong, and there was therefore some danger in making the shorter turns round the several quicksands, with a twenty-five foot draft ship. But Sand Heads was reached in safety an hour before sunset. All sail had been made on the ship before the time for letting go the hawser had come.

Then cordial good-byes were said by the captains and a safe and quick passage home wished to Mrs. Maguire as her friends got on board the big pilot's

barge alongside, manned by a dozen uniformed lascars, and put out to the waiting tug. The barge returned to the captain's gangway and took the pilot off. Mrs. Maguire now stood alone on her ship. A light land breeze, together with the off shore current flowing ever seaward from the mouth of the great river, bore us down the bay at a speed of five knots. For a brief moment her woman's heart must have failed the captain. How could she rule all these rough men, and sail her ship safely more than half the distance around the world, through gale, calm, current and climate of every zone? And at the same time nurse and doctor as best she could her poor sick husband? With a desperate effort she summoned up her resolute will, and looked confidently aloft to see that the yards were trimmed shipshape. She started on a brisk walk fore and aft the weather side of the poop, as she had so often seen her husband do on such occasions, and the exercise presently redoubled her confidence in herself. She remembered other women who had done far more dangerous and difficult things than sailing a ship to New York.

"Have both anchors taken in on the rail, or leave 'em in the shoes, s—er—Captain?" questioned the mate, touching his hat as he looked up at her from the main deck.

"Best take the lee one on the rail and let the weather hang in the shoe yet a while, sir!"

"Ay, ay, s—er—Captain!"

The half dozen outward bound ships were now well under steerage way, and the nighest far enough off for her to go below a few moments for a word with her husband. She could trust their faithful Japanese steward Keto who had sailed four years with them to give the patient his medicine on time.

By midnight we were down past the ridge lightship. As the weather was settled and barometer steady, Mrs. Maguire felt safe in leaving Harding in charge of the deck, with orders to call her on the first sign of any change, and to watch the sidelights, log, and heave the lead every hour.

Her mind was too preoccupied, with anticipations of things that might happen, for rest or sleep that night. She stole softly up and down the after companionway every few minutes for a look around at the weather, and ahead at the monsoon woolsack clouds piling up higher and higher as the sultry, moonlit night waned. A frequent trip into the chart room, to study over courses and distances, and another look into the sailing directions of the bay—as helps to a final decision upon the best tack to put the ship on when the monsoon struck in with a rush—varied the weary monotony. Her husband, when she quietly drew the mosquito bar of his cot aside to see how he was resting, volunteered advice upon this problem. But with finger to her lips she signaled him to silence lest the effort might impede his recovery in the least.

The toast and cup of strong coffee which the steward brought her from the galley at daylight refreshed and stimulated her. Seven bells in the morning watch (half-past seven) had scarcely struck when the pile of woolsack clouds which had stood still all night started on a lively movement up the bay. Mrs. Maguire presently heard the sodden sound of the coming wind and rain. The ship was diving head on into the long swell. It was high time to shorten sail and otherwise prepare for the oncoming burst of the storm. "Clew up your royals fore and aft and down all light fore and aft sails, Mr. Inches."

The men sprang to obey ere the mate had repeated her orders. But in her eagerness to make every mile of offing possible with the land breeze she had hung on to her "flying kites" a little too long. The men had not got above the

tops on their run aloft to furl the royals when the monsoon struck the ship, like the blow of a heavy wet blanket. "Hard starboard ye'r wheel, helmsman!" she ordered firmly. "Call all hands, trim sail, Mr. Inches. Brace her sharp up on the starboard tack, sir." The watch below had been already called to breakfast and jumped out on the run, and, amid the deafening shock of flapping sails, soon had the reeling ship braced up and trimmed down to the strong breeze. By the middle of the forenoon it came so heavy that we could show nothing above an upper topsail to it.

We kept one another awake all that forenoon watch below, discussing the "old woman's" equipment for captain. By eight bells we had rated her "one-one-three-three," the highest class given any ship or master, by any forecastle tribunal. And those who know something of what goes to make up the most competent master or mate know also that there is no more unerring tribunal than the ship's forecastle, on points of seamanship.

The pitching and diving bows under into the high head sea seemed to revive the invalid.

"Let her go on the starboard tack, Molly, over under the lee of the Andaman Islands," he advised her. "Have smoother water and less head current."

"Yes, dear, but pray don't bother your poor sick head about such things."

"Have to watch your barometer and the weather, Molly, as a cat watches a mouse, or we reach over on that east coast of the bay. Comin' on toward change of the monsoon now, an' it's the worst place outdoors for cyclones."

"Please don't worry about such things, Steve. Mr. Inches is of himself a whole weather bureau, in these waters. Lift the Captain back in his cot, please, steward."

Over nearer the Siam coast we did not pick up the favorable slants of wind which a close study of Findlays' sailing directions, and her husband's teaching, had led Mrs. Maguire to hope for. But the sea grew smoother, and on the third day out the ship was able to show her three royals to the steady breeze. During the eleven days anxious beating down the bay there was little change in Captain Maguire's health. Nearly every day, just after dinner, when the weather was fine, Inches and Harding carried him in his cot up the forward companion way to the lee side of the cock pit. There his wife read to him, or conversed with him as his moods changed, with an occasional eye cast aloft at the weather leech of the mizzen-royal to see that the helmsman was minding his steering. Mrs. Maguire had by this time got her sea legs so well on from walking the decks in her watches out that she had become habituated to the spread rolling step. When she had her ship well swell of the southeast trades, with a twelve-knot breeze piping over the quarter, she strode the decks in the sharp lurches as steadily as the best man of them. She was now master of the situation in fact as well as in spirit, even though her physical strength was not quite what she could wish. Yet with the ship averaging little short of three hundred miles a day there were some bright moments of anticipation in her life. The swinging cot which she had the carpenter rig up kept her husband from feeling the greater part of the pitching and lurching, even while she drove the ship so hard as to keep the main deck so flooded that the watches on deck were driven aft on the poop with their work.

"Best not drive her too hard, Molly," warned the invalid one day when she was giving him his medicine. "She'd go 'bout 's fast with the royals in, I guess, 'n' give the Mauritius a wide berth. Worst hurricanes 't ever blow gyrate thereabouts. You r'member,

sweetheart, 'twas off there we had all three sticks blown out of the Electric by the board, and Captain Farnell and eight men swept overboard. 'Twas rigging jury masts and getting the ship home under 'em, under such difficulties, that made me master so young, Molly."

"Of course I remember the happiest days of my life, Steve, dear." For the first time since he was taken ill she laughed out at the vivid remembrance of a variety of delightful happenings shortly following his promotion.

Running down the trades the captain of course left Harding in charge of the deck, as she had always seen her husband do. But even there she slept in her clothes, with one eye open, "ready for a jump." Yet by the time she sighted the east end of Madagascar and passed over into the Mozambique channel she was pretty well rested for the hardest tussle of her voyage, soon to some.

On her husband's advice Mrs. Maguire reached over toward the African coast, so as to strike the sou'west La Ghulas current off Natal. She sighted the mountains a little to the westward, and in the variable winds worked down handsomely into the current, in sight of land, toward the stormy cape. New heavy-weather sails were bent, and extra lashings held all things movable about decks. The carpenter fitted heavy storm doors and screwed them on to the cabin, forecastle and galley doors, and put skylight and window shutters in shape.

The ship herself lifted her bows with a stately, heroic defiance to the first of the long southwest swell that came rolling up past Port Elizabeth. But when some days later, she, under two lower topsails in a sou'west gale, lunged heavily into the toppling walled sea, on the outer edge of La Ghulas bank, she looked to be getting the worst of the fight.

In her husband's sou'wester, long oilskin coat, and rubber boots, Mrs. Maguire stood or walked the poop, with the tremendous hail and rain squalls pelting her in the face.

The brief calms following those two gales, which the Chieftain weathered bravely, were worse than the gales. With no wind to steady her, she rolled and slatted in the trough of that terrible short sea so as to almost tear Mrs. Maguire out of her husband's boots. During the worst of it she could simply sit on the deck clinging to ringbolt or bithead with both hands, looking aloft at the tossing, quivering spars.

The men in their moments of leisure, on deck or below, had an inexhaustible theme of interest in their "handsome captain." At the tail end of the last gale, when the starboard watch, after being up nearly all their watch below, waring ship and making sail, were sent below, Ned Seeley knocked down and jumped on Bill Dockery for calling her "a bloody, man-killin' hamphitrite."

The Chieftain lay wallowing in the toppling sea, within sight of Cape La Ghulas light, when a southeaster sprang up. It first showed itself in ripples on the blue sides of the overtopping seas, and then struck upward into the slatting sails, freshening as the leaden dabs of cloud overspread the metallic blue overhead. With her three royals aboard the Chieftain was bowling off her eight knots on her course, ere one of the fleet of half a score of foreigners in sight had started to turn out their reefs. In the last hour of the middle watch, with the light broad on her starboard beam, she swung aft to the northwest around the stormy cape.

The wind held steady all next day and night, and then settled into the regular southeast trades of the South Atlantic. Mrs. Maguire looked, and felt, like one from whose shoulders some intolerable burden had been lately removed. She left the business of fitting and cleaning the ship up for her seamanlike appear-

ance all to her officers. So steady blew the trades that during the three thousand miles run up to the equator neither brace, tack, or sheet was started. So Mrs. Maguire had the most part of that fortnight to devote to the better care of her husband.

The tranquil aspect of these seas and skies, never yet known to have been ruffled by storm or lashed to fatal rage by hurricane or cyclone, were peculiarly pleasing and restful to both. But to Mrs. Maguire's grief, her husband, for all his quiet pleasantries of talk, seemed to grow weaker.

"I don't wonder a mite at your love of these quiet, lazy latitudes, Molly," he bantered, "but a man must have the spur and stimulus of the snow storm and freezing nor'west gale to brace him up."

"When he's well, Steve dear. Come, sit up now," putting an arm under his neck to help him, "it's time to take your medicine."

"Let me lift him for you, Captain Maguire," said Harding, who had the watch on deck, coming to her aid.

To avoid the calms and baffling airs of the more usual crossing, Captain Maguire ran her ship several degrees further west. She sighted Cape St. Roque, swung short around it in the nor'west current, and ran out of the southeast into the northeast trades without taking in her topmast studding sail. Sighting the island of Barbadoes she coasted up the east side of the Windward Islands, with all the wind piping in over her starboard quarter that she could swing her royals to.

Things ran as lively and smoothly, too, with her officers and men, in their strenuous duties of tarring-down, scraping, oiling, varnishing, painting and polishing the ship. There was no spot about the ship in which Mrs. Maguire might look without seeing herself. A couple more coats of oil on the spars and polished decks were the finishing touches, as we fanned up the "horse latitudes." Then new sails were bent for the final home-coming struggle.

The cool snap of a norther blowing up off Bermuda gave the invalid captain a bit more strength. Inches and Harding were as happy and proud of their ship in her spotless beauty as any bridegroom of his bride. But the heavy northeast gale and thick snowstorm, lasting forty-eight hours, which struck the Chieftain a little north of Cape Hatteras, put a damper on all their ardor. To the worst of this Captain Maguire, again in her husband's oilskins and rubber boots, swung her two lower topsails and foretopmast staysail reaching offshore into the western edge of the Gulf Stream, where she hove her ship to in the strength of the current and let her drift to windward. The sea here was of course simply tremendous, but the Chieftain could stand it, and Captain Maguire was in a hurry home.

It was a bitter cold nor'west gale into which the wind flew, after the last blinding snow squall, followed by a steely glare on the horizon. This was about sunset, and the wind presently hauled northerly again. By her dead reckoning Sandy Hook was now bearing about west. To "ware ship" in such a sea was a trail from which many a seasoned captain would have shrunk. But Captain Maguire knew from a certain sort of human sympathy that her ship was good for it. So mounting the top of the after-house, whence she could see out over the thick, low bank of vapor shrouding the surface of the sea, she sang out, "All hands ware ship there, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir—er—Capt'n!" answered Inches, who had the watch on deck, running down to call Harding, after repeating the captain's orders to his watch. But he stood aghast a brief moment at her next order to "loose the inner jib" in such a gale. Yet he soon saw that she had adopted about the only sure and

safe way of getting the ship's head off in safe season in such a sea. She could see the tops of the combers out over the bank, and, when the last of three of the biggest had broken, grasping the monkey rail tighter with both hands she ordered, "Up helm, lively, men! Hoist away your jib, sir, and stand by to square in the after yards."

Her orders were promptly obeyed. The jib was hauled down and furled, and, save the shipping of one great sea that gutted the forecastle galley and carpenter's shop, the ship came to handsomely on the starboard tack.

During the night sail was crowded on as the gale moderated. Before noon of next day she was well in shore of the gulf. With a good morning sight, and meridian altitude of the sun, Captain Maguire was enabled to get her true position on the chart. Well in on sounding, the sea had gone down so that with her three royals set the ship logged nine knots in the first day watch.

Throughout the clear night the number of green and red sidelights and bright masthead lights of steamers, in sight from the Chieftain's decks, increased. In the colder wind, towards morning, freezing the flying spray on the head-gear, the watch on deck already sniffed a flavor of land. Inches had the morning watch on deck, and, just after five bells, was himself first to sight the pilot boat's flashlight on the weather beam. But he did not call Captain Maguire just then. There would be pilots and pilots on such a morning, when she came out at seven bells. A little later he could see the same pilot boat shake out her reefs, and crack on all sail in chase of them. By eight bells she was within hailing distance on the ship's weather quarter. There were half a dozen binoculars trained on Captain Maguire when she came up the after-companion and began her morning walk.

"Yes, we want a pilot," she answered to their hail. After the customary exchange of greetings with the pilot, and learning from him that her reckoning was "about right," such a change came over her as she went slowly down the after-companion that you could scarcely recognize her as the same Captain Maguire who had brought that ship home.

The news of Mrs. Maguire's taking the ship had reached home by mail more than a month ahead of her. So there were scores of fine carriages strung along the pier, their occupants eagerly waiting for the Chieftain to get close enough to afford them a sight of this female prodigy, her captain. There was too a delegation of ladies escorted by the collector of the port and several of his officials, who came on board the ship, and extended to Mrs. Maguire their congratulations and appreciative recognition of her heroic achievement. Scarcely had she modestly replied, and heartily welcomed them on board the Chieftain, when others, and still others, came crowding, expressing like feelings and sentiments toward this heroine of the sea. Invitations to be their guests she regretted to have to decline. For the present she would have to go with her husband to the marine hospital. Then as soon as she could leave him for a day or two, she must go to Philadelphia to see their three children, whom they had left in care of the Sisters at the Dominican School. But later when his health was better, she would thankfully accept their courtesies.

When the customs officers, helping the invalid captain, close buttoned in his long English topcoat, up the forward companion, showed their heads, the reporters fell upon them.

Comfortably seated in the collector's roomy carriage, the Maguires, driven by the liveried coachman, were given the lead up. Inches and Harding had mustered all hands on the Chieftain's topgallant forecastle, and, as the procession of carriages moved ahead, they gave three cheers for Mrs. Captain Maguire.

MOST REV. J. H. BLENK, D D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Archbishop Blenk, recently appointed to the See of New Orleans, will enter upon the administration of his new charge during the present month. The people of Porto Rico, while glad that the beloved prelate has been promoted to such an important See as that of New Orleans, are grieved at his departure.

During the six years that he has been the spiritual head of the Church in Porto Rico, he has shown the most noble traits of character, consummate tact and good judgment in all emergencies, and has been an ideal bishop.

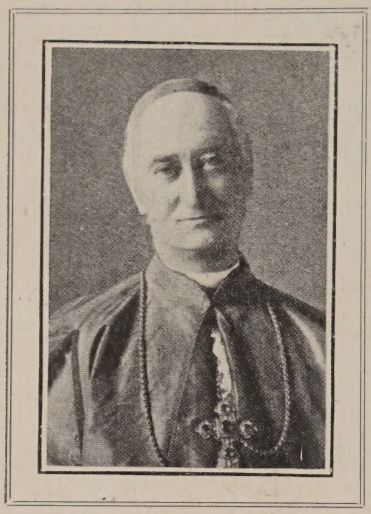
"From one end of the island to the other," said La Democracia, published at San Juan, P. R., "Monsignor Blenk has devoted friends and admirers, and when he will leave in May there will be many tearful scenes. Those tears will be but the true tribute of regret at the loss to this island of a prelate whom we hold in such high esteem. Whoever knows Bishop Blenk feels that he will well and ably fill the archiepiscopal chair, and that his future is full of extraordinary promise. He never was a stranger in our midst. We always considered him as a son of our island, and now that he is about to leave we tender him our heartfelt sentiments of regret at the void which his absence will create in this, our country, which is his second country."

Archbishop Blenk is a Bavarian by birth, but came to America when very young. His parents were converts to the faith, and the future Archbishop was received into the Church when thirteen years old. He was baptized in St. Anthony's Church, New Orleans.

Bishop Brindle of Nottingham, England, renowned for his success as a preacher, instructed the Princess Ena in the Catholic faith, and officiated at her reception into the Church. During the day of March 6th, she made her preparations for confession, and on March 7th made public abjuration of the Protestant belief. The chapel was beautifully decorated, the altar being a veritable bed of white flowers. The Princess wore the traditional white robe of the first communicant, and a pearl necklace was her sole ornament. The ceremony was most moving, and the Spanish Premier said that he had never witnessed anything so beautiful and impressive.

No active part had been taken in the Princess' conversion by Spanish prelates, and the preparation and ceremonies had been conducted by English ecclesiastics. The abjuration was made in the English tongue.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon John S. Vaughan has recently been appointed by the Holy Father to minister to the spiritual needs of the English-speaking Catholics in Rome. He is a brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan, and is himself not the least distinguished member of a very distinguished family. He



RT. REV. ROBERT BRINDLE, D D.

is also an author of no mean repute, and is considered by competent critics as the most graceful and scholarly of our Catholic writers at the present day. He writes English with the elegant ease of a man who has been accustomed to correct language from childhood.

Besides writing extensively for the magazines, he has published several books, such as "Faith and Folly," "Thoughts for All Times," "Earth to Heaven," "The Use and Abuse of the Bible," "Life After Death," etc. Some of his works have reached a tenth edition, and have been translated into various languages. We have not seen these translations, but we suspect that much of the graceful style of the original must be lost in a foreign idiom, unless the translator has mastered his vernacular as Canon Vaughan has mastered English. A new edition of "Faith and Folly" has just appeared, and it contains several papers, in the author's best style, on the living questions of the present day. Monsignor Vaughan's characteristic gift seems to be a wealth of apt illustration, which enables him to popularize the most abstruse questions of philosophy and theology, so that not only the clergy but the laity as well may read his writings with interest and profit. His method of handling polemical questions is exceptionally good. Even when combating heretical or atheistical foes, he never betrays the slightest sign of bitterness or prejudice; and probably the fundamental reason is because he feels none. His zeal and charity seem to embrace every race and every creed. If it be true that sarcasm never yet made a proselyte, then for the opposite reason we may hope that Monsignor Vaughan will count his converts by the thousands.

It is well for the world at large that he has not succeeded in hiding his brilliant gifts out of sight in a monastery. About half a year ago he joined the Carthusians at Certosa, near Lucca. He donned their coarse habit and tried their still coarser fare, but his health proved unequal to the task, and he broke down completely. At the end of three months the General of the Carthusian Order, his confessor, and his own conscience, were all unanimous in deciding that God did not desire such a sacrifice, and wanted to be served in some other way. When the humble man was smarting under his disappointment, Pius X summoned him to Rome, placed him in charge of the English-speaking Catholics, and assured him, at the same time, that God did not wish him "to be buried alive." He is now stationed in San Silvestro, in Capite, Rome. We only hope that his ministerial duties will not interfere with his facile pen.

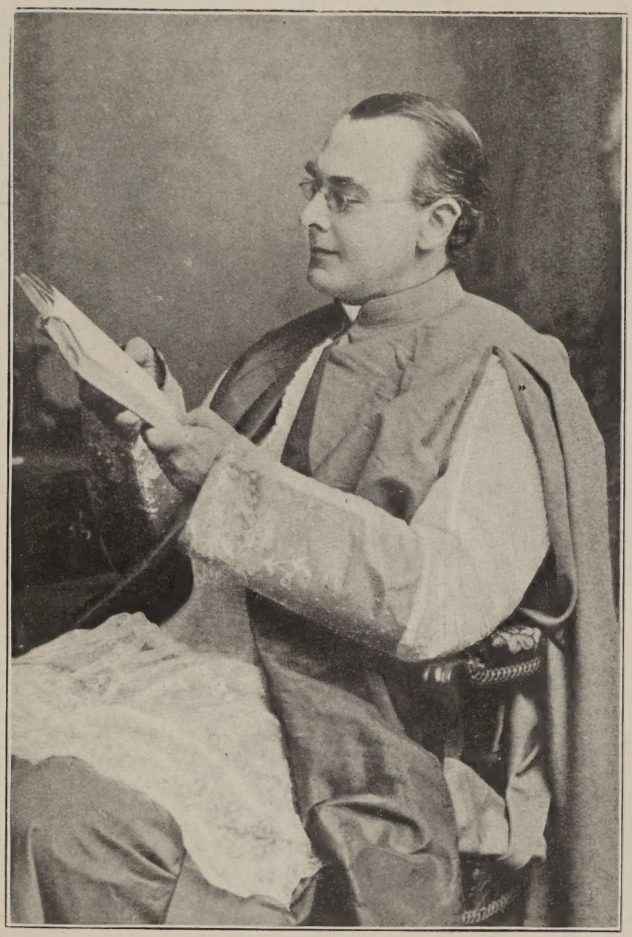
The following interesting sketch of the Rev. John George Hagen, S. J., was specially prepared for DONAHOE'S by Mr. Thomas A. McCann of Georgetown University.

Father Hagen, who has been chief astronomer at Georgetown University for the last eighteen years, is now on his way to Rome to take charge of the Vatican Observatory. He has been selected for that important post by the Holy Father himself, on the strength of recommendations which were given in his favor by some of the most distinguished astronomers in Europe and America. The appointment is a compliment not only to Father Hagen, but also to Georgetown, although it must be confessed that Rome's gain is our loss. As a student at the University, I have had ample opportunity for studying the man and his work; but not being an astronomer myself, my appreciation of Father Hagen must be regarded as the criticism of a lay mind. However, I venture to put my views in print until something more reliable appears on the subject from a scientific pen. If it takes a thief to catch a thief, it takes an astronomer to appreciate an astronomer.

John George Hagen was born in the Austrian village of Bregenz, March 6, 1847. After winning first honors in the gymnasium at Feldkirk, he entered the Jesuit Order at the age of sixteen. When he had gone through the regular curriculum in a Jesuit house of studies, he went to the universities of Münster and Bonn for the purpose of studying higher mathematics and astronomy. His theological studies were made in England, and in 1880 he sailed for the United States. The next eight years he spent in the colleges of the Buffalo mission, and in 1888 he came to Georgetown to take charge of the observatory, and here he has

remained until his recent appointment in Rome.

Before speaking of his work in Washington, let me say a word about the history of the Georgetown Observatory. It was founded in 1843 by the Rev. Thomas Jenkins, S. J. The site chosen was about a quarter of a mile from the main buildings of the undergraduate department. The elevation towers



RT. REV. JOHN S. VAUGHAN, D.D.

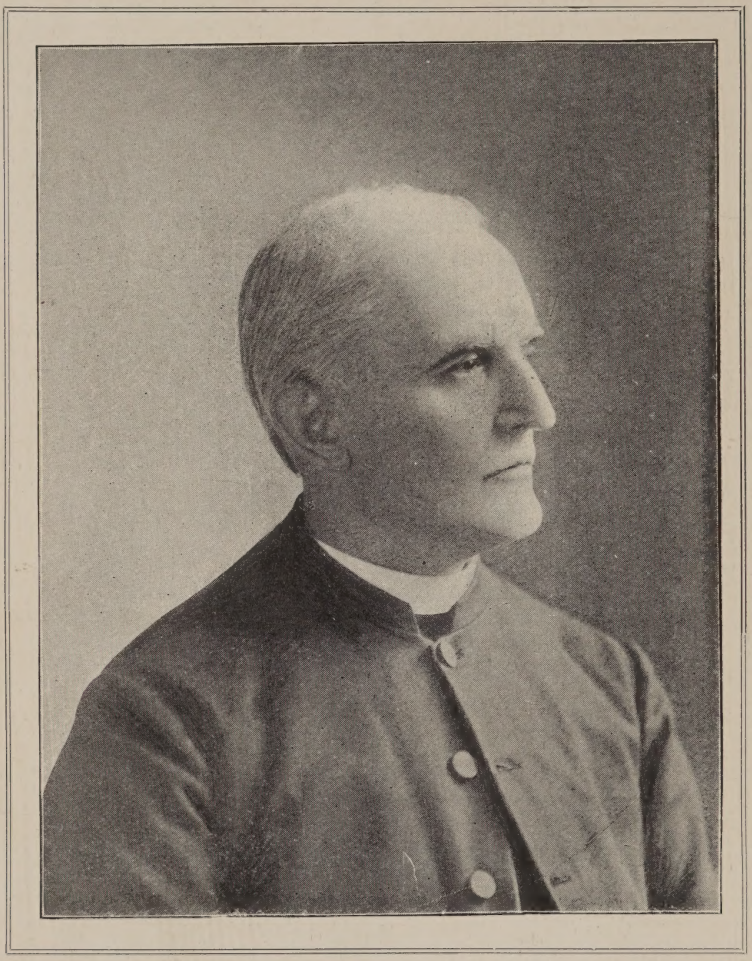
over the surrounding country and is comparatively free from local disturbance. The building was erected under the direction of Father Carley, who had charge of the observatory for nearly half a century. He supervised all the instruments which, at that early day, had to be purchased in Europe. At first the main object of the observatory was the instruction of the students who were taking that course. Much valuable work had been done prior to the Civil War, but during those troubled times every department of the University suffered, and astronomy among the rest.

When Father Hagen took charge in 1888, he at once determined to raise the observatory from a mere department for instruction to a place in which original research might be conducted. How well he succeeded in his plans is attested by his published works. At the centennial of the University in 1889, the observatory was renovated and equipped with the most modern instruments. Since then it has improved rapidly, and to-day it ranks among the first-class observatories of the country, both for the efficiency of the instruments and the skill of its directors.

Father Hagen chose stellar photography

for his special field of labor, and the accurate laws framed for the variation of stars owe most of their existence to him. He has published an "Atlas of Variable Stars" in five series, comprising 240 charts and over 10,000 stars. That work represents the labor of eighteen years of observation by night and calculation by day. These observations were repeated on different nights during the various seasons of the year and in different years. A catalogue accompanies the charts giving data, by means of which the position of these variable stars may be determined at any epoch whatever. The "Atlas" is a veritable treasure-house for the astronomer. The great expense of publishing this "Atlas" was mainly defrayed by a generous patron of science, named Miss Bruce.

Judging from the labor required to prepare his work on the variable stars, one would naturally suppose that Father Hagen had no time for anything else. But, as a matter of fact, he has published three volumes of another colossal work, which is entitled a "Synopsis of Higher Mathematics." He hopes to complete the work in two more volumes, if he can command sufficient leisure for the purpose. The publication of such an encyclopedia by a single individual supposes enormous reading and is a lasting monument to Father Hagen's energy, determination and scientific research. The "Synopsis of Higher Mathematics" has been well received and highly praised by the scientific world. He has attended several scientific congresses, whether in Europe or in America, and these learned men from all quarters of the globe were very outspoken in their appreciation of his work. At the Mathe-



REV. JOHN G. HAGEN, S.J.

MOST REV. GEORGE MONTGOMERY, D D

shown in the accompanying illustration. The presentation of the pastoral staff to each prelate was made at the close of the services.

Archbishop Riordan had left San Francisco two days before the disaster, intending to go to Baltimore to attend the 100th anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the cathedral in that city. His journey was brought to an end, however, by the news of the destruction of the city in which he has made his home for the last twenty-three years.

"I must return to my people," he said. "I am anxiously awaiting news from home and as soon as the way is open I will return to aid in the work of relieving the sufferings of the people.

"I can hardly realize that the noble city I left four days ago is now a pile of fire-swept ruins. The churches in which I have spent the best years of my life are all gone. The work of a lifetime was wiped out in a moment.

"The suddenness, the enormity of it all has stunned me. I know that many of my people are dead and all of them are suffering and in danger. I wish that I was there to help them in their hour of need. All that can be done at present is to rush food and medicine to the city in order to save the panic-stricken people from starvation and to care for the sick and wounded.

STONYHURST COLLEGE CADETS.

"When I left San Francisco last Monday there had been no warning of the awful catastrophe. It was an ideal spring day and the city seemed to be in its holiday attire, crowds of laughing, pleasure-seeking people filled the streets as if rejoicing in the beautiful spring weather.

"I received no news of the earthquake until I arrived at Omaha. As the train I was on drew into the depot I heard a newsboy crying that San Francisco had been destroyed. I bought a paper and read the terrible story but still I could not believe that it happened."

In a telegram to Archbishop Farley, the San Francisco prelate briefly stated the extent of the loss the Church had sustained by the earthquake. "The work of fifty years is blotted out," he said, "help us to begin over again." The Archbishop of New York responded promptly by calling a meeting at which prominent Catholics subscribed $10,000, in a few minutes, and made arrangements for a general appeal for relief funds. The Holy Father sent a letter to Archbishop Farley, requesting him to convey to the American Government the papal condolences over the San Francisco disaster. The Pope also enclosed a donation for distribution among the families of the unfortunates.

On the steps of the shattered churches and on the green slopes of parks and cemeteries the people of San Francisco assembled at the usual hours for religious services the first Sunday after the earthquake.

There was no distinction as to sect or denomination, the gatherings included as a rule a large percentage of the families camping or residing in the vicinity. Catholic clergymen celebrated Masses in the Jewish cemetery, and every creed knelt with bowed heads while the services were in progress.

On the steps of St. Mary's Cathedral and on the upheaved pavement of Golden Gate Avenue, overlooking the blackened waste that began just across the street, Bishop Montgomery celebrated Mass at 8 o'clock. The service was attended by thousands, covering the church steps and extending well up and down the street in either direction.

Close to the graves in Calvary Cemetery, on the narrow porch of a tiny house that stands within the graveyard enclosure, three Masses were celebrated for the congregation of Holy Cross Church.

Stonyhurst, the renowned English college for Catholic youth, has graduated many brilliant students. It has the largest college building, under one roof, in England. Its broad lands are situated in northeast Lancashire, 381 feet above the level of the sea, and are environed by mountain ranges. From its doors have emerged men who have made their names honored in many walks of life. Intellects of the strongest type have been trained within its walls, the course of instruction and the system of discipline tending to develop the highest qualities of mind and heart.

THE DIAMOND WISHBONE.

BY CARL LOUIS KINGSBURY.

Down the porch of the summer hotel, past the various groups of after breakfast loungers and obviously headed for the Springs, came a large and prosperous looking gentleman, the possessor of a pair of kindly blue eyes and the ready smile that goes with a feeling of good fellowship toward all mankind. As he passed the group of which Miss Ogden and her friend, Louise Allen, formed part, an intrusive sun ray, stealing through the interlacing of green leaves that made a screen for the veranda, struck full upon a cluster of diamonds that swung conspicuously from that button hole of his waistcoat through which was drawn the heavy gold chain that lost its watch-weighted ends in pockets on either side. The result was a pyrotechnic display that caused Miss Ogden to put up a protesting hand, as if to shield her eyes;

"Mercy!" she gasped, in an audible aside to her friend, "Did you ever see the like! Diamonds in the morning! And *such* diamonds: as big as marrowfat peas, every one of them. For my part, I think it would be a blessing to some of our rich men if they could be compelled to take lessons in the art of proper dressing."

"Did you observe the design of the ornament?" Miss Allen inquired, in a much lower tone than that used by her friend, although the victim under discussion was, by now, out of ear-shot.

"Design? No. It nearly put my eyes out: it might have been an electric light."

"It was not: it was the semblance of a wishbone. An odd design, was it not?"

Seated in a chair directly behind those occupied by the two young women was the gentleman who, although but a day arrived, had already been so fortunate as to perform a slight service for them and had, in consequence, been invited to a seat at the table with them at breakfast. It was on their invitation, or to be exact, on Miss Olga Ogden's invitation, also, that his chair was now drawn close to theirs on the hotel porch. Miss Ogden, dazzled by the diamonds themselves, perhaps, had not observed that their owner and the handsome stranger behind them had silently greeted each other with a smile of perfect understanding, she was, therefore, less prepared for the gentleman's revelation.

"I happen to know, ladies, that that array of diamonds isn't simply the semblance of a thing. They form the ornamental shell of a very commonplace article. The locket encloses a weather-worn wishbone."

"Oh!" Miss Ogden who was given to impulsive, not to say blunt speeches, broke out, suddenly; "There's an old superstition that a wishbone brings its possessor good luck. You know, Louise, the lucky bone, it is, but it isn't possible —now is it, that a man who looks so— well, fairly intelligent, as the one who was parading that collection of gems, could be influenced by such a superstition?"

"You overlook," the stranger replied, rather more incisively than the occasion seemed to warrant, "the statement that I have just made. It is not the 'collection of gems,' as you put it, that the gentleman is conspicuously carrying, but the thing that they enclose—"

"A superstition—"

"No, pardon me! When I heard the story, as I did, in detail, I put the fancy down as the result of homesickness—a

dreadful, wearing, anguished homesickness, in which this poor little talisman was the only visible memento of the home—such as it was—and the people and country that, so far as its possessor knew, were forever lost."

Miss Ogden turned slightly in her chair and looked reflectively at the speaker;

"Would you mind telling us the story?" she said, at length; "It must be interesting."

"It is—to me—but perhaps I am not an impartial judge. However, like the ancient narrator of Cinderella, 'I'll relate the pleasing tale,' if you really care to hear it? Yes? Very well.

"Once upon a time, there existed, somehow, anyhow, in the slums of New York, a ragged little orphan lad, Terence Conly. In fact, there existed two little orphan lads, for Terence, young as he was, was the sole and competent support of a brother, some seven years younger than himself. Terry was a good worker, and ambitious, especially for his little brother: he was fifteen at the time to which I particularly refer, and being a lad of quick wit and active intelligence, he managed so well with his meagre earnings that the brother was cared for with some degree of comfort. Terry paid for the child's board in a poor but respectable family—there are such—and lived, himself, as best he could off of what was left of his finances after the child's bills were paid. I have reason to believe that, sometimes, it was so close a shave for him that he came dangerously near to not living, but no one ever heard him make a complaint.

"I don't know just how it came about, but I think it was on an occasion when the two were comparing gastronomical experiences, that Little Brother learned that Terry's ungratified longing in that direction was to have a well-roasted chicken and, fortified beforehand with the knowledge that Little Brother was, at the moment, filled to repletion with his own best beloved confection—whatever it may have been—get off into some secluded corner and eat it all himself—"

"Why, how selfish!"

"Do you think so, Miss Ogden? Now, do you know, that humble aspiration, grudgingly admitted under Little Brother's rigid cross examination, struck me as rather pathetic, especially as he knew, and Little Brother knew, that nothing on earth could have induced him to make any sort of an offering on the altar of his appetite if Little Brother had not been well fed beforehand."

"Well; go on, please. Did he ever get the chicken?"

"He did; hence the Story of The Wishbone. It was on a day when Little Brother had gone for his first interview with the country—the real country, you understand, not Central Park: it was through the beneficent intervention of the Fresh Air Fund that the opportunity came to him. Before starting, Little Brother had demanded of Terry a promise that he would, on that day of days, treat himself to *The* Chicken: and that he would go away back by himself, somewhere, and eat it. When Terry feelingly objected to the expense involved in stuffing himself in that manner, Little Brother had broken down and declared with tears and sobs of anguish that Terry was selfishly bent on spoiling his trip into the wonderland of green fields and still waters. Naturally, the desired promise was given.

"Having agreed to commit the extravagance Terry was bound to get out of it all the enjoyment possible. He had always had a fancy for prowling about the docks, and that evening, after the varied occupations of a day wherein employment was never certain but came, always, on the basis of 'catch as catch can,' Terry, with the chicken in a neat

package under his arm, sought the docks, found a comparatively quiet spot —quiet only because a little outside the circumference of a very busy scene,— and ate the chicken, the whole of it, in great peace of mind and contentment with the world in general.

"Having polished off and discarded all of the bones, save the lucky bone, which he slipped into the inner pocket of his ragged coat, Terry, feeling very full and deliciously sleepy—much, I imagine as a healthy little porker might, under like circumstances,—looked about for some place where he could take a nap undisturbed.

"Close at hand a tramp steamer was being loaded with a miscellaneous assortment of freight, consigned to some South American port. Among other things designed for the good of the South Americans were a lot of buggies, the wheels and bodies tied up in different bundles, the bodies protected from wind and weather by a stout covering of canvas. Espying an opening in the top of one of these covers, Terry slipped through, stretched himself out luxuriously on the red plush cushion, and, in two minutes, was sound asleep.

"When he awoke it was to find himself in pitch darkness with a fierce wind whistling outside and the whole earth in tumultuous, sickening motion. He sat up suddenly, bumping his head against the iron frame of the buggy top, and, with the blow, came a full realization of his position.

"While he slept the vessel had finished loading, had weighed anchor and was now careering along, well on her way toward that far South American port that he had heard the roustabouts mention, but which he had heeded so little that he could not now recall the name— and Little Brother? Little Brother was due to spend a fortnight in the country; that was fortunate. Long before the fortnight was up, he, Terry, would be back again in his accustomed haunts and Little Brother would be spared any anxiety on his account; also, it would be of no use for him to make his presence known for a while yet. So deciding, he felt for the gage of fortune in his otherwise empty pocket, found it, and assured of its safety composed himself to sleep once more.

"When about the middle of the next forenoon, Terry crawled out from his place of concealment and sought an interview with the captain, he was treated to an entirely new experience in his hitherto courageous and independent life. The captain of the freighter, a surly brute with a dislike for boys in general and a positive hatred for youthful stowaways disbelieved his story—or affected to disbelieve it—and came so near to throwing him to the sharks that Terry was fain to take refuge with the crew, where the reception accorded him was not a whit less trying.

"By the time the freighter docked at the port of Para, Terry's body was black and blue from the maltreatment he had endured, but he still had his courage, the wishbone, and an invincible determination to return to New York at the first opportunity. The fortnight that Little Brother was to spend in the country had ended before the freighter reached Para, and, to his other anxieties, was now added a torturing fear lest Little Brother, who had a high opinion of his own untried ability, should undertake a canvass of the city in the hope of finding him. But as time passed, the acuteness of this especial phase of torture diminished; the people with whom Little Brother boarded would not, he knew, turn the child adrift, whether payment for his keep was forthcoming or not, and for the rest, Little Brother must bear his bereavement as best he could.

"It was the first episode in their joint

lives where Terry had been forced to acknowledge to himself his inability to help Little Brother, and the pain of the new experience stamped an expression of haggard misery on his thin face. He had, of course, given the freighter the slip almost as soon as they reached port, and he now haunted the docks, watching for a vessel on which he might steal a return passage to New York.

"While he waited the Para police did what in them lay to render his life intolerable. The little foreign waif, with no visible means of support, no one to vouch for him, and, palpably, a runaway, was a noticeable figure, and it was well to have something, some one, to do; some one alien and strange, to keep watch of whom afforded easy occupation and no questions asked. It was two weeks before the longed-for opportunity came, or before Terry thought that it had come. His geographical knowledge did not extend beyond the streets of New York and when a dirty-looking craft outward bound, cleared from the docks one morning she carried Terry snugly stowed away under one of the sailor's bunks. Terry's one reason for boarding her had been because he had laboriously spelled out on her side the name, 'America,' and when he began to sit up and take notice the vessel was plowing her way up the Amazon. Shrinking from a possible repetition of his past experience, Terry remained hidden under the bunk for two days before hunger and thirst compelled him to make known his presence to the cook.

"The Chinese cook had all of his countrymen's aversion to foreign devils, young or old, but he realized, nevertheless, that it was good for foreign devil or Chinaman to be fed when starving. When Terry had eaten and had drunk such a quantity of hot coffee that it seemed his very arms and legs must have been hollow, to enable him to hold it all, he silently picked up the sharp little knife that lay beside a pan of potatoes on the table, the Chinaman, his slantwise eyes stealthily observant of the boy's movements, caught up a bread knife. Then he laid the knife down and calmly resumed his work. Terry went on placidly peeling the potatoes.

"By the time that captain and crew became aware of Terry's presence on board his position as cook's assistant was impregnably established. But when after ten days of voyaging up the Amazon the steamer turned plowing her way for days up the Marava River, Terry became alarmed.

"He realized his mistake in having boarded the 'America,' in the first place, and now feared that he should be taken so far into the wilderness that he could never get back. If his general knowledge had been of a more serviceable sort, he would have known that the safest place for him, the one surest to lead him back to New York, now that the dense South American forest, half jungle and wholly savage, stretched away interminably on either hand, was on board the boat that was steadily pursuing her course along the one highway of the wild region. Lacking this knowledge, and afraid to ask questions lest he be forcibly detained—for since his advent the cook had had much leisure,—Terry, at the next wooding-up place, hid himself in the jungle and remained out of sight until the only evidence that the steamer had ever been in the vicinity was a blue pennon of vanishing smoke, far up the river.

"Then began a pedestrian journey back to the coast; a journey so slow and toilsome and fraught with such peril that even his high courage sometimes gave way entirely. He kept on because there was nothing else to do, but sometimes hope was well-nigh dead within him. It was at such times that his trembling fin-

gers would grope for the lucky bone that still remained in the one serviceable pocket of his coat, and he would draw a certain strength from this poor talisman of home.

"Some days, he never knew how many, after he had left the steamer he fell in with a band of river Indians who were gathering rubber in the forest. To the extent of their linguistic ability the aborigines spoke him fairly, and when he had made known to them how desperate was his need of food—the sign language of hunger being universal and easily understood—shared with him the tribal manioc and turtle eggs.

"They shared so generously that, in a few days he was physically fit to resume his journey, but when he would have done so he found himself confronted with a new and insurmountable difficulty. It transpired that the Indians were not, as he had first imagined, a wandering band of aboriginal philanthropists. Their methods of exacting payment for services rendered were really up-to-date; they had fed and sheltered the castaway, now he must work for them to pay for it. In brief, they kept him a closely guarded prisoner for six months.

"Although Terry did not know it then, nor, indeed, for some time afterward, those six months with the Indians, punctuated though they were with stripes and, in case of rebellion on his part, with the pangs of starvation until he gave in and acknowledged the utility of obedience, formed the educational background, the financial turning point of his life. By the time that the season for rubber gathering was over and the vigilance of his entertainers relaxed, he was an expert, not only in the handling of the crude product but in determining the commercial value of individual trees, such a tree, owing more to location than to size, would yield so many gallons of juice; that one, much larger, but fully exposed to the blistering sun rays, was practically worthless. Terry, who had come to understand much of the Indian language, stowed whatever knowledge he gleaned quietly away; not consciously for future reference, but because the novel and interesting experiences and industries would be worth relating and describing to Little Brother when he got back to New York.

"One night an Indian lad left a rotten old canoe drawn up on the river bank and secured to a tree trunk by a bit of trailing vine.

"Two hours afterward, when darkness had fallen and the camp was asleep, Terry loosed the boat, shoved it noiselessly back into the water, crept into it and laid down, while, as in the case of the Lady of Shalott, the broad stream bore him far away—only, unlike that unfortunate, he was not robed in snowy white—his clothing, fragmentary at the outset, being by this time reduced to little more than the pocket and the wishbone. By the time the Indians got around to missing him, in the morning, he was miles and miles away, floating with the current, bound, again, for New York.

"He was so afraid of being captured by Indians that, in general, he preferred starvation to taking the chances of going ashore and searching for food, but sometimes he was compelled to go, and it was on one of these occasions that he made a great discovery.

"Days, or weeks, no one ever knew which, after Terry had started on his canoe voyage, the crew of a steamer bound down the river sighted a waterlogged canoe drifting on the current, and proceeded to investigate. Lying inert in the bottom of the boat, his scanty garments awash in the bilge water that occasionally lapped his quiet face, they found the unconscious, emaciated body of a little white boy. It was hours before the boy responded to their efforts

to resuscitate him; longer still before he feebly proclaimed himself Terence Conly, and voiced his desire to return to New York. But as the boat to which he owed his rescue was only a river steamer his chance for embarking on the homeward voyage had not yet come. They told him that it was not like to come, because the place that he spoke of was a long distance away, farther away, one of the passengers assured him, than Para, or Lima, to return there would be the effort of a life-time. This passenger was the wealthy owner of a rubber plantation and he told Terry that he might, if he liked, come and stay with him, helping about the place as he chose when he became able to work.

"Terry felt in his pocket for the wishbone, found it, and with the talisman held between a furtive thumb and finger, reflected for a silent instant—they were bound down the river; down the river all ways led to New York. He told the planter that he would go with him, and be glad to.

"Already, with his nimble feet once more in service, his active wits and tired body refreshed and strengthened by sheltered slumber and wholesome food, his thoughts were going back to that discovery that he had made, far back in an almost impenetrable jungle, on the banks of the Marava River.

"Terry had been with the rubber planter for nearly a year, always homesick, always longing to return to his own country, and putting the opportunity aside heroically when he believed it within his grasp, because of what he had discovered on the Marava, when a Boston dealer came down to see his friend, the planter. The visitor was keenly interested in the financial results and the yet greater possibilities of the rubber industry. Terry, harkening silently, as he came and went about his work, to the Bostonian's forecasts and speculations, decided, one morning, that the propitious moment for the exploitation of his secret had arrived.

"With Terry, to decide was to act. In another moment he had presented himself before the two gentlemen who were sitting on the veranda comparing industrial notes, as usual, and, disdaining to take notice of the planter's unenlightened and emphatic order, which was for him to get out and go about his business, he fixed his eyes on the Bostonian, as on the one having the largest equipment of brains, and in a few succint sentences imparted to him his cherished secret—imparted it with canny reservations. It took an offer of three thousand dollars, cash in hand, and an ironclad agreement to give him an equal share in the net results of the anticipated campaign into the wilderness before Terry would part with his reservations; and, these stipulations conceded, he absolutely refused to pilot the two to that wonderful forest of rubber trees on the banks of the Marava unless they went accompanied by a small army —he had already had more than sufficient experience of the river Indians.

"Never in their wildest dreams had planter or guest held within their grasp such financial possibilities as were opened up to them when they stood, at last, under the shadow of Terence Conly's virgin forest of rubber trees. Without loss of time they proceeded to turn the possibilities into actual, money-coining facts. As for Terry, if he chose to string over himself a hundred wishbones, instead of one, his income would justify the expense."

The new comer paused, looking at Miss Ogden with a smile which she took to be propitiatory:

"It is not a question of what the man's income justifies," she said coldly, ignoring the story. "And I have no doubt but what your information on the sub-

ject is correct. It is, I know, customary in these days for men to keep close tab on each other's incomes—"

"In these days? How was it in those elder days?"

Miss Ogden was young enough to be able to let the innuendo pass, and the stranger continued:

"Besides, I really do not know the amount of Terence Conly's income, although I have no doubt whatever but that he would tell me if I were to ask—"

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes! I am quite convinced of it, because, you see, I am Little Brother."

Afterward, in the safe seclusion of her room, Miss Ogden turned on her friend with the accusation: "You said that his name was Herbert! Why didn't you tell me it was Conly?"

"It's both, Olga. I told you, when you asked who the distinguished-looking new arrival was, that I had overheard his valet address him as, 'Mr. Herbert, sir.' I'm not responsible for the familiarity of his valet."

"No. Anyway, don't you think it was in dreadfully poor taste for Mr. Herbert Conly to tell that story?"

"Mr. Herbert Conly," Louise slowly responded, "might, perhaps, say that it was in dreadfully poor taste for a young woman to criticise the dress of a strange gentleman, in the hearing of another strange gentleman, and in so public a place as the veranda of a watering-place hotel."

"If there's anything that I do detest," Olga retorted, with spirit, "it's your way of trying to show up the—the *boorish* side of my character,—and I do suppose that the poor little wretch just clung to the wishbone because he was homesick.—There's Mr. Herbert Conly, now, crossing the lawn, with my particular caddy in his wake. Come, Louise, let's go out to the links."

FOOD SENSE AND NONSENSE.

THE EXPERIENCE OF ONE MAN'S STOMACH WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE THEORIES OF THE "PROFESSORS" AND "DOCTORS."

The attempts to secure pure food laws have called out many articles on the question of diet and the nutritive value of various foods. Most of these articles show an amusing mixture of food sense and food nonsense.

A writer in the April McClure's concedes the truth that whole wheat flour contains more nutriment than white flour but claims that it is not so digestible as white flour. This may be true and it may not be true. Scientific food experts are not agreed on this question.

To meet this objection, however, the shredding process was invented. Shredded whole wheat contains ALL the flesh-forming, strength-giving elements stored in the whole wheat berry, made digestible by steam-cooking and shredding. The delicate porous shreds are quickly permeated by the digestive fluids of the stomach and are assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods.

Two boys in Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, N. Y.,—Sherman Cady and Harry J. Heltman—lived for six weeks during the past winter on shredded whole wheat and milk. They ate nothing else during the six weeks. One gained six pounds and the other seven. Moreover, one of them was completely cured of a very serious stomach trouble. Both not only carried along their studies but took part in several athletic events which called for strength and physical endurance.

There is no question about the whole wheat containing all the elements for the perfect nourishment of the human body; and there is no longer any question that these elements are presented in their most digestible form in shredded whole wheat biscuit. Our new cook book which tells all about shredded wheat is sent free. The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Addresses to Cardinal Newman, with His Replies, 1879-81. Edited by the Rev. W. P. Neville. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

This volume contains the addresses to and the replies of Cardinal Newman at the time of his elevation to the Roman purple. They give us a clear insight into the character of this influential churchman, and they reveal a humility, a loyalty and a spirit of self-denial most inspiring for all those who cherish lofty ideals. We rise from the perusal of these addresses with a still deeper veneration for this gentle apostle and this illustrious architect of English prose.

The Founders of the New Devotion. By Thomas à Kempis. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

Everything connected with the author of that golden book, the Imitation of Christ, must be of absorbing interest to the lovers of solid piety. In the present volume, which is exquisitely translated, we have from the pen of the devout Thomas himself a sketch of the founders of the "Brotherhood of the Common Life," to which he belonged. This institution was founded by the apostolic Gerard Groote and his pupil Florentius, and it played an important part in the development of the intellectual and spiritual life of the Netherlands during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. While these sketches are not written along the lines of modern standards, they are certainly most helpful and consoling, for they give us concrete examples of lofty holiness, and they unfold to us scenes of community life singularly sweet and attractive. The spirituality portrayed in these biographies is deep, unselfish, and helpful; and the book should be warmly welcomed, not only by the different religious communities, but also by that vast army of devout lay folk who realize that the life of the spirit is the only life that deserves our highest efforts.

What Catholics Have Done for Science. By Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

We are delighted to welcome a third edition of this important book. In view of the almost universal opinion that Catholics actually oppose scientific investigation, it is most useful to have at hand a complete refutation of this calumny in the compact form given us by Father Brennan. A copy of this work should be placed among the reference works in every public and in every parish library in the land. Only by methods of this nature shall we succeed in banishing the ignorance and calumny which meet us in every path of life.

Prying Among Private Papers. By the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." New York and Bombay. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

The painstaking compiler of this collection of excerpts from the "Reports of the Royal Historical Commission" has performed a praiseworthy task in thus prominently calling the attention of the thoughtful public to a series of volumes which constitute a literary mine rich in treasures of various descriptions. These Reports deserve to be described as "a veritable happy hunting-ground for the curiosity-hunter" in addition to the precious *data* they contain about matters strictly historical.

The Story Bible. By Margaret E. Sangster. New York. Moffat, Yard & Co. 1906.

The project of telling the biblical events and narratives in such wise as to interest children certainly deserves generous praise. And assuredly the writer wields a deft pen and possesses command of a style which must prove very captivating to the little folk. Some of her ideas, however, are not at all clear. So, for example, her concept of creation is extremely misty, and, as the expressions stand, absolutely wrong. She would also find it difficult to prove that "Adam and Eve did not know as much as Robinson Crusoe knew." The Holy Scripture has the following about Adam: "And the Lord God having formed out of the ground all the beasts of the earth and all the fowls of the air, brought them to Adam to see what he would call them. . . . And Adam called all the beasts by their names, and all the fowls of the air, and all the cattle of the field." This certainly implies more than ordinary knowledge. "God filled our first parents," says the Wise Man, "with wisdom and with the knowledge of understanding." This claim could scarcely be made for Robinson Crusoe. The illustrations are not very artistic.

The Unseen World. By the Rev. Fr. Alexius M. Lépicier, O. S. M. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

It is impossible to overlook the hold which modern spiritism is gaining over many, very many Americans. The columns of our leading newspapers are crowded with the advertisements of the votaries of these secret arts, who promise, for a small fee, to lift up the veil of the future and to display to the anxious seeker what destiny awaits him. Timely, then, is this book of the learned Lépicier upon Catholic theology in relation to modern spiritism. After discussing the angelic world and the conditions of existence for the human soul after

death, the author considers at length the spiritistic phenomena with which we are all acquainted. He concludes his discussion by attributing these appearances to the action of the fallen angels. "The phenomena (under review) surpass the powers of the visible elements of this world and cannot be accounted for, except by the action of immaterial causes. Now first among these immaterial causes is God, to whose immediate action it would be manifestly blasphemous to attribute them. To do so would be equivalent to asserting that He who is justice and holiness sets aside, at the caprice of man, the ordinary course of nature and directly participates in practices at some time or other attended by moral irregularity of some sort.

"It must, in the second place, be granted that the phenomena cannot be supposed to be the work of good angels. . . . As ministers of God's justice and holiness, they cannot be conceived to be coöperating in practices opposed to these divine attributes.

"Neither can the effects be due to the souls of the dead, these being, by reason of their nature, incapable of producing them.

"There remains, therefore, but one solution. The phenomena must be the work of those fallen angels, who, in all ages, have sought to enter into communication with mankind in various ways, and who have, in these modern times, substituted the phenomena in question for the old well-known devices."

Faith and Folly. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon John S. Vaughan. Burns & Oates. London.

A new edition of Faith and Folly has just come out, and it is a splendid specimen of the art of book-making. The paper is white and rich, and light withal. The book contains a number of essays on social problems and intellectual difficulties, and each paper is complete in itself. Though the author deals with the weightiest questions, his matchless skill makes them seem as light and interesting as a romance. The publisher, too, deserves to be congratulated on his share in the work.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury: His Life as Told by Old English Writers. Arranged by Bernard Ward. St. Louis. Herder.

In Catholic times the archbishops of Canterbury played a leading part not only in the ecclesiastical history of England, but also in the various movements for the bettering of the condition of the people. Among these great churchmen, St. Edmund deservedly occupies a prominent position. A man of broad knowledge, of apostolic zeal and of deep piety, he presided over this see in times of unusual dangers and difficulties. He left the nation a priceless legacy of heroic sanctity. The trials he had to face make this biography one of unwonted interest and instructiveness.

An Introduction to the Catechism. By Rev. Thomas O'Keeffe. New York. Young & Co. 1906.

To peruse this carefully and simply worded Introduction, is to feel the necessity of putting a copy in the hands of our little ones and of their teachers. In the greater number of our catechisms the words and the presentation are far beyond the capacity of the child's mind, and hence we witness so often the luckless struggles of a boy or girl struggling to say what is not understood. Father O'Keeffe recognizes this defect, and hopes to remedy it by his plain, easily grasped presentation of the basic truths of our faith.

Joan of Arc. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A sympathetic study, built upon the reports of the trial at Rouen and upon the records of the Rehabilitation Trials of one of the greatest glories of womankind. All who are interested in the conquests of justice should lend their efforts towards the triumph of the peerless Maid of Orleans. This sketch has the advantage of being brief, vivid and convincing.

Sketches for Sermons. By Rev. R. K. Wakeham. Second Series — chiefly on the Epistles. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. 1906.

Father Wakeham follows up his successful volume of sermon-sketches on the Gospels in this equally helpful one chiefly on the Epistles. The sermons are not, as the title implies, developed, but they are logical in plan, clear in statement, and practical in bearing.

The Right Life. By H. A. Stimson. New York. Barnes & Co. 1906.

There are certainly many excellent suggestions for right living in this volume. We miss, however, a true valuation of the supernatural and of correct philosophical thought which would have made the book doubly acceptable. Thus the author nowhere makes a plea for the saving influence of prayer upon personal integrity, neither does he distinguish between our duties *about* animals and the so-called duties *to* animals. Only beings endowed with personality can have rights, and to such only have we duties. But, as Father Rickaby wisely notes, though we are not bound to the lower animals by duties of justice, religion, fidelity, or of charity, still we have duties *about* them. "We must not harm them, when they are our neighbor's property. We must not break out into paroxysms of rage and

impatience in dealing with them. It is a miserable way of showing off human pre-eminence, to torture poor brutes in malevolent glee at their pain and helplessness. Such wanton cruelty is especially deplorable, because it disposes the perpetrators to be cruel also to men." This point, in particular, needs to be placed in its true light.

China and her People. By the Hon. Charles Denby, LL.D. Two volumes. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

The colossal empire of China is at present a matter of deep concern to those in power at Washington. The Flowery Kingdom has always been a puzzle to the rest of the universe, and it is a matter, consequently, of no slight importance to have this record from the pen of one who was for thirteen years United States Minister to the Court of Peking, and who can thus furnish first-hand proof. The volumes are also profusely illustrated with reproductions of photographs collected by the author so that we are enabled to form a vivid and accurate picture of the men and scenes which form the subject of the author's comment. The author's stricture upon Catholic missionaries in chapter 17, Vol. I, are not in accord with the testimony of other writers, and show a misunderstanding of the general purpose of mission work among pagan nations.

By What Authority. By Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906. $1.60.

The book strong in features that impress themselves indelibly on the memory appears all too seldom. Novel after novel may be read and laid aside without the mind retaining a single vivid impression—fortunately. The splendid historic novel recently published, under the title given above, is one of the few books of recent years that, once read, cannot be forgotten.

The scene is laid in Great Keynes, an English village, where, as in most English villages and towns at that time, secular affairs were so deeply interwoven with ecclesiastical matters that none dared decide on the one question without considering its relation to the other.

On none had the religious changes fallen with more severity than on the Maxwell family. Old Sir Nicholas, simple, obstinate and passionate, his stately lady, and their two sons, with Miss Margaret Torridon, sister to Lady Maxwell, made up the family at the hall. The church where once they had worshiped had been given over to what they deemed a novel heresy, the rector, the Rev. George Dent, being of the rising Anglican school, while his wife assimilated the fiery doctrines of the Genevan refugees, and bitterly opposed her husband's desire to be on friendly terms with his Catholic neighbors.

The third family of importance was that of Henry Norris, a devout and cultured Puritan, who lived in the dower house with his two children, Isabel and Anthony. All the time he could spare was divided between prayer and the writing of a book of the Eucharist, and his great happiness was to know that Isabel was growing into active sympathy with his principles of belief. Her soul was imbued with a tender, deep-lying faith in God, and this drew her to the companionship of Lady Maxwell, whose sincere and loving spirit was recognized by Henry Norris as an influence greater than even his love could exert over his daughter's life.

The destinies of those three families of Great Keynes, so closely connected, are affected by conditions existing in the city of London, and even in the court of the Queen. Through the recital of events brought about by intolerance and tyranny, runs the love story of Hubert Maxwell and Isabel Norris, the man a renegade to his religion, the girl pure of heart and holy, seeking the truth, and finding it through the sublime steadfastness of professors of the faith, who preferred death to renunciation.

For politic reasons Hubert Maxwell openly proclaims himself a loyal subject to Her Grace" in all things, even in religion as in all else," and about the same time Anthony Norris, having witnessed the heroism of Father Campion and his companions at Tyburn, is moved to think earnestly of the religion that made them strong for the sacrifice.

The passionate scenes between Hubert and his father, the coming of Mary Corbett, one of Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, the visit of James Maxwell, who has become a priest, the apprehension of Mr. Stewart, through the treachery of the rector's wife, the ruse by which Anthony innocently traps his friend, and the arrest of Sir Nicholas, are depicted vividly, with here and there a brighter touch to give brief respite, as when Sir Nicholas is welcomed home, and with his devoted wife passes up the steps amid the cheering of the crowds.

The culmination of the hopes and yearnings of the brother and sister, children of a Puritan father, came on the Easter morn, when side by side they knelt at the altar where the lilies leaned their delicate heads as if listening for "the soundless coming in the name of the Lord." They had come home by different paths, resolutely seeking the way, the one not knowing that the other was near. "And presently they come, the tall lad and his sister, silent and together, out into the radiant sunlight; and the joy of the morning and the singing thrush and the jewels of dew and the sweet, swaying lilies are shamed and put to silence by the joy upon their faces and in their hearts."

Hearts and Creeds. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. 1906. $1.50.

Very pleasant memories of "By the Good Sainte Anne" are recalled on reading this later novel by the same author. Again old Quebec is the scene of action, and again the characters meet on the citadel, out on the St. Foye Road and the Grande Allée, or in the quaint drawing-rooms of this French Canadian city. Miss Ray has the art of bringing together very charming people, men and women who have much in common, and yet differ widely in tastes and pursuits. Much of the brightness and joyousness that mark her earlier work are found in "Hearts and Creeds," but the introduction of politics and a mixed marriage force her into a serious and argumentative mood. In her study of Arline Lord she sets herself a difficult task. Arline is described by her brother, Jimmy Lord, as "a bundle of nerves and a snarl of emotions, and she never stops to straighten out the snarl." Amédée Leleu, a French Catholic, "loyal to the core," meets this English Protestant maid, and despite his devotion to the Church, so far disregards her admonitions, as to marry the wilful, piquant beauty, instead of choosing a wife of his own belief.

The difficulties that result are presented vigorously. Dissension, from the beginning of their married life, render the husband and wife equally unhappy, and with the birth of their little daughter, the problem becomes more complex.

The conversation between Jimmy Lord and his sister shows the futility of hoping for peace in a household divided on the greatest of all issues. Arline proposes to her brother to smuggle the Episcopalian dean into the house to baptize the baby, and thus outwit her husband, but Jimmy proves his claim to the name of gentleman.

"You gave your word, you chose your course, two years ago," he reminded her. "Arline," he added slowly, "I am a Protestant, Protestant in birth and training, and of my choice. Still, I confess, that now and then, the Catholic seems to me to have the nobler sense of loyalty." The young mother looked up at him with swift antagonism. "I fail to see the loyalty," she said. "The game is all for him. I am here, weak, helpless. No one will come to my rescue. He is strong and well, can make his plans and carry them out to suit himself. And you talk of loyalty! And I must lie here and see my little child, my baby, snatched away from my arms and thrown into the mælstrom of Catholicism! Jimmy!" But Jimmy escaped. Not so the unfortunate Amédée. His woes fill several chapters as forceful as a sermon on the unwisdom of mixed marriages. Not even the repentance of Arline gives hope of lasting peace, nor can the thoughtful be satisfied that for Leleu has come "unclouded happiness that the coming years would never dim."

Wild Wheat. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Longmans, Green & Co. New York, London, Bombay. 1905. $1.50.

The fragrance of hay-strewn fields breathes from this story of Dorset life. Mrs. Blundell writes in the open, going out, as it were, to the green lane, beyond which lie the fir-woods and stretches of waving corn, and getting the inspiration for her story from the conversation of the doctor and lawyer pleasantly chatting about the approaching death of Farmer Hounsell. The farmer himself accepts the inevitable so calmly and seems so fortified for the change, that no one feels called upon to offer condolence—unless it might be to Peter, the second son. On the injustice done to him through the time-honored custom of the Hounsell family to avoid "choppin' up the property," the author lays the foundation of her story. Godfrey, the elder son, becomes the master, at his father's death, and before long a conflict of authority arises, not through tyranny on the part of Godfrey, but through the hot-headedness of the younger brother. The appearance of a dainty little lady at the Croft gives a new turn to Peter's thoughts. He loses his heart to the newcomer, and, in order to be near her, he takes a situation as under-keeper at the Croft—an affront to the traditions of the Hounsell family, that estranges him from his mother and brother. Ill-advised as the change seems to the villagers, it proves to be the making of Peter. He fails to win the fickle Nathalie, but in the new life he meets with Prue Meadway, a slight, childish, dark-eyed girl whose love and patience bring to the surface the latent nobility of the headstrong youth. He marries her, and though they pass through much tribulation, happiness comes at last.

Very sweet and wholesome is this pastoral of village life, full of the fire and ambition and unreason of youth, and ending with a chastened, repentant Peter and a very happy Prue rejoicing over the wonderful gift that has been given to them—a little child, another Godfrey, who becomes the joy of his grandmother.

"All's well that ends well," Bob Haverstock remarked one day to Joe Adlam. "Maister Peter be a deal softer-hearted and better-tongued since he've a-sowed his crop o' wild oats."

"'Twas never wild oats," said old Abel; "there was never no vice in Maister Peter. 'Twas good grain what he sowed, though it mid a felled the wrong side o' the fence. There 'twas wild wheat."

Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi. Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

In the ranks of that vast army of devoted, apostolic men, the diocesan clergy, St. John Baptist de Rossi has won, by his eminent sanctity, an exalted rank. This life, which is enriched by an introduction on Ecclesiastical Training and sacerdotal life from the pen of the late Cardinal Vaughan, shows us in the most attractive form the winning holiness of a self-sacrificing priest. What better gift than this biography could be presented to the young Levite as he begins his important career as an uplifter of humanity.

The Mystery of Hornby Hall. By Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906. 85 cts.

The boys and girls who make merry in their pleasure-ground, known as Mayfair, are pleasant company with whom to spend a leisure hour. Marjorie Morton is the ruling spirit, and Dick Dalton comes very near to being a hero and is always a gentleman. Jack Holland inclines to fine dressing and has a weakness for social honors, but is on the whole worthy of the place he holds in Mayfair. The interest of the story centers in the group at Hornby Hall, a gloomy abode where dwell Mary Pemberton, her despotic grandfather, and the dreadful, almost impossible, Mrs. Miles. To tell how the child escapes from the thraldom of such guardianship, would be very unfair to readers. It would deprive them of the moments of thrilling excitement prior to the search in the long barn and many other incidents that cause shivers of fear and anxiety lest the plans of the rescuers may be frustrated. Miss Sadlier never writes a dull story, and this latest book from her pen will be eagerly read by all who have had the pleasure of reading "Wayward Winifred."

The Seraphic Keepsake. By St. Francis of Assisi. Set forth in English by Reginald Balfour. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

This volume contains the "Words of Counsel," written by the Saint to Brother Leo, the "Words of Praise," written in gratitude for the stigmata, and the "Words of Blessing," or the talisman which delivered Brother Leo from temptation. They will appeal strongly to those who love things spiritual and elevating counsels.

The Teacher's Handbook to Bible History. By the Rev. A. Urban. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. 1906.

Father Urban, whose admiral catechetical works are so favorably known to the clergy, now publishes a practical commentary upon the principal events of the Old and New Testaments, with directions for their application in the religious and moral training of children. It is greatly to be desired that our people acquire a deeper and broader knowledge of the Holy Scripture. The wisest plan is to have instruction therein begun as soon as possible. Sunday-school directors and teachers will find Father Urban's manual clear, comprehensive and stimulating. The applications are singularly well chosen.

St. Joseph's Help. From the German of the Very Rev. J. A. Keller, D.D. Second edition. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

St. Joseph is a favorite intercessor with the Good Master, and devotion to our Lord's foster-father has borne excellent fruit in many portions of the world. These pious examples, collected by Dr. Keller, illustrate the Saint's influence in Heaven, and they will serve to increase the love of the faithful towards the helper of the needy and the consoler of the dying.

Lex Levitarum, with the Regula Pastoralis of St. Gregory the Great. By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Since the office of the priest is to guard wisdom and to keep aglow the spiritual life of the people, it is of vital import that candidates for that sublime dignity be thoroughly grounded in the spirit and responsibilities of this sacred calling. The *lex levitarum* is the substance of a series of conferences delivered to the students of philosophy and divinity at the famous English seminary of Ushaw. They are golden conferences, indeed, full of ripe wisdom, of broad learning and of genuine spirituality. No one could studiously ponder over these helpful lectures without growing in that soul strength and in that spiritual perfection which mark the true Shepherd of the flock. To his own fervid and suggestive lectures, Bishop Hedley adds the well-known Regula Pastoralis of St. Gregory the Great, thus furnishing us with this "spiritual classic" in a most convenient form. What more suitable gift could be presented to an aspirant after Holy Orders than this collection of priceless instructions upon the sacred nature of the priestly vocation?

A Lassie of the Isles. By Adele E. Thompson. Boston. Lee and Shepard. 1906.

A charming story, built upon the sufferings endured by Flora Macdonald, the maiden of Skye, on account of the help given to Charles Stuart in his escape. Historical events are closely adhered to, so that we have not only a most delightful work of fancy, but also a truthful presentation of the facts and struggles of the "Young Pretender." It is a book which will stand many a perusal, while the illustrations by J. W. Kennedy give a splendid finish to the text.

Lance and his Friends. By David Bearne, S. J. London. Catholic Truth Society. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Lance is a boy whom every one will love. He is impulsive, headstrong, much given to play, frisky and, at times, thoughtless; but he is also generous beyond description, sympathetic, manly and truly pious at heart. Father Bearne possesses the rare gift of writing boy's stories in a boy's way, and he drives his lessons home in a direct fashion — not in a preachy-preachy style — which will forever win him the homage of every true-hearted boy who has the good-fortune to possess his books. How welcome are the following nuggets of wisdom: "We mustn't allow any slip, big or little, to discourage us. When you get a tumble, the right thing is to pick yourself up quickly and go on cautiously. It is only a coward or a man eaten up with self-love, who lies still and howls."

And again — "You can hardly expect a lad to be very sweet-tempered just after you've knocked him down twice and given him a serious mauling. It's not what people call the psychological moment for making up to people — "

We should like to hear more of Lance and of his friends, in the future.

Questions of Socialists and their Answers. By William Stephens Kress, Priest of the Ohio Apostolate. Cleveland. The Ohio Apostolate. 1906.

In view of the rapid advance of Socialism among the workingmen both here and in Europe, we are very glad to welcome Father Kress' concise statement of their difficulties with his answers. The position of the Socialists is stated with clearness, force and fairness; while the answers to their questions are comprehensive, vigorous and satisfactory. It is of the utmost importance that this subject should be thoroughly mastered by everyone who would keep abreast of the times. The day is not far distant when the country at large will have to grapple with this problem and propose effective remedies for the evils which press upon the mass of toilers. Father Kress' book will prove an effective help in gaining the information necessary to grasp the situation and to pass an impartial verdict upon the thorny problems of industrial life.

Sodality Manual and Prayer Book. Revised edition. Fr. Pustet & Co. New York. 1906. 25 cts.

This little book contains all that is necessary for sodalists—the various rules, forms of admission and prayers are all contained therein. It is also a prayer book, nothing essential being omitted.

Words of Comfort. Compiled by Dr. W. Th. Benedict Parker. Northampton, Mass. 1906.

The title of this booklet suggests its contents, which are indeed comforting, refreshing and uplifting. For those who have known the touch of sorrow, there is a special message of consolation in "Words of Hope," "Ancient Hymn to a Dying Christian," "Absent Loved Ones," and the selections from Father Faber.

Where Copper Was King. By James North Wright. Boston. Small, Maynard & Co. 1905.

There is no pleasanter way of communicating facts than by throwing them into the fascinating form of a romance. Recent disturbances in the financial world have brought the Calumet and Hecla copper mines into great prominence. It is, consequently, most enjoyable to read this interesting record of the rugged and heroic lives led by the pioneers in copper mining. As the characters are portraits of real people who have played their part in the development of the Lake Superior country, and as the author was himself a mine superintendent, we have a very correct picture of the early struggles in this industry.

The Shipwreck. A Story for the Young. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

We hope that the translator will favor us with versions of all of Father Spillman's stories, which are always thoughtfully planned and entertainingly told. It is a little unusual to call the folds of a priest's cassock by the name of "skirts." ("At sight of his uncle (Willy) screamed, 'I won't go, I won't go with him,' and buried his face in Father Samazzo's *skirts*. p 25.")

"Marked Severities in Philippine Warfare." Boston. Geo. H. Ellis Co.

A trenchant attack upon Secretary Root's record and utterances in the administration of the Philippines.

The Epistles and Gospels. Arranged and edited by the Very Rev. Richard A. O'Gorman, O. S. A. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

An extremely well-printed and handy edition of the Epistles and Gospels for all Sundays and Holy days of Obligation and for other important feasts in the year. The verses have been numbered, and in the case of all quotations the references are given in foot-notes. The usefulness of the book is enhanced for the general reader by the insertion of the correct pronunciation of the foreign names of persons and places.

QUESTION BOX.

What is meant by the "veto," spoken of in connection with Papal elections?

As long as the Pope was not only a spiritual leader and visible head of the Church, but also a temporal prince, having of necessity dealings with secular rulers, prudence dictated that the one elected to the dignity of Supreme Pontiff should not be absolutely unacceptable to the kings and emperors of Europe. Hence certain Catholic powers were permitted, under well-defined circumstances, to express, through their representatives, the views they held of certain members in the Sacred College. This reason no longer existing, it is obvious that the privilege will fall into desuetude. The entire matter is fully explained by the erudite Jesuit, Father Jos. E. Keller, as follows:

"The manifold relations which existed between the Pope and Catholic kingdoms gave origin to a certain negative influence exercised by the latter on the election. Pope Nicholas II, in his decree about the election of the Pope, required a due regard for the secular power. But care was taken that this should never again lead to the abuses which had formerly existed. No secular power was to choose the Pope; this was and remained the office of the cardinals. It was, however, in the interest of the Church, that the future Pope should be one against whose person there would be no grounded or ungrounded prejudice in this or that great nation. Now, that the electors might know who would be unacceptable to one or other of the Catholic powers, the privilege of a veto was granted to Austria, France and Spain. But this veto had not the meaning, as has frequently been asserted, that these nations, or any one of them, could protest against an election once made, or render it null. This would have been a direct return to the old abuses, which it was the object to ward off. Indeed, the difficulties would only have been multiplied. For, instead of one, there would have been three to control the election; and not unfrequently, by reason of political interest conflicting, a candidate would have been most acceptable to one government, against whom another entertained the most unconcealed opposition. The veto, then, was something very different from this. It meant only, that each of these nations might depute one of the cardinals to point out the one whom it did not desire to be elected. But this was to be done before the election, in order to hinder the choice. A protest against one already chosen was not allowed. Besides, each of the governments could make use of its veto but once, so, at the most, only three cardinals were excluded. It was of course permitted to each of the powers to name several persons whose elevation would be less agreeable to it, with the understanding that the cardinal who represented its interests could use the veto against any one of them, should he prove a likely candidate during the conclave. Once that this veto had been pronounced against any candidate, the privilege was at an end, and could not be used against any other in the same election. In this manner it was sought to observe all due regard towards the great Catholic nations, whilst, on the other hand, the freedom of the election was secured. This privilege granted to the three leading Catholic governments was termed "the exclusiva." But even this concession does not constitute a formal right to be maintained against the Church, or to which she would consider herself bound to yield unconditionally through a sense of moral obligation. It is nothing more than a grant or a concession, grounded on motives of prudence. If a Pope chose to abolish this veto, it would cease; and if a Pope were elected over the veto, he would still be Pope."

Is there a Saint Olive honored by the Church?

In the "Roman Martyrology," or "Book of Saints," we find Saint Olive mentioned on the 3d of June. Her relics are at Anagni, an old city of the Pontifical States, thirty-seven miles from Rome, and the birthplace of the Popes Innocent III, Gregory IX, Alexander IV and Boniface VIII. Saint Olive was born of a noble family, but she was far more remarkable for her many virtues and her upright character. Her parents were extremely anxious that she should marry well, and for this purpose they strove to bring about an alliance with a young man of prominence and of wealth; but the saintly maiden, desiring to devote her life to the service of God, fled to the Church and begged to be received among the virgins consecrated to Christ. Her petition was granted, and she soon became a model of the prayerful life. Fearing the praise of others, she strove to acquire the most complete self-mastery and self-effacement by very severe austerities. When she was once made the object of a cruel calumny, she bore the persecution most heroically, exclaiming that now she was sure of not being honored by her fellow-creatures. How pleasing she was to Heaven, is manifest from the fact that on one occasion she was permitted to behold in vision the glories of the kingdom celestial. Summoned to her reward by our Lord Himself, she passed peacefully from the toils of life to the home of everlasting peace. The exact dates when she flourished is not known.

Who painted the Madonna of the Rosary? Where can this painting be seen?

The Madonna of the Rosary was painted by the famous Spanish artist, Murillo, who died at Seville in 1682. This painting is at present in the Dulwich Gallery, attached to Dulwich College, five miles from London. The original collection to which the Madonna del Rosario belongs, was formed by Noël Desenfans, a London picture dealer, at the request of Stanislaus, King of Poland. In consequence of the partition of this hapless realm, the paintings remained in the possession of the collector. They were afterwards acquired by Sir P. J. Bourgeois, the painter, who bequeathed them to Dulwich College, with a fund for their maintenance and for the erection of a suitable art gallery.

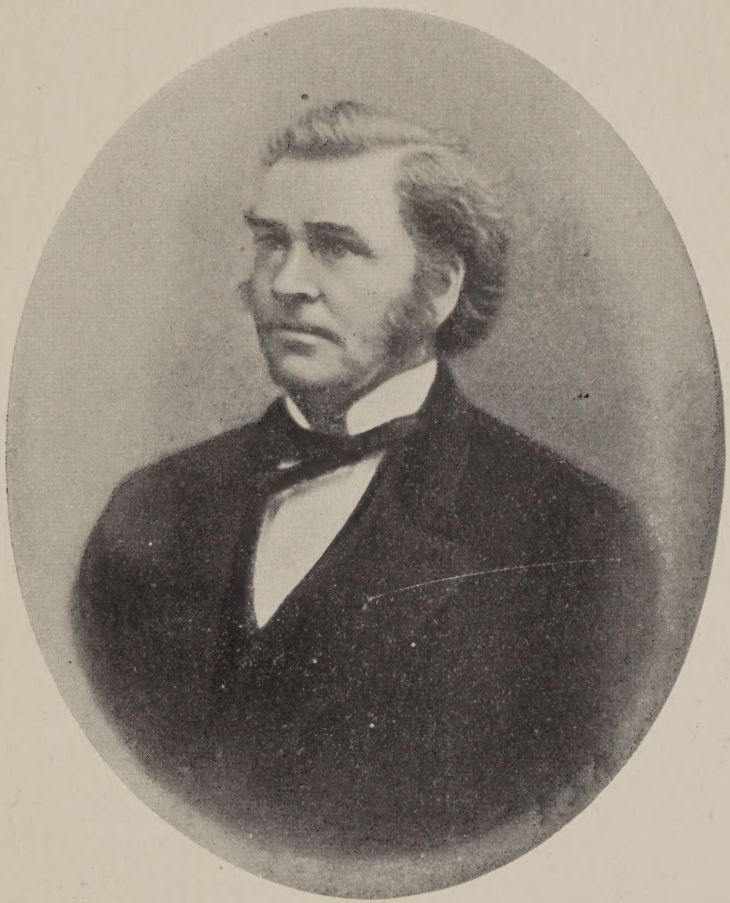
What is a pericope? When were pericopes introduced into the Church service?

Pericope, a selection from a book, means specifically certain passages of Scripture which in the early Church were appointed to be read on Sundays and feast days during the Church service. These sections of Holy Scripture cannot be clearly understood unless they are associated with the liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice with which they were from the commencement closely connected. But just as the ritual of the Mass was not in the beginning as clearly marked and as rigidly defined as it is to-day, so it was with the pericopes. From ancient documents and from certain remarks in the letters of St. Paul, we rightly infer that the practice of reading the Scriptures in the religious meetings of the early Christians was very common. ("I charge you by the Lord that this epistle be read to all the holy brethren." 1 Thess. 5, 27.) The object of reading the gospels was to keep before the minds of the faithful the leading events in the life of our blessed Lord, while the apostolic letters were read by way of a substitute for a sermon from the apostle himself. This custom was similar to that which prevailed in the forms of service in the synagogue. In the sacred books themselves we have a command that the law shall be publicly read, and when synagogues had become a part of the Jewish religious life, the public reading of the law, and later on also of the prophets formed a portion of the regular Sabbath services.

St. Justin, the martyr, in his apology, furnishes us with the first definite statement concerning the reading of the Scriptures in the Christian religious meetings. According to him, this reading formed part of the solemn services of which the Eucharistic sacrifice was the center. Tertullian praises the Church for selecting portions from both Testaments, while Origen bears witness to the described use of the Scriptures in his day. This testimony is strongly corroborated by later Church writers. With regard to the method adopted in this reading, we may, without fear of contradiction, declare that the entire New Testament was divided into sections, and that at each service there was read a selection either from the gospels, from the acts of the apostles, from one of the epistles, or more rarely from the Apocalypse. Frequently the reading from the New Testament was preceded by an excerpt from the Old Testament. The New Testament was thus divided into so-called lessons, just as the Jews had divided the Old Testament into sections of the law to be read on the Sabbath, which were called *paraschas*, and sections of the prophetical books which were styled *haphtaras*. Absolute uniformity in the divisions does not seem to have prevailed, and we have indications which would seem to imply that the bishops were given discretionary powers in the matter.

In the first ages not only were the canonical books read, but others also, such as the *Pastor* of Hermes, and the first epistle of Clement of Rome. Regulations about the matter to be read were passed by the councils of Nice and of Laodicea. At first these lessons, which were read by a special reader, were extremely long; so much so, that in time it became necessary, in order not to weary the people, to determine the length of each. The lessons which thus formed the most ancient divisions of the Scriptures were rightly styled pericopes, or selections. Nevertheless, these pericopes were not at first mere excerpts or particular passages, for each book was read from beginning to end, only it was divided into various sections. The advantage of this method was that in time all the books of the New Testament, and the most important ones of the Old, were successively read. There was, however, a distinct disadvantage, for the portions read often failed to correspond to the special feasts which at the time were being celebrated. Hence arose the necessity of so arranging the pericopes as to make them harmonize with the different portions of the ecclesiastical year.

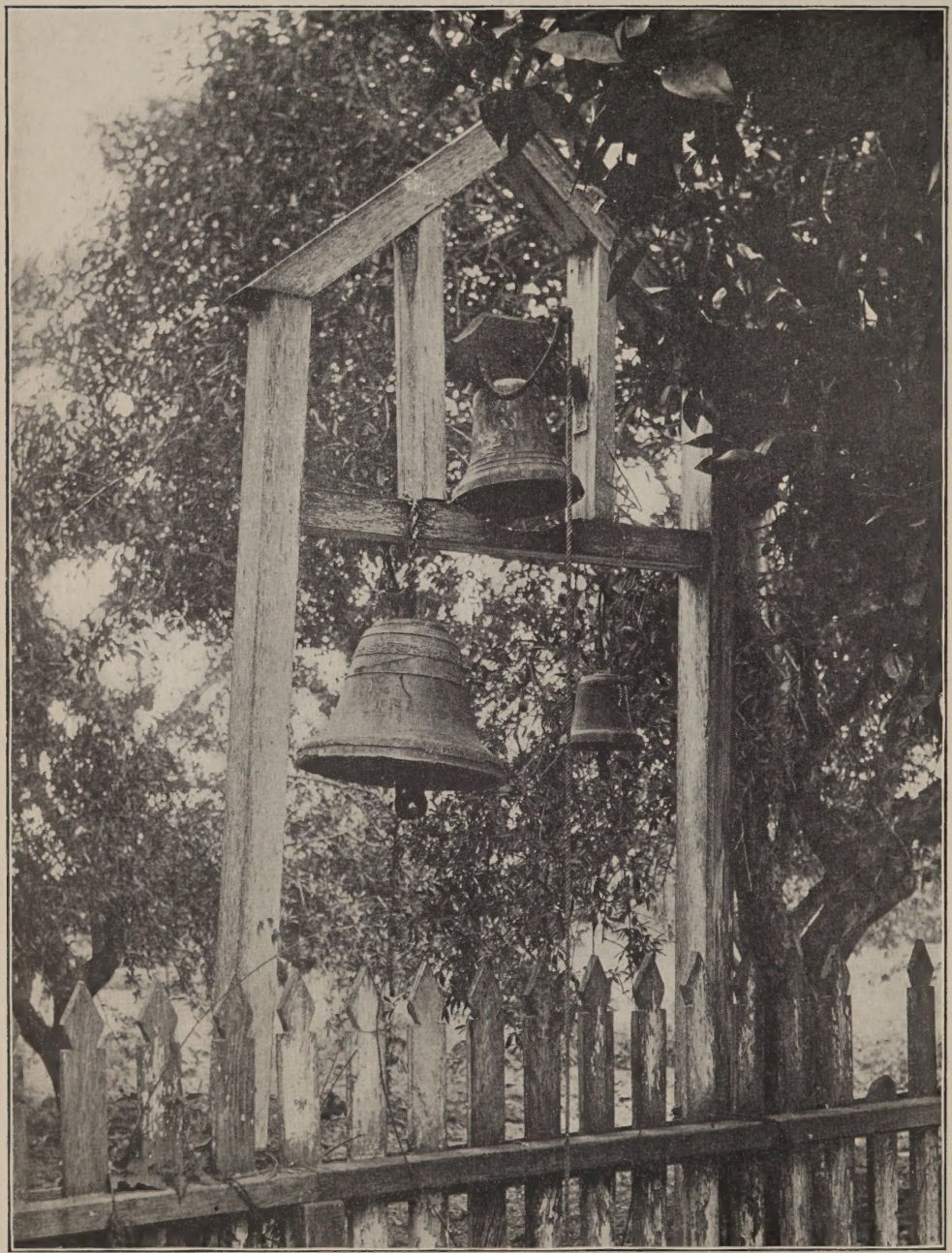
It is impossible to state exactly when and by whom this important change was effected. We can only state what is the general view of scholars—and they hold that the general order of our actual system of pericopes was due to St. Jerome, to whom this task had been entrusted by Pope Damesus during the years 382-384. This view receives strength from the testimony to this effect from many diverse writers and from the fact that from the beginning of the fifth century one recognizes a fixed order in lessons as read in the churches at Rome, an order which was afterwards extended to the various churches in the rest of the Christian world.



MARTIN MURPHY.

Who at sixty years of age piloted across the continent his prairie schooners in 1844.

See "Catholic San Francisco."



"Only a few rods off stood the little chapel; in front of it swung on a cross bar from two slanting posts, an old bronze bell which had once belonged to San Diego Mission. When Ramona read the date 1790 on its side."—*Ramona*, *see page 589.*

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CATHOLIC SAN FRANCISCO.

BY STEPHEN J. BYRNE.

So short a time ago these hills
The sand-storm blew and all was waste and drear.
So short a time ago, through pain and ills
The good Francisco monks made resting here,
And to St. Francis raised a cross to tell
Who first unto these new shores came to dwell.

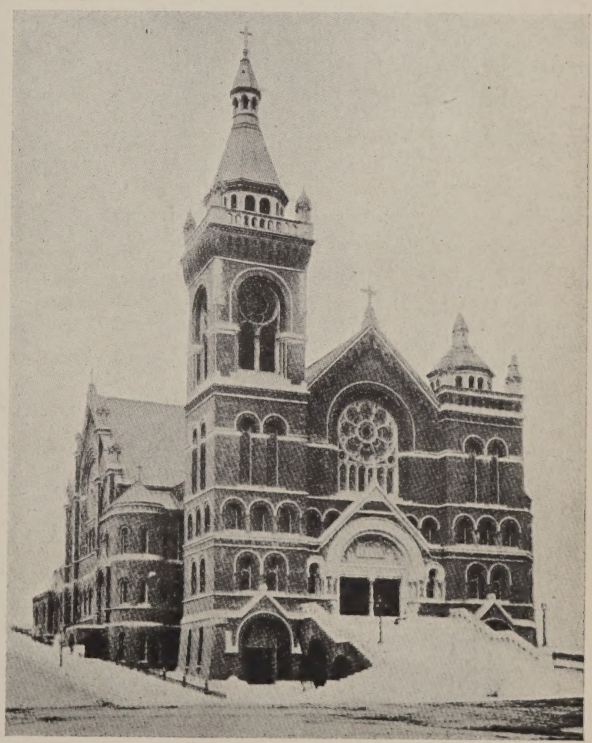
To-day the city stretches far away,
The hills of sand loom like the cedar tree;
The tapering masts of nations crowd the bay,
And she is crowned "Queen of the sunset sea,"
While in her diadem such stars have gleamed
Of which the good St. Francis never dreamed.

Clarence Urmy.

During the past month San Francisco has held the interest of the world, owing to the character and extent of the disaster that wrecked the city, and made thousands homeless. With a population nearly one-half Catholic, the city had within its limits a large area of church property, and the destruction of churches and parochial buildings means to the Catholic body a loss exceeding six millions. In the prosperity of more recent years we are apt to forget the heroic sacrifices of the pioneer Catholics, priests and people, whose virile faith so informed their works that the church in California grew to noble proportions in less than fifty years.

The cradling of the Faith in California, the coming of the colonizers, and the gold-seekers, the erection of the diocese of San Francisco, the reception of Bishop Alemany by the booted and flannel-shirted pioneers, the opening up of parishes, with accompanying marks of growth in schools and other parochial activities, make a wonderful story.

At the time of Bishop Alemany's consecration there were only two priests in San Francisco—Fathers Langlois and Croke. The latter came from Paris, clad in the soutane of an Abbé, and the people always associated him with that garb, in which he rushed afoot or galloped on his ever-saddled horse along the ungraded trails of San Francisco, when the cholera epidemic was at its height.



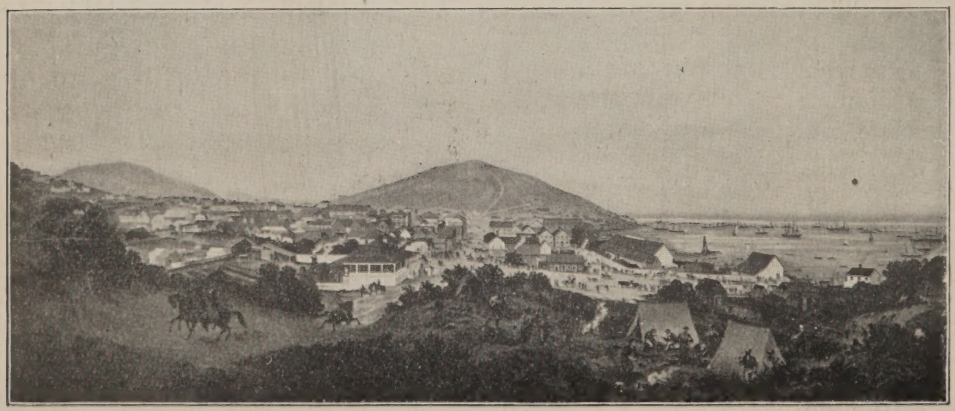
ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL

SAN FRANCISCO BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE, 1906.

The Bishop arrived in San Francisco, December 7th, 1850, and found there men from all parts of the world. The greater number had come in search of gold, and had no thought of making a permanent home in California. The Catholics among them welcomed the prelate with every mark of respect, and tendered him a reception remarkable for its whole-souled geniality, and the absence of the regulation dress of such functions.

The pioneer Bishop's achievements as a churchman were even more a source of pride to many of his people because he was also accounted one of the finest horsemen of early California.

Many were the hardships of those early missions—epidemics, fire, famine, panic, and mob violence contributed to-



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

wards the difficulties the priest encountered. Mining was the chief industry outside the city. The people followed every lead, and the priest followed the people. The strikes on the Frazier River, and later in the Comstock, caused an exodus. There were no railroads and the stage afforded the only transportation. "Picturesque, dare-devil drivers, with sawed-off shot guns stuck in their right boot, tore along the rough mountain roads with these lumbering vehicles, while the timid held their breath in anticipation of calamity." There was always possibility of a hold-up. Bandits and cut-throats lay in wait for the stage, but invariably treated priests and nuns with courtesy. Sick-calls meant often days of muleback riding, each way, with a possibility of snow-blindness, loss of the trail, and death from exposure.

In 1852 the Hierarchy of the United States met in the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, and Bishop Alemany made the long journey, to place before the Council the condition of the Church in California. The Council recommended a division of the ecclesiastical territory, and the Holy See decreed that San Francisco should be made a diocese and archdiocese at the same time, and Monterey be given jurisdiction over the great territory south of Santa Cruz to the Mexican line.

MARKET STREET AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

Archbishop Alemany took formal possession of the Metropolitan See of San Francisco, July 29, 1853, the archdiocese stretching from Santa Cruz to Oregon, and from the ocean to the Great Divide, an area almost half as large again as France. The city was little more than a struggling camp, but the erection of

ST. MARY'S (PAULIST) OLD CATHEDRAL. WRECKED.

St. Mary's Cathedral, in 1854, and other Catholic structures, ensured permanency, and imparted to San Francisco an appearance of solidity and prosperity. The Catholic population had increased in less than three years from 15,000 to 40,000, and when the Archbishop appealed to the pioneers to build a worthy Cathedral they responded so well that the corner-stone was laid July 17, 1853, and the first Mass within its walls was celebrated at midnight, Christmas, 1854. The reports show that the church cost $175,000, and was for many a day the finest building in the city.

The Jubilee edition of The Monitor* gives us this pleasant picture of the Bishop among the little ones of his charge:

> No man ever knew children better, except it may have been Father Harrington. With a slight Spanish accent which never left him, he used to draw out, in simple language for the children confirmed by him, a sweet little comparison between the humble caterpillar, which is changed into the beautiful butterfly, and the change worked in themselves in Confirmation, and the children always understood and never forgot it. Then, too, at the old Cathedral when he would enter his confessional, the children would line up on either side, in order that they might individually get that kind word he knew so well how to give. He followed a beautiful old custom still observed in Spanish countries. On Holy Thursday afternoon with towel and basin he used to wash the feet of twelve altar boys, in imitation of the Saviour's action at the Last Supper. This would take place in a space set apart in the middle aisle of the old Cathedral and the edifice was always crowded.

The Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of Mercy, and the Presentation Nuns, were among the pioneer Orders who founded establishments in San Francisco, the first-named having been brought from Emmitsburg, by Bishop Alemany, in 1852, the others in 1854, from Europe, under the guidance of Father Gallagher. The spirit of Know-Nothingism, incensed at their coming, tried to cast aspersions on these holy women, but in the epidemic of smallpox and cholera the public learned their worth, learned to know them as heroines of charity, and assigned to them the place they have held ever since in the hearts of the people. Eight Sisters of Mercy from Kinsale, Ireland, entered on the California mission, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1854, in a little house on Vallejo street, and a few months later opened a House of Mercy for girls out of employment. They visited the County Hospital every day, and when the cholera broke out the city government asked them to take full charge—which they consented to do, but refused to accept payment, asking only that the bills of the hospital be paid. Political and religious antipathy was not

*The Monitor souvenir of the Golden Jubilee of the Archdiocese of San Francisco. Published January 23, 1904. To this source the writer is indebted for much of the information given in this article, and also for the pictures of the churches used in illustrating it.

FISSURES IN STREET SURFACE.

to be suppressed, even when death was reaping a harvest, and through the columns of *The Bulletin* the Sisters were daily assailed. Mother Mary Baptist Russell, sister of the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., and of the late Sir Charles Russell, invited the Grand Jury to investigate, and through this investigation the public was informed that the Sisters had not only received not one penny of compensation but had been obliged to borrow money to do the city's work. They continued their noble service, gratuitously for two years, when they cancelled their contract because the city had failed to pay the bills of the institution. Through the energy of Father King, funds were raised, and the Order bought the hospital from the city, and opened it under the name of St. Mary's. For forty-four years it has been self-supporting, and during that time it made for itself a reputation for humanity and charity, that renders its destruction in the recent disaster a loss to the city in general. The Catholic Standard and Times prints a letter from a Sister of Mercy in California, who thus describes the calamity that befell St. Mary's:

"Our community (Sisters of Mercy) has lost heavily, the greatest blow being the total destruction of our mother house, St. Mary's Hospital, the Old Ladies' Home and the novitiate. There were 150 patients in the hospital and about 100 old people to move. The Southern Pacific placed a fine steamer, the Modoc, at Reverend Mother's disposal, and all were soon on board—300 persons, including patients, old folk, Sisters and nurses. The day following all were landed in Oakland, and, as we have a school in East Oakland, a temporary home was sought there for some of the Sisters and a large house hired for a hospital, while the Portuguese of the city kindly placed their new hall at our service, which was fitted up for the old ladies.

"Amid so many accidents and considerable loss of life, not one priest or Sister was injured, nor any one under their care. For this we owe gratitude to Divine Providence."

And another member of the community, writing from Oakland, to the Sisters of Mercy in Cincinnati, gives a graphic description that forms a most interesting

ST. IGNATIUS. (BURNED.)

part of The Cincinnati Telegraph of May 10th. It is not only informative as to the ravages of the earthquake and fire but unconsciously bears witness to the courage and devotion of the Sisters, in the hour of danger.

The Sisters dressed and hastened — some to the chapel, those on hospital duty to reassure the patients and calm the excitement, others to the old people. Immediately after the shock, fires started in different parts of the city, every minute a new blaze appearing. Before our loved Tabernacle as many as could be spared from the sick and aged knelt with outstretched arms, imploring the divine clemency. At about ten o'clock, seventeen Sisters of Charity from St. Vincent Mission, near Third, came to breakfast with us, their home having been totally demolished.

Later on, Dr. Hopper, formerly resident physician, came to advise us to abandon the hospital. He said that with our authority, he would charter an old vessel lying in the harbor and secure ambulances and wagons to convey the sick and aged on board; moreover, that he would watch the progress of the flames and send us timely warning to start. This word came at about 1:30 p. m., the captain of the "Modoc" saying that he would soon have to pull out, as the wharf was in danger. We then said "Good-bye" to dear old St. Mary, though nearly all cherished the hope of returning when the danger should be over. I felt this hope, yet seemed inspired to take with me all the valuable papers and the money. Scarcely anything in the way of clothing was saved. It seemed as though all the vehicles of the city had been placed at our disposal. The beautiful stations, many of the sacristy treasures, and the entire operating-room equipment were saved, much of this due to the zeal of Dr. MacDonald, a non-Catholic. The removal of patients and old people from the hospital to the steamer was accomplished with wonderful order and calm, Dr. Hopper directing the march with real military decorum.

NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES (FRENCH) DESTROYED.

On board, the sick were made as comfortable as possible. From the deck we watched the raging flames all night. In the morning, word came from the Mayor of San Francisco that a hall had been placed at our disposal; but in the meantime, through the kindness of Mr. Hugh Hogan of East Oakland, the Pope house, a fine old mansion, had been secured. Accordingly, we proceeded thither, stopping at our convent on the way. There are now fifty-four patients at "St. Mary's on the Hill," as we have christened it. Forty-two nurses, all our doctors and eighteen Sisters are in attendance. Already the wards have been named, and all seem cheerful, D. G. The parish hall has been fitted up for the nurses' dormitory.

We have about one hundred old ladies. Some are accommodated at the Fruitvale house, where years ago the foundation of their proposed new home was laid. The remainder are at a hall secured for the purpose; a number of Sisters being in charge at both places. Kind people are sending in bedding and food supplies for all. "The

Elks," a benevolent society, offered hospitality for the old men at their place in Alameda. The very bad hospital cases we sent to the hospital of the Sisters of Divine Providence in Oakland, others were taken by friends. Fifty-four is the present number.

Father Yorke has brought us news from the modern Sodom. The Sisters at St. Peter and St. Catherine escaped the fire, D. G. They knew not what had become of us and were equally glad to hear of our safety. The Sisters of the Holy Cross from St. Charles Parish and Helpers of the Holy Souls sought refuge with the former. On Friday morning at 12:30, all (thirty-one) became alarmed at the progress of the flames and marched out the Mission Road to St. John parochial residence, where they remained for the night, returning when the danger had passed. St. Catherine's Sisters are busy making bandages, etc., for hospital use. Gen. Smith (of Philippine renown), our Sr. M. Raymond's brother-in-law, has made his headquarters there.

We were most anxious concerning Mothers M. Columba, M. Pius, and sixteen other Sisters who had gone to St. Hilary for the Easter vacation, but we have since learned that they are safe, D. G. We are trying to secure a tug to have them brought over here. The damage to this convent (East Oakland) is comparatively slight — broken statues, fallen plaster, over-turned chimney, the last-named necessitating the cooking for fifty on a small stove in the yard, up to Friday afternoon. However, no lives had been lost and no one injured, for which we cannot be too grateful.

It is said that many of the poor outcasts have encamped about the ruins of dear St. Mary and are cooking in the ovens. It is consoling to think they are still of that much use.

We had wholesale vaccination here this morning—Sisters and children.

Thank God, our Sisters arrived from St. Hilary tonight (Sunday). They endured days of great anxiety, not knowing that they should ever again see the rest of us.

We have just received some letters from the Sisters at St. Peter, delivered by a friend. They have an emergency hospital at the convent, and are doing great work.

The news of the great calamity has without doubt reached you. The destruction has been great, and we have lost much, but we are grateful to God for preserving our lives and those of the patients and old people, not one being in the least hurt or harmed.

The Sisters sent on the foundation numbered eight, the same number sent under the leadership of Mother M. Baptist Russell in 1854. May God bless their labors as He blessed those of loved Mother's. R. I. P.

ST. PATRICK'S (RUINED.)

On Sunday last three Masses were said on dear Mother's grave. Orders were given that no Masses could be celebrated, as the buildings, many of them, are considered unsafe.

Mother Mary Russell passed to her reward seven years ago, after fifty years of active service in her Order, forty-four having been spent in San Francisco. She was the organizer of the hospital, and its leading spirit to the day of her death, and watched the development of the Sis-

CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL (ITALIAN) DESTROYED.

terhood, not only in hospitals and houses of Mercy established on the Coast, but in the educational field as well.

The population of San Francisco in the fifties was perhaps the most cosmopolitan in the world, and to provide for the spiritual needs of Catholics who could not speak English, Archbishop Alemany recognized the advisability of building distinct churches. The erection of those national churches makes an absorbing chapter in the history of Catholicity in San Francisco. From a room that served as a chapel, in a temporary mining camp, the French colony passed into possession of a log shanty, which in turn proved inadequate, and in 1856, the Archdiocese purchased the Baptist Church on Bush street, and transformed it into "L'Eglise de Notre Dame des Victoires." In due time Germans, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, and Slavonians had churches of their own,—and very characteristic were the demonstrations of the loyalty and Catholic spirit of these foreign peoples.

Thus in the centennial celebration of the founding of the Mission Dolores, the Spaniards were represented by a most picturesque feature in the parade—three

ST. FRANCIS (DESTROYED).

hundred *caballeros,* many of them old-time Californians, with the gorgeous silver-decked saddles and trappings of those days of plenty. On such occasions as that of July 2nd, 1871, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Pius IX, all distinctions of nationality were merged in a general manifestation of fealty to the visible head of the Church. The following description, from the title page of *The Monitor,* published, July 8th, 1871, and reprinted in the souvenir edition of 1904, gives some interesting facts relative to the numerical strength, and model character of the Catholic body in the city of St. Francis:

> We have now summarized the motives which actuated the Catholics of San Francisco and its vicinity in organizing and spending so much time and trouble upon the procession of July 2nd. How well they succeeded in making an imposing display may be learned from the accounts which we have compiled from the daily press. We may say in advance that the reporters have shown anything but a desire to exaggerate the numbers that participated in the procession. Of course we do not complain of this, but we cannot help remarking that, if their powers of computation worked as

ST. BONIFACE'S CHURCH, SCHOOL AND RESIDENCE (GERMAN) DESTROYED.

they usually do, the Papal processionists would have been set down as at least twice as numerous. A fair and moderate calculation would be that twenty thousand people—civil and military, men, boys and girls—marched in order through the streets, and, at the lowest estimate, twice as many lined the sidewalks and thronged the windows along the route. We have been assured by good authority that nearly forty thousand Papal badges were sold in the city, and we may safely presume that they were all worn by the purchasers. The procession was remarkable for its decorum and the good order that was maintained throughout the day. Indeed, it has been admitted, on all hands, that there never was a demonstration of equal magnitude that passed off with such a complete absence of anything to disturb general harmony, and so very little to regret in the way of accident or mishap. We have not heard of a single accident that could be attributed to the procession, the illumination or their consequent festivities. And certainly there has been no such thing as drunkenness, violence, or conduct in any way reprehensible laid to the charge of a single member of the processionists. All this is matter for legitimate pride, and reflects the highest credit upon the Catholics of San Francisco.

Various estimates of the length of the procession have been given; some of them put it as high as five miles—others say three; but at any rate it covered pretty nearly the whole route—that is to say, the head of the procession, after counter-marching, had reached Post street just as the end was getting out of Market into Montgomery street. It extended therefore from Market down Montgomery to Washington, up the latter to Kearny, along Kearny back to Market, up this street to Valencia and back again to Post. The processionists kept very close order, the distance between each division was small, and the marching, on the whole, was rapid, without stoppages. The demonstration was, beyond all question, by far the largest and longest ever witnessed in this city.

The publication of the souvenir edition of the Monitor, from which the above account was taken, was a fortu-

HOMELESS.

ST. DOMINIC'S (DESTROYED)

nate circumstance. It is a valuable souvenir of the San Francisco of the past.

"Our office and plant were among the first in the city to succumb to the convulsion and flames," wrote the editor, Mr. T. A. Connolly, to the Rt. Rev. G. F. Houck, Chancellor of the diocese of Cleveland, "and everything, including books, lists, and accounts, was destroyed."

Once before The Monitor met with dire misfortune, the outcome of mob frenzy after the assassination of Lincoln. The terrible news was telegraphed to San Francisco, and the irresponsible element, always in evidence during times of great stress, attributed the crime to Catholic agency. The inflamed mob descended on the office of the Catholic newspaper, and during the absence of Mr. Brady, the editor, The Monitor office was wrecked and everything destroyed.

With admirable courage and energy the publishers and editor made arrangements by which publication was resumed in less than two months.

More than thirty years Archbishop Alemany labored for the Church, then feeling the pressure of time in his lessened strength he applied for a coadjutor, and in 1883, Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan was appointed. His extraordinary executive ability, deep scholarship, and holy zeal for religion, inspired his superior with such confidence that in the following year he formally resigned the See of San Francisco,—placing the young prelate in entire charge,—and retired to a monastery in his native land. For nearly a quarter of a century Archbishop Riordan administered the affairs of his vast archdiocese, each year witnessing further progress in the phenomenal development of Catholicity in the state. Ever ambitious for the advancement of his people, and feeling that while his activity remained unabated his physical strength was no longer equal to the strain of so arduous a charge, His Grace made known his desire to have a helper, and on September 17th, 1902, the Rt. Rev. George Montgomery was made Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco, a happy selection that rejoiced the hearts of all. It is well indeed that the Church in San Francisco has two such able prelates to direct its fortunes through the trials now besetting it.

NATIVITY OF OUR LORD (SLAVONIAN) DESTROYED.

The losses sustained by Catholic San Francisco, in the recent disaster, are enumerated by Archbishop Montgomery, in a statement issued under date of April 28th:

In the city twelve churches burnt and the parishes absolutely wiped out of existence. In the burnt district we lost, along with the churches, every institution within it—the parish schools, colleges, academies, hospitals, homes for aged, and abandoned children, including the large Church and College of St. Ignatius and the Sacred Heart College of the Christian Brothers. Four churches in the city lost by earthquake and several others seriously shaken, and several schools likewise in the same district more or less seriously injured. The Cathedral is seriously damaged. The altar was ruined by earthquake. The Archbishop's residence, the residence of the clergy are within the district saved. Outside the city two or three churches were lost by earthquake and several others and schools as well seriously shaken. The St. Patrick's Seminary, at Menlo Park, was badly damaged, the extent of which is not yet known. There was no loss of life among priests, nuns or children under their care. Monetary loss it is impossible to say at present, but is very great.

Another estimate of the churches destroyed, giving the values of parochial property, is as follows:

Notre Dame Des Victoires, Bush street, near Stockton, $20,000.

St. Boniface, Golden Gate avenue, near Jones (including schools), $175,000.

St. Brendan's, Freemont and Harrison streets (including schools and priest's house), $15,000.

St. Francis, Vallejo and Montgomery avenues (including priest's house), $40,000.

St. Ignatius' (Jesuit), $250,000.

St. Joseph's and priest's house, Tenth and Howard streets, $50,000.

St. Mary's (Paulist), California and Dupont streets (including priest's house), $50,000.

St. Patrick's, Mission street, near Third (including schools and priest's house), $100,000.

St. Rose's, Brannan, near Fourth street (including schools and priest's house), $30,000.

SS. Peter and Paul (Italian), Dupont and Green streets, $25,000.

Our Lady of Guadalupe (Spanish), Broadway and Mason street, $30,000.

Eight chapels, rectories included.

"Archbishop Riordan will be remembered as a man of brilliant achievements," said a writer, summing up the qualities of the head of the Church in San Francisco. "Monumental works have offered him no difficulties. His plans were always vast, providing not only for to-day but for the future. His administration has been one succession of great undertakings, in which he has ever been successful. Friends among the laity came to his aid in these projects with sums that were princely, and the results in building alone have been extraordinary. Well indeed has he managed his stewardship." And only two years later on His Grace telegraphed the brief message:

"The work of fifty years is blotted out, we must begin again."

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW HOME.

Sarah's first impression of her new home could not be called a highly favorable one. Her uncle shook hands with her and expressed his pleasure on seeing her; her aunt embraced her and kissed her and said that she had grown tall; her three cousins, ranging in age from twelve to twenty years, followed their mother's example; then all betook themselves to their various duties or amusements, leaving the little girl to her own society. Fortunately, in her short life, Sarah had had ample opportunity for its cultivation; so, instead of feeling lonely, as might have been expected, in the big house and among people who were practically strangers to her, she was happy in her own way.

"She is a strange child," observed Mrs. Kenny to her husband, during one of their evening councils. "You would hardly think she is on the place. I don't know why Mr. Kenny should have sent her to us. I am sure Sarah would have given the new wife no trouble, being so obedient and quiet."

"I suppose he wants her to grow up in Kentucky and among her own people," rejoined her husband. "Then, his second wife is a Protestant, and as Catholic churches are scarce in Arkansas, it is likely he was afraid her faith might be endangered."

"Well, I hope that he won't forget he has a child here in Kentucky," suggested the practical Mrs. Kenny.

"Tom isn't likely to do that," answered he. "But if he should it will make no difference while I live."

"I don't see why it shouldn't make a difference," exclaimed his wife, "when you have three daughters of your own."

"There is plenty and to spare for Sarah," replied Mr. Kenny, with quiet determination. "Not that she will ever need it. My brother will not neglect his child."

"Time will tell," rejoined Mrs. Kenny. "I don't see why he had to marry a second time. He should have stayed as he was and taken care of the child himself."

Mr. Kenny might have said that his brother could not be wage-earner and home-keeper in one; but, being a discreet man, he wisely held his peace, and his wife continued:

"But if he must marry again, he should have stayed here, instead of going away off to Arkansas, just because her people live there. I have heard that it is a poor country, and they have harder times there than we have."

"You can't believe everything you hear," commented her husband, making ready to retire to his comfortable bed. "I suppose it all depends on the land and the man. If Tom has fair ground he will get along, for he understands farming."

Unconscious of the problematical character of her future, Sarah fell in with the routine of her new life, in her own unobtrusive fashion. Her mother had died when the child was three years of age, and for the following five years Sarah had lived with her father and the Negro couple who assisted him in caring for the place. Being of a quiet, undemonstrative nature, the father had not been able deeply to attach the child to himself; and as the Negro woman was old and cross, the little girl had learned repression and self-reliance from baby-

hood. Now on coming to her uncle's home, she found there was still need for this discipline.

"When you are dressed, come down stairs and mother will button your frock," counselled Nettie, the youngest of her cousins and her room-mate, as she flew from the bed-chamber, lest she should be called upon to perform a duty that had been relegated to her the night previously.

Sarah was sitting up in the big feather bed, her little arms clasped around her up-drawn knees, while her slow eyes surveyed her unfamiliar surroundings. She had not had time to form a picture in her imagination of what her new home might be, for the lawyer who had driven out to the farm-house with the letter informing her of her father's second marriage and his temporary disposition of her had been empowered to take her to her uncle.

"It is a bee-autiful place!" Sarah confided to herself, as, with a slam of the door, Nettie left her alone. "I don't think anybody could reach this ceiling, even if she did stand on the bed, as I can do upstairs at home. And the mirror hasn't got a crack in it as ours has, and when I look in it I shan't have to stand off to one side, to keep me from thinking I have been cut down the middle. And, oh! there's Nettie's roach-comb on the table! I wonder if I might just look at it?"

She sprang from the bed and darted toward the admired article, a semi-circular comb worn by children to keep their short hair from falling into their eyes. Its broad edge was slashed to permit a ribbon to be drawn along it, thus adding ornament to utility.

"It's got a red ribbon. Mine had blue," commented Sarah, turning the comb over in her hands. "I wish I hadn't broken my comb. I got mad at it because it kept falling out, when I was having so much trouble digging my well, and I just did it like that!" bending the ends of the comb until they met. "And it snapped right in two. Then I hid it under the sheets in the linen-press, so Aunt Dilly wouldn't fuss. There wasn't any use for her to fuss, when it was done, and she wouldn't understand that I had to get my well finished before night. But I wish I had it now! I wonder if Nettie would swap hers for my new shoes," she conjectured, placing the comb in her hair, thereby drawing back the rich brown ringlets that fell around her face. "Oh, my! doesn't that ribbon look pretty! Red is ever so much nicer than blue."

"Sarah!" came a voice up the stairs, making her start. Who was that calling her? "Sarah!" repeated the strange voice, and then she remembered she was not at home.

"Yes, ma'am!" called back Sarah, in confusion.

"Are you up?" asked the voice.

"Yes, ma'am!" rapidly unbuttoning her night-gown, as before her rose the vision of the querulous old Negress, when she was late for breakfast. "Hyah dem pan-cakes done cole an' flat, an' de buttah done tuhned to ile, an' de surup thinned out an' runnin' evah which way, an' all n'account uv a lazy little gal! Now I'll have to go an' mek moh! No wondah yoh pappy's pore an' ole Dilly's purty nigh killed wo'kin' foh yoh!" The familiar wail repeated itself on the young brain, as the child hurried into her clothes.

"I hope I won't make my uncle poor and nearly kill my auntie," she thought, reaching her little arms down her back to button her cotton frock. "Oh! I've made a mistake, and I'll have to unbutton them and do it over again. And I've got my shoes and stockings to put on.

The pan-cakes will be spoiled and Aunt Dilly will be cross. Oh! it isn't Aunt Dilly! It's my own auntie, and she kissed me last night and said she was glad I had come. But she won't be glad now, because I am a lazy little girl."

With lightning rapidity Sarah had been completing her toilet, and now that her frock was properly buttoned and her shoe-laces tied, she was bounding toward the stairs, when she suddenly remembered that she had not said her prayers.

"God will be angry with me if I don't pray, and auntie will be angry if I am late," thought the perplexed little maiden. After an instant's waiting, however, she resolved to take her chances with God, Who was far off, rather than offend her aunt near at hand; and she continued her flight.

"Bless the child! if she isn't up and dressed before her big cousins!" exclaimed Mrs. Kenny, as the fairylike creature appeared in the kitchen. "You will find the basin and towel on the back porch, and after you have washed your face and hands, you may come to the springhouse with me, and help me to fetch up the milk and butter for breakfast."

"I reckon I had better say my prayers first," observed Sarah, somewhat dazed by her reception.

"You ought to say your prayers before you leave your room," said Mrs. Kenny, rebukingly. "I suppose you forgot them?"

"No, ma'am," said Sarah. "But when you called me, I was afraid if I waited to say them the pan-cakes might be spoiled."

"Do you like pan-cakes?" inquired Mrs. Kenny, pausing in her biscuit-making to regard her niece, wondering if she should have to add that troublesome article to her bill-of-fare.

"No, ma'am! They stick to the roof of my mouth and get all glued up in my teeth," confessed Sarah. "But I reckon I'd better go and say my prayers?"

"Of course, child!" approved her aunt, who was beginning to find Sarah perplexing.

"This is certainly a bee-autiful place!" mentally commented Sarah, as, half an hour later, she took the place that henceforth was to be hers, at her uncle's hospitable table. The red and white cloth was spotless, the dishes shone, and the food was bounteous and well cooked. In the centre of the table was a bowl filled with cabbage roses, for Grace, the eldest girl, subscribed for a high-class woman's magazine, and was given to introducing some of its refining suggestions into the farm-house. The flowers were especially grateful to Sarah, and when her eyes went around the table and came back to the fragrant pink blossoms she felt that it was good to be there.

"This is certainly a bee-autiful place," she repeated to herself. "I am glad my father is married, and I hope he will stay married until I am a young lady. Then I shall go home, and have a table with a clean cloth, and no pan-cakes, and a bunch of roses in the—"

"Mother, doesn't my roach-comb look pretty in Sarah's hair?"

Like a bugle-blast the words fell upon Sarah's ears. She raised her hand to her head, her eyes dilating with alarm, as she turned them on Nettie, who began to laugh.

"I gave it to her," continued Nettie. "I am not going to wear roach-combs any longer. I am not going to have my hair cut again. I want it to grow long, so I can put it up in a French twist."

"You are too young to wear your hair that way," said her mother, her eyes fixed not a little disapprovingly on her last child. Why must she develop so

rapidly? She could not keep her hair and dresses short much longer, and yet it was not quite fair to Grace and Alice to let this handsome young sister come up with them.

"I am nearly as old as Ida Barton, and she has been wearing her hair in a French twist ever since it came in fashion," announced Nettie.

"Ida Barton has no mother to tell her how little girls should dress, and so you must not take her for an example," said her mother. "Eat your breakfast, daughter, and say no more about it!"

Nettie complied, without a frown or toss of the head, for those were the days when the fourth commandment received a literal fulfilment. It was a disappointment, of course, not to be allowed to do up her hair, but at least she had cast off the hated roach-comb, for her mother would not ask Sarah to return the gift. It was fortunate that she had forgotten it that morning, and more fortunate that the little cousin had appeared so opportunely to appropriate it.

"The baby! I suppose she thinks it is the finest thing in the world!" thought Nettie scornfully, as she buttered her fourth biscuit.

"The baby" was spending some miserable moments. She had forgotten that she had not removed the comb until the fact was recalled by her cousin's complimentary words. As she listened to what had followed, the fear that they would think she had taken it, was lost in surprise at the untruthfulness of Nettie's statement, and her reason for wishing to dispose of her property. The buttered biscuit and the generous spoonful of jam lay untouched on her plate, while the young mind battled with strange thoughts. She perceived that the confession which was on her lips would implicate Nettie, who was already in her mother's disfavor. Sarah shrank from doing aught to increase this, especially since her cousin's effort toward emancipation had left her so rich. It was a sorry predicament and it deadened her keen enjoyment of the scene. It flashed across her young soul that the old life, with its soiled table-cloth, soggy pancakes and scolding Dilly, was better than the new one, with its intricate situations.

"Come, little girl, and eat your breakfast! Don't mind your cousin's capers. She is like a young colt."

Her uncle's voice, fresh and hearty, fell across her thoughts. She looked at him, her trouble in her eyes. He wore no coat. His shirt was of coarse muslin, but of almost dazzling whiteness. Its turned-down collar showed the firm throat, fit column for the beautiful, noble head, with its strong, calm face, lighted by a kindly expression which on softer features would have been called a smile. His mind could not have comprehended questions as subtle as now perplexed Sarah, any more than he would have noticed the cobwebs which the industrious spiders had spun last night among the elder bushes in his pastures. He was accustomed to dealing with physical conditions, and it had given a certain ruggedness to mind and form, suggestive of Atlantean strength. Sarah would more readily have carried her difficulty to the wily Nettie than to him, but as she gazed on his countenance a sense of security came to her. The incident and all its attending circumstances shrank from their importance before the light of his commanding presence.

"Yes, sir," she said obediently, but after breakfast she ran upstairs, and was laying the comb on the bureau, when Nettie, sent by her mother to clean the room, entered.

"Don't you like it?" she demanded, fixing the child with her clear, firm eyes.

Breathlessly, Sarah began her explanation, but Nettie interrupted her with an impatient exclamation.

"You have every bit as much right to take my things, as I have to take Alice's. If I don't want you to have them, I'll put them where you can't find them. That's the way to do, as you would know if you happend to have any sisters. Now get on the other side of the bed, and help me to make it. I hate making beds, don't you?"

"I don't know," said Sarah. "Aunt Dilly always makes the beds and she never lets me help her."

"You can help me all the time," said the magnanimous Nettie. "When I was a little girl, I used to love to help Grace to clean up the house, but now that I'm grown up and have so much to do, I don't like it nearly so well. Get those wrinkles out of the sheet, please. Mother is very particular about the way beds are made."

"But she couldn't see the wrinkles under the quilts," suggested the child, doing, however, as she was bidden.

"She might come after us and lay back the covers," explained Nettie. "You don't know mother," she added, significantly. "Now get your side straight like mine. Mother likes the bed to look like a rectangle."

"Like a what?" asked Sarah, lifting her eyes to her cousin's animated face.

"Now bring me the broom, and I'll show you how to get it perfectly smooth on top," commanded Nettie, heedless of the question. Sarah, who was accustomed to having her inquiries go unanswered, brought the desired article, and Nettie, catching it firmly, drew the handle up and down the bed several times, until it was as level as the floor, Sarah standing by lost in admiration of her cleverness.

"Do you think you can do that now?" she asked.

"I'll never be able to make it look so bee-autiful!" cried Sarah, disconsolately, and Nettie smiled in her superior manner.

"I made that quilt when I was a little girl like you," announced Nettie, looking down on the patchwork which covered the bed. "I was getting well after the measles, and Alice thought I ought not to sit idle the whole day; so she collected all the scraps in the house and cut out the pieces for me. She made me sew six blocks every day—three in the morning and three in the afternoon. I hated it!"

"Oh!" said Sarah, "I think it would be bee-autiful to patch a quilt."

"Can you sew?" asked Nettie, with sudden inspiration.

"No," said Sarah, filled with confusion.

"Nor darn?" pursued Nettie. Sarah's shame made speech impossible and she could only shake her head.

"I wish I were like you!" cried Nettie. "I wouldn't have to mend my clothes and darn my stockings and hem pillow-cases and patch quilts and sew carpet-rags. But you won't be that way long. Alice will start you to sewing before you are here a week."

"I shall be so glad!" cried Sarah, clasping her hands. "I hope I shall make a quilt as bee-autiful as yours."

"That's nothing," said Nettie, scornfully. "When you see mother's you will say so, too. They are perfectly grand, and there are ever so many of them. There's the 'Chariot Wheel,' the 'Ivy Leaf,' the 'Children at Play,' the 'Humming-bird,' and ever so many more; besides the great big one called the 'Tulip,' which her mother gave her when she got married. They are all set together with white and quilted beautifully, full of

quirley cues, you know, and the stitches are as short as they can be."

"Oh! I should like to see them!" exclaimed Sarah.

"Maybe you will next Thursday. We are going to have company to stay all day. Mother always takes down the quilts to show them to company," explained the older girl.

"Nettie, haven't you brushed up your room yet?" asked a low, stern voice from the doorway. Turning suddenly, Sarah beheld her cousin Alice standing in the hall, looking upon them with disapproving eyes. "You had better run downstairs, Sarah," she added to the child. "I am afraid you are interfering with Nettie's work."

"I was teaching her how to make the bed," said Nettie, her brow overcast.

"Making a bed is only one person's work," interrupted the imperturable Alice. "When Sarah is old enough to make a bed, I shall teach her myself. Run along, Sarah."

"I think she ought to help me," grumbled Nettie. "She sleeps in this room as well as I do."

"For shame, Nettie, to want help in such easy work!" exclaimed the industrious second sister. "Besides, Sarah did not come here to help us in our work. Uncle Tom gives father a hundred and fifty dollars a year for Sarah's board and clothes. She is no expense to father, while we are, and there is not the same reason for her to work that there is for us."

"Oh, bother!" cried Nettie, to whom Alice's sermonettes were disagreeable.

"Don't raise that dust!" commanded Alice. "You know I have taught you how to sweep properly."

"I am going to sweep the way I want to, or I am not going to sweep at all," retorted Nettie, through the cloud of dust raised from the rag-carpet by her long, vigorous strokes of the broom. Throwing her apron over her head, Alice, with much affectation of coughing, hastened into the room and quickly raised the windows.

"Suppose some one were to pass and see all this dust coming out of our windows?" she cried, peering anxiously up and down the road. "They would think this carpet had not been swept for a month."

"I don't care what they think," cried Nettie, "It is our house, and I reckon we can do what we want with it."

"And mother such a good housekeeper," Alice was continuing, ignoring the outbreak, when her sister interrupted her by exclaiming, sarcastically,

"And Alice such another." Then, as she was drawing near the window by which Alice was standing, she added, "All dirt goes before the broom! If you don't get out, I'll sweep you out!"

"I certainly shall have to tell mother about you," said Alice, retreating toward the door.

"Tit-tattle!" cried Nettie, sending the dust after her into the hall. Then she banged the door and going to the window leaned far over the sill.

"Alice gets crosser every day," she thought, looking toward the road, which ran, white and lonely, through the green land. "Hateful old place! I don't see why father doesn't live in town. If we lived in town, I could see Ida every day, and we could walk down street and visit the stores and have plenty of fun. And father could have more money than he has out here, and I could buy candy and chewing-gum whenever I wanted it. I could go to parties, too. Ida does and she isn't much older than I am. I think mother might let me wear long dresses and do up my hair. I can't help it that Grace and Alice are older than I am. I wish Grace would marry Ben Anderson.

Ida says he is in love with Grace, but she doesn't love him, and that's the reason they won't marry. If I were Grace I would marry him, just to get to live in that brick house and drive those fine horses. There he goes now! I'll wave at him, just for fun. He will think it is Grace, because he can't see my short hair, from the road."

Suiting the action to the thought, she waved her hand toward the rider, galloping down the road. He drew his horse into a walk, and removing his broad-brimmed hat bowed profoundly toward the girl at the window; whereat, she drew back abashed. As she dusted the furniture, however, she laughed softly to herself.

"Mother," observed Alice, coming into the kitchen with a pail of milk, "Ben Anderson passed just now, and you should have seen the way he bowed to some one. I wonder if it could have been Grace?"

"Who else, unless you?" asked the mother, pausing in her work.

"He did not see me," said the girl.

"It must have been Grace, then. Perhaps she is going to be more friendly to him," said the mother, with a half-suppressed sigh. She shrank from losing her daughter, but the encounter with Nettie that morning, was fresh in her mind. Grace ought to be married before her youngest sister left the school-room, and there was not in the country a more eligible man than Ben Anderson.

"Mother!" the quiet voice of Alice brought Mrs. Kenny, with a start, from her musing. "Mother, I have just remembered that Grace is in the cellar, putting away the tomato cans. Who was Ben bowing to?" Before the mother could frame a suggestion, Alice added: "Nettie is upstairs cleaning her room. I'll warrant she waved at him! I don't know what we are going to do with her, she is getting wilder every day. He will think it was Grace. It will worry her to death when I tell her."

"Why should you tell her, then?" asked the mother, drying her hands before going upstairs to interview her youngest daughter.

"I must do so, in order that she can set him right," cried Alice. "It would not be just to her to let him think that Grace waved at him, when she scarcely speaks to him."

Mrs. Kenny reached the room, as Nettie was finishing the last chair. The girl's heart sank as she saw the expression on her mother's face.

"Nettie," she asked, "did you wave just now at Ben Anderson?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Nettie, promptly. "I was leaning out of the window to get my breath—this old dust nearly chokes me. He kept a-looking up here. I thought it would be a joke on him, to make him believe I was Grace, and so I waved my hand, and O mother! if you could have seen the polite bow he made me! Just like this," and the graceless girl took off her cap and leaned over until it touched the floor.

The lines relaxed somewhat around the mother's lips, for Nettie was distractingly pretty. In addition to these three daughters, Mrs. Kenny had reared two sons, both of whom were now married. The friction between her will and the wills of four children possessing strong characters had left it somewhat weak, and there were times when she felt unequal to the task of maintaining its authority over her youngest and most determined child.

"Daughter, why will you not behave yourself?" she now complained. "You know it is not ladylike for a girl to wave at a man, and yet you gave Mr. Anderson the impression that your sister did this. It will mortify her when she hears

of it. Grace and he are not friendly. He will think that she is sorry for what has passed, and took this unmaidenly way of letting him know it. The first advances should ever come from the young man. He will consider Grace bold and forward, and may tell this opinion to others. The joke, my child, is on your sister—and such a cruel one, too."

"It was all Alice's fault!" cried Nettie, her bosom heaving, while the blood mounted hotly to her face. "Why must she always bother me? She goes around finding fault and preaching, until I don't care what I do. If you would make Alice let me alone, I would never do anything bad."

"Alice has your interest at heart, my child," said the mother, patiently. "She wants you to learn how to work so that when you are a woman you will be fitted for your position, if God should call you into a home of your own."

"But I won't be bossed by her!" cried Nettie, bursting into tears. "She would not let me go anywhere, if she could help it, but would make me stay at home and work, work all the time. I hate work! and I hate everything and everybody! There now!" and a long wail of sorrow followed the declaration.

Mrs. Kenny's eyes were full of sympathy for the child, who, at the portals of life, was finding it so difficult. More honest than many mothers, she recognized the inherited temperaments and moods warring with one another in the girl's nature, and knew that now she was powerless to prevent them and must not interfere in the conflict.

"I must speak to Alice," she thought, and then said: "Don't cry, Nettie. I know you are sorry for what you did, and will not repeat it. As you have finished your room, you need not do any more work this morning, and may go and play with Sarah."

"I don't want to play with a baby. I am too big to play."

"You won't play, and you say you hate to work!" exclaimed the sorely tried mother. "What do you want to do, Nettie?"

"I want to go to town to see Ida."

"I cannot let you go," said Mrs. Kenny, firmly. "There is no one to go with you."

"I can go by myself," said Nettie. "And Sarah can ride behind me. She has never been to town, and it would be a treat for her. It will keep her from being lonesome. Please say 'Yes,' mother, and I won't be naughty again."

"I don't fancy letting you two children go by yourselves," said the mother. "If you were to meet a threshing-machine, Billy would scare and might throw you both."

"If we hear a thrasher coming, we'll get off," said Nettie. "And I won't make Billy go fast at all. And I will be home in time to drive up the turkeys. Please let us go, mother!"

"Your father is opposed to your going to town without one of your sisters," demurred Mrs. Kenny; "and so you will have to ask him, when he comes in to dinner."

Nettie's face fell. Between her and her father there was not much sympathy, as there seldom is between this parent and his youngest children. He does not possess the divine recuperative powers of the mother, who renews, in a measure, her own youth, in the infancy of her offspring.

"He won't let us go," she said, disconsolately.

"Then, you must be contented to stay at home," rejoined the mother, turning, with a sigh, to the work awaiting her in the kitchen. Nettie followed, dragging her broom after her. Putting the objectionable article in its place, she went to

the back porch, and throwing herself on a bench, stared idly at the purple and crimson morning-glories, whose green leaves made a screen between her and the sun. As she was reflecting on the hardships of her lot, Grace came up the steps, with a basket of beans on her arm. There was a flush on her delicate face, and seeing it, Nettie swiftly concluded that it was caused by anger. A wave of shame and sorrow swept over the young heart, and she turned away her head. She realized then that she loved Grace more deeply than any one else, and she had done her a great wrong.

"Nettie, will you help me to string the beans?" asked Grace, taking a place on the long bench. To the conscience-stricken child the sweet voice sounded cold. She dared not think what the request for assistance portended, and decided to escape from it.

"Mother said I was to stay with Sarah this morning to keep her from getting lonesome," said Nettie, bounding to her feet.

"Sarah seems to be quite happy in her own company," observed Grace, with a faint smile. "She is out at the water-trough, swimming a fleet of chips."

Nettie's red lips curled at the information, but she went moodily on. Her steps grew slower and half way across the yard, she stopped, turned back, paused, then ran to the porch, crying, breathlessly:

"But I'd help you anyhow, Grace, if you weren't angry at me, for making Ben Anderson think I was you."

"What are you talking about, Nettie?" asked Grace, her small hands falling from their task.

"Didn't mother tell you what I did?" she asked, astonished.

"No, you tell me." Nettie caught the suggestion of a smile at the corners of the perfect mouth. In her impetuous fashion the child confessed her fault, the while the smile on her listener's face deepened and finally she laughed outright.

"Nettie! Nettie! what will Mr. Anderson think of me?" she exclaimed, but the child could scarcely believe that his opinion was troubling her sister, because of the mirth in the blue eyes.

"I'll tell him it wasn't you, when I see him," she hastened to say, glad that Grace was not angry.

"And what, then, will he think of himself!" she cried, the merriment now filling her voice. "Run along, Nettie, to your cousin. And don't let her get drowned in the trough!" concluded the young woman, and Nettie went forward with the unflattering thought that now Grace was laughing at her.

CHAPTER II.

PLAYTIME.

Taken as a whole, it was plainly a disagreeable morning, and the sight of the blue-bonnetted child kneeling before the long log, which, hollowed out by maul and chisel, served as a receptacle for water for the cattle, did not suggest any militating conditions. If she could only go to town to see her friend Ida!

"What are you doing, baby?" demanded Nettie, jumping up on the end of the trough. Sarah lifted her startled face. It looked so pretty from the depths of the sun-bonnet that Nettie's brow cleared.

"Oh! I am having a bee-autiful time!" declared Sarah. "I started a ship across the ocean. It was filled with the most bee-autiful things, for you see it belonged to a prince, and he was coming to see —to see—"

"To see whom?" demanded Nettie.

"To see Cousin Grace," admitted Sarah, growing more confused.

"Well, go on!" commanded Nettie from her perch.

"And he was bringing her the most bee-autiful presents, for he was the richest prince in the whole world. He was sailing along not thinking any one was going to hurt him. This rock here is an awful cliff, and there was a pirate hiding behind it, and as the good prince was passing, the wicked man ran out and threw the ship over, and stole all the bee-autiful presents, and took the prince prisoner and ran off with him to his home down at the end of the trough. And cousin Grace waits and waits for the Prince, and when he doesn't come she gets a ship and starts out to look for him. She was just starting when you came. Do you want me to go on with my play?"

"No, for it is all nonsense!" exclaimed Nettie. "This is no ocean but the water-trough, and those are not vessels but chips, and there are no Princes in this country, for we ran them all away, when we whipped the English in the Revolutionary War. If there were such a thing as a Prince, he would not come to see Grace; and if he did start to see Grace, he would get here, for there aren't any pirates, and haven't been since the days of Paul Jones."

"But it was a bee-autiful play," said Sarah, softly, as she looked upon her shattered world.

"I'll show you something better!" suddenly exclaimed Nettie, springing from the trough and darting across the lot to where a flock of geese, with their half-grown goslings, lay in the shade. Her abrupt coming caused a wild commotion. Some of the geese, with wide wings outspread, fled from her presence, while others, in whom tribal or parental instinct was strong, turned with outstretched necks and hissing tongues, to the defense. Undisturbed by these signs of fright or hostility, which filled the watching Sarah with dread, Nettie snatched up a pair of the goslings, and ran back to the trough, pursued by the frantic geese and patriarchal ganders. The prospect of being assaulted by the angry flock caused Sarah to start on a wild run for the house. But Nettie's voice stopped her.

"They won't hurt you, baby!" she cried. "And if you don't wait and see my play, I won't give you my roach-comb."

The command would have stopped Sarah without the threat, for she was in awe of her masterful cousin; so she came back tremblingly. With little ceremony, Nettie threw the frightened goslings into the trough. Finding themselves in their native element, they grew reconciled, and sailed down the narrow strip of water, with all the grace and beauty of their species. Realizing that no harm was intended their young, the screaming flock grew quiet, and appeared to share in the general enjoyment. With the cessation of their noise, her sense of security returned to Sarah, and she clasped her little brown hands in admiration.

"Did you ever see anything more bee-autiful!" she cried to her cousin, who watched the scene with stolidity. "It is so much nicer than sailing ships. I should like to stay here all day."

"Well, I shouldn't," returned Nettie, "and you mustn't. It is too hot. You have had enough of it, and so have the goslings," and as she spoke she lifted them from the water and returned them to their mothers. "Any time you want to you may put a gosling or a duck into the trough; but you must not put a chicken, for chickens cannot swim. I want you to come with me to the hay-loft. I have something to tell you."

They went into the dark, cool barn, climbed the rude stairs, and stretched themselves on the sweet-scented clover.

"This is the best hiding-place around," confided Nettie. "You can crawl over there to the corner and it is so dark, they never can find you; then, when they go away, you can come back and go on with the story."

"Oh! is there a fairy up here to tell you stories?" cried Sarah, clasping her hands in wonder.

"Fairy, baby? No, you read it out of a book," said Nettie, with splendid scorn. "Can you read?"

"A little bit," said Sarah, dreading that her cousin should call upon her for an illustration of her accomplishment. "But I left my second reader at home. I almost forgot it," explained the truthful child.

"You mean that you forgot it on purpose," said Nettie. "You don't like to go to school. It doesn't make any difference. They'll make you go. Alice has got her second reader put away somewhere, and she will get it for you. School begins in two weeks. We are going to have a new teacher. I am so glad! Miss Virginia's as cross as ten cats."

A heavy gloom fell over the glad heart of Sarah. One of her happiest reflections, in leaving home, was that she was putting a great distance between herself and the honestly disliked school, with its noisy pupils, its restricted liberty, its meaningless lessons; and lo! in her new and pleasant environments, the old enemy was to meet her.

"I don't see," she complained, "what schools are good for, except to plague little children."

"My goodness! you don't want to grow up and not know how to read and write and count, and know nothing about history and geography and grammar? What sort of people would we be? And school isn't so bad when you get used to it. There is always plenty of fun. I'd rather go to the hardest school in the world, than stay at home and work."

Sarah shook her head dejectedly. "I'd rather play at the trough or up here," she confessed. "You can't think to yourself and be people when you are in school."

For a moment Nettie regarded the little speaker in astonishment, then she said, significantly:

"You had better not talk like that before Alice, or she—" An eloquent pause followed, leaving Sarah to imagine punishment manifold. "She likes," continued Nettie, assuming her sister's dictatorial tones, "for people to show common sense."

"What is common sense?" asked Sarah, in an awed voice. "Have I got it?"

"Common sense," replied Nettie, "is being just like Alice. No, I don't think you've got it. Alice says if I have, I don't show it. She has her hands full, now that you have come. But maybe she won't bother you, because your father pays my father one hundred and fifty dollars a year for you. I wish somebody would pay him that much for me, so she would let me alone. I hate," concluded Nettie, vehemently, "to have to do things I don't want to do, because it is my duty!"

Her tone grew vindictive as she uttered the last word. She threw herself back on the hay and stared long and hard at the narrow stream of light, coming in between the shingles. Sarah maintained a discreet silence. She could not understand the cause of Nettie's complaint, and while she was sorry for her evident trouble, she was far sorrier for herself. To be told, in the space of a few minutes, that there was a school waiting to imprison her and that she had no common sense was a trial to her optimism. She devoutly wished that Nettie had left her to her own amusement, with her ships and foreign princes; al-

though it had been rare fun to watch the goslings swim, and the hay-loft was not devoid of possibilities. It was just the place to come with her rag doll, and—

"Grace never does bother me," began Nettie, "and I don't mind doing things when mother bids me. But when Alice comes along finding fault and preaching, I get so bad that I would like to do something awful!"

"What?" asked Sarah, her eyes dilated.

"Run away from home!" replied Nettie, in melodramatic tones. They made instant appeal to Sarah. A glow came over her face. She could have bowed down at the feet of this wonderful cousin.

"That is what Beatrice did," confided Nettie, sitting up again. "She, you know, is a girl in a story-book. Oh! it was grand! I wish I had it so I could read it to you. Ida loaned it to me. Nobody knew she did it. Alice says it is a sinful waste of time to read stories, and so I hid it up here in the loft, and every time I could get off, I came here and read and read until I finished it. One day Alice went out to look for me, because I never would answer when I was called. She looked through the orchard and over at the pond, and then she came here. When I heard her opening the stable door, I hid the book in the hay, and pretended I was asleep. Don't you ever go to sleep up here, Sarah, for there are spiders in the hay, and they might bite you, or a bug might crawl into your ear. Alice walked me down to the house and tried to get mother to whip me, but mother wouldn't do it, for she said if I were asleep, I could not hear them calling me, and she told Alice she ought to be kinder to me. But you can't fool Alice. She knew that I was only playing 'possum. I didn't care what they said or did, so they did not find my book. If they had, why, I should have had the whipping, for mother thinks it is awful to read novels. She says I ought to study my catechism, when I have time. Do you know your catechism?"

"No," said Sarah, dolefully.

"Oh! it is going to be hard on you here, then! We are great people for the catechism. Even father gets after you, if you don't study it. Every time I would want to do anything, or go anywhere, some one would be sure to say I could not until I knew my catechism lesson. So I set to work and memorized every single question and answer in the book. It was a hard thing to do, but they could not then have the catechism for an excuse, when they wanted to keep me from enjoying myself. Alice tried to get mother to buy me a bigger catechism, but she did not have the money, and when she asked father for it he said that if I knew all in the little blue-backed book, and practised it, I did not need any more works on religion, yet a while. That was one good turn he did me," finished Nettie, with an unconscious sigh.

"But I should have gotten out of studying it, even if he had let mother get it," she added, after a moment's pause.

"How, Nettie?"

"Why, you see, every Sunday when we don't have Mass, a gentleman—his name is Mr. Archer—teaches the catechism class in the church. I ride in on Billy, and the very first time I went, I would ask Alice to let me carry in my new book to show it to Mr. Archer. She would let me, for she thinks the world of Mr. Archer. Then, when I got out of sight of the house, I would let it drop from my lap, and I would tell her that I had lost it. Grace lost her prayer-book that way, only, of course, she did not lose it purposely."

"I am glad you did not have to study the big catechism," observed Sarah;

"and I do wish I did not have to study the little one."

"You need not wish it, for you must," rejoined Nettie. "And it would not do a bit of good to lose it, for they only cost five cents, and there are ever so many of them in the little press in the church. But it isn't hard, after you know it."

"But I don't know it."

"You will when you learn it."

"But I can't remember words."

"You will when you are as old as I am," declared Nettie. "But you never would remember words if you did not go to school, and you would not know how to read story-books either. It is just fine to read them. Ida reads so many because she has no mother and sister Alice to bother her. She told me last Sunday at church that she has the grandest book she has ever read in her life, and that she would be through with it to-day, and I might have it, if I would come in to see her. I asked mother to let me and you go, and she said to ask father, and if he lets us, she is willing. Sarah, you must ask him."

"I!" in alarm. "Oh! you ask him, Nettie!"

"I don't like to ask him for anything," confessed Nettie. "I always get Grace to do it for me. She would not ask for this, because she does not like for me to visit Ida. It is so nice in town and you will see so many pretty things. I have a nickle and we will buy some candy, and maybe Ida will buy cakes. We will ride on Billy, and when we get out of sight of the house, we will get a switch and make him rack. Oh! I could sit on Billy's back forever, when he racks. Tell father you want to see the town, and ask him if you and I may not go this afternoon. He will say we may, for he likes you."

Carried away by the rapturous description of the pleasures awaiting her, Sarah consented to obey her cousin's behest. After counselling her to say nothing of Ida and the promised story-book, Nettie conducted her companion from the hayloft to the pasture, in search of the wonderful Billy.

"That's he, standing under the locust tree!" she cried. "Now when we come out after dinner to catch him, we shall know just where to look for him. He isn't a bit hard to catch, and he will hold down his head for you to put the bridle on, if you can get hold of his ear," all of which information was unintelligible to her cousin.

"You want to see the sights, eh?" asked Mr. Kenny, with his mellow laugh, as, an hour later, he heard Sarah's timid request. "Well, I don't see why you should not, if your aunt is willing. I am certain Nettie will be glad to go with you," and he glanced toward his youngest child, who was eating her blackberry pie in seeming indifference to her surroundings.

"Of course I will," said she, obediently.

"What do you say, mother?" he asked of his wife. "Shall they go, or wait for a cooler day?"

"It is warm," commented Mrs. Kenny. "But we are going to have company on Thursday, and I shall need Nettie tomorrow to help me, while the other girls do the baking and cleaning; and so if they don't go this afternoon, they will have to wait until next week."

"They cannot go next week, mother," announced Alice, "for school begins on the fifteenth, and we must get them ready. Nettie needs new aprons, while Sarah must have both new aprons and new dresses."

"That settles it then," said Mr. Kenny.

Nettie's eyes were shining under their downcast lids, but all the joy slipped from Sarah's heart, at mention of school.

"Don't mind, baby! It is two weeks until the first day," exclaimed Nettie, as

together they started for the pasture to bring up Billy. In one hand, which was hidden behind her, she carried the bridle, in the other was an ear of yellow corn to bribe the horse.

"Billy never runs off," explained his young mistress, "but I always take the corn anyway. It is the same to him that candy is to us. Co-up, Billy! Co-up, Billy!" she called, as they drew near the locust tree, under which Billy was standing, sleeping. He turned his head lazily, but the sight of the corn could not tempt him from the shade. Nettie approached fearlessly, and when he bent his head to eat the grain she threw the rein over his neck.

"Billy isn't mean," confided Nettie. "Some horses will gobble up the corn and then run off and not let you catch them. My brother had a horse that used to do that."

"Where is your brother?" inquired Sarah, whose admiration of her cousin was increasing.

"He lives down the road a piece," she replied. "My other brother lives in Lexington. We only get to see him at Christmas, when he and sister Mary come home. He has a little baby named Nellie, after mother. Bite, Billy!" she commanded, forcing the bit between the horse's teeth.

"O Lord! he will eat your hand!" cried Sarah, in anguish, seeing Nettie's fingers in proximity to Billy's mouth.

"Shut up, baby!" ordered Nettie. "Billy never bit any one in his life. And you oughtn't to say 'Lord,'" she added, thrusting the head-stall behind the horse's ears. "If Alice heard you, she certainly would tell father. It is taking the name of God in vain. You will learn all about it, when you begin to study the catechism."

"Aunt Dilly always said 'Lord' right before my father, and he never minded it," returned Sarah, who did not take correction in a Christian spirit.

"*Niggers* have no souls, and so your father knew it didn't make any difference what she said," explained the learned Nettie.

"Aunt Dilly's got a soul! she has! she has!" cried Sarah, who, knowing nothing about the soul, still perceived that it was a desirable possession.

"Dr. Hayward said a *Nigger* had a gizzard instead of a soul," rejoined Nettie, cooly, "and I reckon he knows, for he has seen their insides. Did you ever see Aunt Dilly's insides?"

"No, and I don't want to see them," shrieked Sarah. "And I won't go to town with you. I don't want to stay here! I want to go home to my Aunt Dilly!"

A loud wail concluded the remarks. Billy pricked his ears and Nettie looked disconcerted. So absorbed were they that neither noticed a tall young man coming down the hill behind the locust tree. His step almost at her side brought the older girl from the sullen silence into which her cousin's outburst had plunged her. She uttered a scream, whereat he laughed.

"What is the row, little girls?" he inquired, taking off his hat to fan his flushed brow. At sound of his pleasant voice, Sarah took her chubby hands from her eyes, and fastened them on the stranger. As he looked into them, he found himself thinking of dew-washed violets.

"What is the matter, little one?" he asked, bending to one knee, and drawing the child to him.

"Has my Aunt Dilly got a gizzard instead of a soul?" she questioned, between her sobs.

The young man's face worked convulsively and grew crimson, making Nettie form the hasty conclusion that he was subject to fits. After a moment, he said:

"Of course she has a soul, the same as you and I have."

"But Dr. Hayward said that *Niggers* had to have gizzards instead of souls," maintained Nettie, stoutly.

"Dr. Hayward was a young fool, when he said that," replied the young man, looking up at the defiant girl, who noticed that the red had been swept from his face, and his features were no longer convulsed by some hidden emotion. "I am a doctor, too, and if you have a soul, the Negro has one also."

"Did you ever see their insides?" questioned Sarah, who sought proof for the assertion.

"I did and I found no gizzard. Now, are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Yes," said Sarah, slowly.

"Are you?" he inquired, turning to Nettie, who replied that she was, adding this piece of advice: "But you ought to go and find Dr. Hayward, and tell him of his mistake."

"He knows his mistake now," said the man calmly. "And now, little girl, tell me where you heard Dr. Hayward's opinion concerning the Negro?"

"Do you mean who told me what he said?" demanded Nettie. The man nodded, and she continued: "Nobody. I overheard Ben Anderson telling it to my sister Grace."

"And what did your sister say?" asked the stranger, fixing his eyes on her.

"That she did not believe he ever said it," replied Nettie.

"Then, why did you believe it?" he demanded, sharply.

She looked at him in surprise, and said, slowly: "Mayn't what Ben Anderson says be as true as what my sister believes?"

The man laughed a low, bitter laugh, and said:

"You have hit the whole great problem squarely on the head. In the future, however, do not upset another's scheme of faith upon no better authority than Ben Anderson's. You see, you have made this child very unhappy. Who is she?"

"My cousin, Sarah Kenny. She is going to stay with us, for her father has married again and gone to Arkansas. I am going to take her to town this afternoon to see the sights."

"That is fine!" he exclaimed. "Will you promise me to enjoy yourself, Sarah?" he asked earnestly of the child.

"Yes, sir," she replied. The tears had dried on her rose-tinted cheeks, and the eyes had regained their slow, clear light.

"Do you want me to help you up on the horse?" he inquired, but Nettie hastily said:

"O no, thank you! We will lead him to the stable."

"Good-bye!" he said, his eyes lingering long on Sarah's face.

"Good-bye, sir," they said, in unison, and left him alone under the locust tree.

Sarah, with some trepidation, held Billy while Nettie went to the carriage-house to fetch her mother's saddle. standing on the stile block she was preparing to put it on the horse's back, when Grace came from the house, her pretty face shaded by a big sunbonnet, her small hands encased in leathern gloves.

"Permit me to make your steed ready, young ladies!" she said, with her pretty laugh in her voice. "You were a long time gone. Did Billy run away?"

(To be continued.)

Kubelik surrounded by his family at his home, the Castle Byeher, near Prague. They are Kubelik, his wife, the twin daughters, Mme. Kubelik's parents, Herr Schwab and Herr Junkermann.

A WORD PORTRAIT OF KUBELIK.

BY ALOYSE FREDERICK THIELE.

A tall young man—scarcely more than boy, with an old violin—a thin, frail fellow with gentle face and deep-set eyes, the massive head covered with an aureola of black, shining hair.

You see him raise the old violin tenderly to its accustomed place like something he loved dearly, and you see him draw across its strings caressingly the old bow. A sweet, plaintive note, and you see no more, for with that first sweet note a spell is cast over you—a spell from which you fain would not awaken—a spell woven by the matchless music which played on your heart strings, now in the major key, now in the minor key, awakening in your inmost soul melodies to which your entire being responds.

Once again you are living over the days of your childhood, transported back over the years to babyland where the only stars for you were the tender, bright eyes of mother, and your only heaven her sweet smile. Once more mother's arms and heaving breast are warmly cradling you in fond embrace and the gentle voice is singing away your childish troubles in sweet lullaby.

A pause, and again the plaintive music. In response, all the sweet sorrow of your life and the bitter anguish endured awakens anew in your breast. You are suffering it all over. Life's storm seems about to engulf you, when suddenly the sun breaks forth, and, shining into your soul, brings hope. A touch of springtime is in the air, the fields are green and fragrant, the wild flowers are lifting their blossoming heads and the birds burst forth in grand chorus. How beautiful is life and how promising!

You are awakened from your day

dream by the commotion about you, and looking up you see the frail youth with the old violin. You, too, applaud, only to dream again as he draws the magic bow over the violin strings, and, at the same time, over the strings of your heart. It is the *Traumerei* of Schumann, and again you are swayed with emotion. Instinctively your hand goes to your eyes. They are wet. You have been crying—you who thought yourself cold and unresponsive to all sentimental appeal. In brief space you have lived through your life again, enjoying its pleasures and weeping over the sorrows it offered you. Again you join in the applause, and again you see the frail young man with the old violin bowing to you, and you know that you have seen and heard Kubelik.

Of the millions of people in all countries of the globe who have applauded Jan Kubelik, the noted violinist, few perhaps have had opportunity to know the personal side of the young man whose music has so charmed the world. I was fortunate in meeting him under most favorable circumstances. Spending a few days with him, I was given a happy opportunity of studying the man from a personal viewpoint and of learning much of him and his interesting career. That he is a genius and a true-born "wunderkind" the world will not deny. To know his music is to know the man. The simple charm of his playing, the intense earnestness and soulfulness of his interpretations, are the keynote of his personality and his character. When I first met him I was charmed at once by the sweet simplicity of his nature, his boyish frankness and his earnest sincerity. He may be eccentric and queer—many men of genius are—but I have not found him so. On the contrary, I found him to be a natural, honest, and frank young man, with high ideals of life and a high purpose.

When I asked him who first discovered his great talent he replied simply that he himself discovered it. As long as he could remember, he said, even as a child of three, he wanted to play the violin. At that early age, he yearned with intense longing for the instrument of which he is now such a master.

Kubelik, like most great men, was the son of poor parents. His father was a struggling violinist and a gardener, and his older brother was studying the violin. To all of his appeals for lessons his father turned a deaf ear, saying his Jan was too young. When, on his fifth birthday, the father gave him his first lesson he was astounded, and wept as he realized that his little Jan was a "wunderkind"—his own little son a genius. Two months later Kubelik was teaching his older brother, who had been studying for some years, and before a year had passed the little boy was showing his father some points about violin playing which the elder did not know. Then the real struggle for an education began, but the gifted, moody boy by his talent soon gained opportunities to perfect himself in the art in which he now shines so brilliantly. The violin was his sole ambition. He loved it and he worked early and late. What he has accomplished those who have heard him play can best appreciate. He is now twenty-five years of age. Some few years ago he married the Countess Czaky-Szell. It was a love match pure and simple.

No subject is dearer to the heart of Kubelik, and upon no topic does he more enjoy speaking, than that of his family, which is composed of wife and twin baby girls. He is devoted to his wife, a beautiful woman, and when speaking of her his face lights up and fairly beams with happiness. Those who know say the home life of Kubelik is very happy.

Unlike most men of genius, Kubelik is loyal to his friends, and making but

JAN KUBELIK

From his latest portrait by Jane Reece, Dayton, Ohio.

COUNTESS CZAKY-SZELL, WIFE OF THE NOTED BOHEMIAN VIOLINIST.

few, those few are dear to him. An instance of this is shown in the friendship between the great violinist and his accompanist, Herr Schwab. When Kubelik was a student at the conservatory he was much misunderstood by his fellow students. Many of them laughed at him, not realizing that in the breast of that serious, shy boy the fires of genius were glowing. He spent much time alone, going into the parks and in serious mood communing with nature. Then Herr Schwab met him. He, too, was a student of violin and piano. The friendship which began then has continued, and when Kubelik became great he insisted upon having his college friend as his accompanist. Together the two have traveled all over the world. As an accompanist Herr Schwab is ideal, owing not only to his ability as a pianist, but his happy understanding of the moods of Kubelik.

Another instance of this friendship is Kubelik's secretary and manager, Herr Karl Junkermann, who has been his constant companion in all of his travels. Herr Junkermann is known to every great artist in the world and counts most of them among his friends. He is a son of the noted German actor who is known as the Joseph Jefferson of the German stage, and who is still actively engaged in his profession, despite his more than three score and ten years.

Away from his music Kubelik spends his time quietly, reading, writing, or taking long walks. He plays the piano almost as well as the violin. I was happily surprised one day to see him go to the piano, which was an old, old instrument, and with the same caressing touch he brought forth the sweetest music—playing some charming little things from Schubert, Schumann, and Grieg.

A study of the portrait of Kubelik reveals a great similarity to the earlier portraits of Beethoven. There is a striking likeness of the features of the face and head, particularly the broad brow, the deep-set serious eyes, the nose, the contour of the cheek, and even the mass of heavy hair. Unlike the great master, Kubelik has composed but little. In fact, his composing time is in the future. All of his spare time he devotes to his violin and some days practices six and eight hours. He is an earnest student, and with each year comes a broader view of things and a more noble expanse of mind. Who knows what the future may have in

store for this gifted young man of Bohemia.

Kubelik is a Catholic. He is the youngest man in the world to wear the insignia of the Knighthood of St. Gregory. He was but twenty-two years old when appointed to this noble and exclusive order by Pope Leo XIII, a short time before the venerable Pontiff passed away. He has received signal honor from the present Pope. Last spring, Pius X presented the virtuoso with a life-sized, engraved portrait of himself on which was inscribed, in the Pope's own handwriting, in Latin, the pontifical benediction upon Kubelik, his wife, and their twin daughters.

MARIA AND ANNA, TWIN DAUGHTERS OF JAN KUBELIK.

This famous violinist says he is almost an American now. He loves this country and feels quite at home here. The people, he says, have all been so kind to him. One of his greatest treasures from this land is an autograph copy of "The Rough Riders," presented to him by the President of the United States, quite recently, following a concert given by Kubelik and his company at the White House.

The President's letter, accompanying the book, reads as follows:

WHITE HOUSE, Dec. 7.

MY DEAR MR. KUBELIK:

May I ask you to accept the little volume, "The Rough Riders," as a token of my appreciation of the very great pleasure you conferred upon us last night? With all good wishes,

Sincerely Yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Upon receipt of this, Kubelik sent the following reply:

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I am more than happy to possess a book and a letter written by the hand which shows nations the way to attain the highest achievements and happiness.

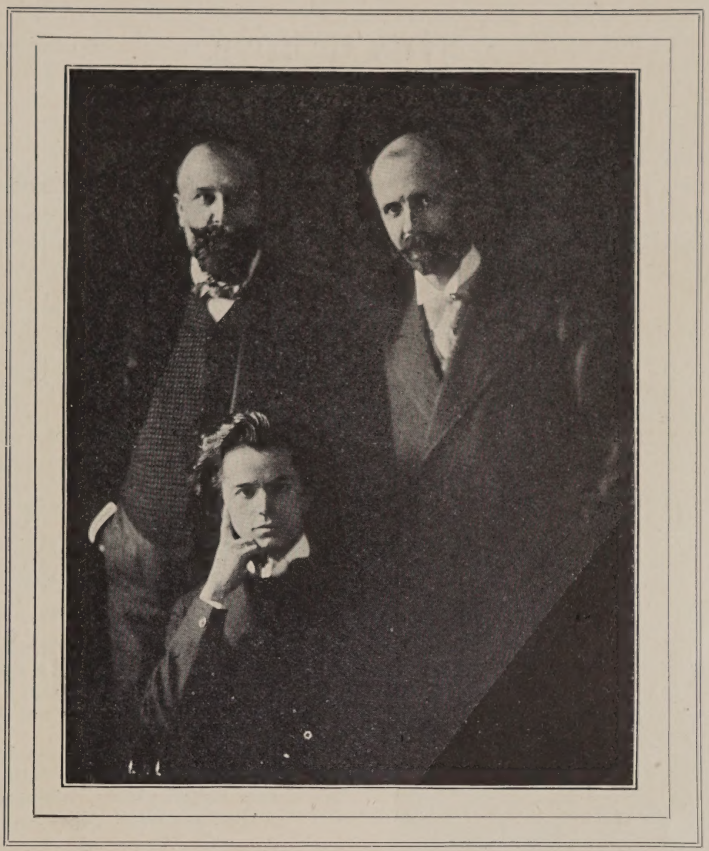
Yours gratefully,

(Signed) JAN KUBELIK.

Kubelik has presents from the rulers of all the great nations, given him because of the delight caused by his playing.

Appreciating the struggles of his own poverty-stricken youth and wishing to assist talented students who are as poor, and possibly as gifted, as he was then, Kubelik has decided to establish scholarships in several of the important music schools of Europe and America. The new Institute of Music, of New York, of which Frank Damrosch is the directing head, the New England Conservatory, and the Cincinnati College or conservatory will benefit by his generosity. Since becoming a celebrity he has made a large fortune with his bow, and his wife, wealthy in her own right, will second her famous husband in the good work.

COPY OF THE AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT OF THE HOLY FATHER PRESENTED TO KUBELIK BY POPE PIUS X.



KUBELIK, HERR JUNKERMANN, AND ALOYSE F. THIELE.

When at home, Kubelik resides in his magnificent Castle Byeher, near Prague, in Bohemia. Between the music rooms, the gymnasium, and the beautiful fields of his estate, he leads a busy but tranquil life.

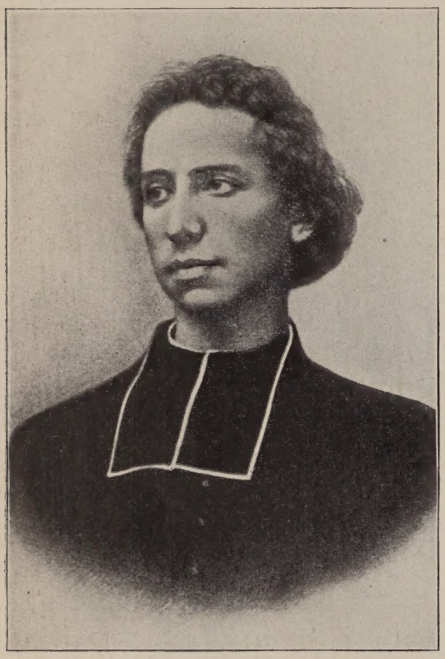
Men meet, and part to meet no more. Like ships in mid-ocean, their life course leads them away from one another. This world is small, but all too large for those we love, those we want to have with us always and whose life-work leads them in pathways never more to cross with our own, this side of eternity.

I hope and trust that I may meet the gifted Kubelik many times, but if I don't, memory shall ofttimes recall his wondrous music and the message it brought. But, better still, shall recall the gentle, frail-appearing young man whose noble and tenderly passionate music was but the expression of his soul.

A HYMN OF LOVE.

BY DOLORES.

The following is the translation of a hymn composed by Just Marie de Bretenières, who was martyred in Corea, in 1866. The original French is to be found in the second edition of his *Life;*



JUST MARIE DE BRETENIÈRES.

and the author, Mgr. D'Hulst, remarks that in it the young missionary pours forth some of the mystic tenderness for Our Lord, with which his heart is filled. He adds, "Am I mistaken in saying that we find in it the accents of the Canticle of St. Teresa?"

This beautiful and heroic soul, the charm of whose character is irresistible, when he was a child of six, heard mysterious voices of the Chinese calling him to come and save them, and at the age of twenty-eight he received the crown of martyrdom he had so ardently longed for. His blood still pleads for the land wherein God willed him to labor but for a few months.

My Well-Beloved, of life the source,
To Thee, Who drawest me apart,
I, in my folly, have recourse
Like to the thirsting hart.

O you! the witness of this fire
With which He burns me night and day,
Tell Him I languish with desire,
With love I swoon away.

To seek Thee, I myself torment,
Nothing can calm me here below;
With heart unquiet I lament
Since love it does not know.

And like unto the plaintive dove
That in the lonely forest frets,
My weak heart yields, without Thee, Love,
To amorous regrets.

At night, my soul inflamed anew,
Towards Thee, my Saviour, breathes its sigh
Ah! then descend, celestial dew
Its ardors pacify.

Oh! see, Belovèd, my alarms,
Refuse not Thou unto my cries
One of those glances full of charms
On which my heart relies.

My Jesus, know I love but Thee,
None else my ardors can control;
None else my joy supreme can be,
Thou lover of my soul.

O wounding that art worth the strife,
Happy to suffer thee am I!
For Thou transformest death to life
In making me to die.

MISSION OF SAN DIEGO, 1769.

THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

BY HOWARD GRAHAM.

"I have placed my faith in God, and trust in His goodness to plant the Holy Cross, not only in San Diego, but even as far as Monterey," were the memorable

SAN CARLOS MISSION, (Founded 1770.)

San Gabriel Mission.

Mission of San Luis Obispo.

MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

words of the saintly Junipera Serra as he erected a cross on the shore of the beautiful bay. So amply rewarded was the faith of the humble Franciscan that before his death he had the happiness of erecting eight missions, where the Indians, won from their savage state, lived happily. The labors of those early days have their record in the massive walls that are the pride of California of to-day —the Old Missions.

Surely Father Junipera Serra builded better than he knew. He was always an enthusiast, yet practical, and possessed

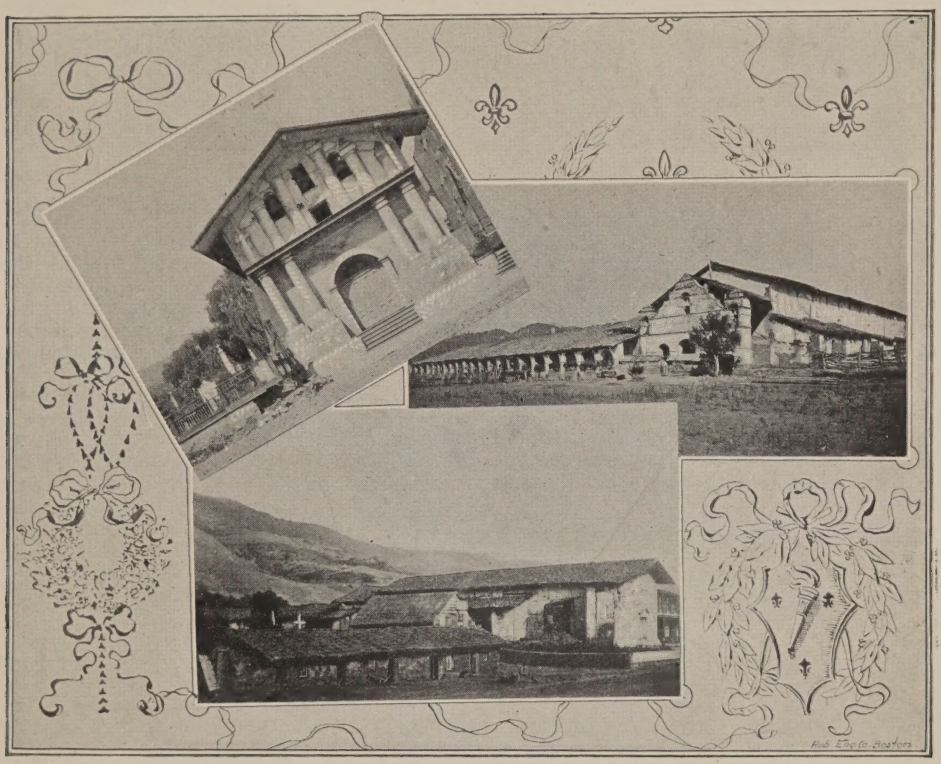
RESTORED PORTION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION.

SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

of a wide, clear vision and remarkable judgment. His pious parents noting his gentleness, his obedience, and his fine intellectual gifts, did not hesitate to make the sacrifice of giving him to the service of the Church. When he was old enough they sent him to Palma, where he studied under a wise and zealous priest, who so influenced his mind that when he was seventeen he entered the Franciscan novitiate. The lives of the missionaries to the Indians interested him strongly, and he became so imbued with their apostolic ardor, that when the time came to make his choice he gladly gave himself up to the work of Christianizing the savages.

MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY. COURT AND ARCHES.

His gift of preaching, his scholarly attainments, marked him for high preferment, but he turned willingly aside from the path of fame and honor, and pleaded to be sent where toil, and danger, and perhaps a horrible death, awaited him. Such was the man who was called from the college of San Fernando, in Mexico, to Christianize the Indians of California. The story of his life is part of the early history of the state, and his name is still



DOLORES, SAN JOSE AND SAN ANTONIO MISSIONS.

uttered as that of one whose achievements have made him immortal.

Though for more than a year after the founding of the first mission, San Diego, not a neophyte gladdened the missionary's heart he did not lose hope—witness this entry in his diary: "It seemed to me that they (the Indians) would fall shortly into the apostolic and evangelic net."

The padres, associated with Father Junipera Serra, set to work earnestly after a careful study of the people they sought to civilize. They taught them agricultural and industrial arts, instructed them in religion, and even attempted to teach the boys how to read and write. The girls and women were also taught many useful branches of industrial education and acquired great skill in sewing and embroidery.

Helen Hunt Jackson, in Ramona, has drawn for us a series of pictures depicting the tranquil, happy life of the Mission charges while under the wise and kindly rule of the Franciscans. What wonder that prosperity blessed their efforts, and that want was unknown. That the padres accumulated money is a charge frequently made by prejudiced writers, only to be refuted by such honest, fair-minded testimony as the follow-

San Fernando Mission. 1797.

ing, from George Wharton James' "In and Out of the Old Missions of California:"

"It has often been asked, 'What became of all the proceeds of the work of the Mission Indians? Was it sent to the mother house in Mexico?' etc. In regard to the missionaries, they were under a vow of poverty. As to the mother house it is asserted, on honor, that up to 1838 not even as much as a curio had been sent there. After that, as is well known, there was nothing to send. The fact is, that the proceeds all went into the Indian Community fund for the benefit of the Indians, or the improvement of their mission church, gardens, or workshops. The most careful investigations by experts have led to but one opinion, and that is that in the early days there was little or no foundation for the charge that the padres were accumulating money. During the revolution it is well known that the missions practically supported the military for a number of years, even though the

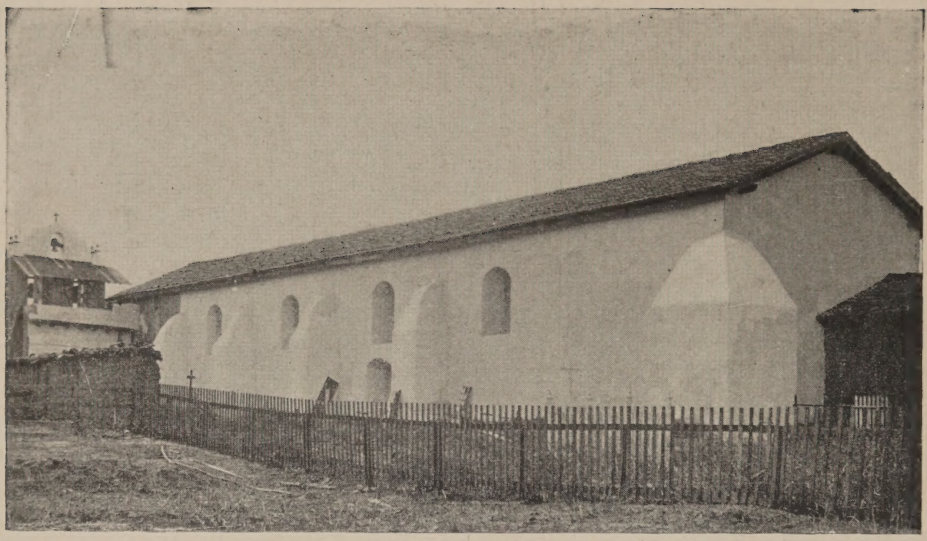
Santa Clara Mission. 1797.

MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA.

padres, their wards, and their churches all suffered in consequence."

The Mission of San Carlos, founded in 1770, commemorated the end of the search for Monterey. The Franciscans landed on June 3rd, built a shelter of branches, hung and blessed the mission bells, and dedicated the foundation to San Carlos Borromeo. Before long, the vigilant founder deemed it wise to remove the missions to points more remote from the Presidio, where the influence of the soldiers on the neophyte Indians had proved harmful. That of San Diego was moved to a point six miles distant, where the ruins are still to be seen, and San Carlos was settled in the Carmelo valley. The Presidio remained in

INTERIOR MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA.



SANTA INEZ MISSION.

its original location and became the capital city of the Californias under the Spanish-Mexican rule.

The establishment of the Mission of San Gabriel in 1771, was another indication of the progress of the padres in the work they had set themselves to do. When Fathers Somera and Cambon were about to hold the customary services of dedication, a large force of hostile natives, under the leadership of two chiefs, interfered, but ceased their opposition when one of the priests raised on high a picture of the Blessed Virgin, which so impressed the chiefs that they threw their necklaces at the feet of the beautiful queen. The church of San Gabriel is still in fair condition, and is used as a parish church. This mission being only twelve miles from Los Angeles is perhaps the most widely-known of all the missions, and has often been the theme of song and story. Charles Warren Stoddard in "The Bells of San Gabriel," published in Sunset Magazine, 1905, thus contrasts the fortunes, past and present, of this once famous mission:

Thine was the corn and the wine,
The blood of the grape that nourished;
The blossom and fruit of the vine
That was heralded far away.

SAN MIGUEL MISSION. 1797.

These were thy gifts; and thine,
When the vine and the fig-tree flourished,
The promise of peace and of glad increase
Forever and ever and aye.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
Answer me, O, I pray!

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Oil of the olive was thine;
Flood of the wine-press flowing;
Blood o' the Christ was the wine—
Blood of the Lamb that was slain.
Thy gifts were fat o' the kine
Forever coming and going,
Far over the hills, the thousand hills—
Their lowing a soft refrain.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
Answer me, once again!

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Seed o' the corn was thine—
Body of Him thus broken
And mingled with blood o' the vine—
The bread and the wine of life;
Out of the good sunshine
They were given to thee as a token—
The body of Him, and the blood of Him,
When the gifts of God were rife.
What then wert thou, and what art now,
After the weary strife?

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Where are they now, O bells?
Where are the fruits o' the mission?
Garnered, where no one dwells,
Shepherd, and flock are fled.
O'er the Lord's vineyard swells
The tide that with fell perdition
Sounded their doom and fashioned their tomb
And buried them with the dead.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
The answer is still unsaid.

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Where are they now, O tower!
The locusts and wild honey?
Where is the sacred dower
That the bride of Christ was given?
Gone to the wielders of power,
The misers and minters of money;
Gone for the greed that is their creed—
And these in the land have thriven.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
And wherefore has thou striven?

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

On his way south, Father Serra founded the Mission of San Luis Obispo, the natives, who were friendly towards the priests, willingly aiding in the erection of the buildings. They also shared their provisions with the padres, who were not too well supplied, and brought their children to them to be baptized. The devoted founder rejoiced in the indications of a time of peace and much success in the work of Christianizing the natives, but he was not permitted to develop his plans without opposition. Governor Portola, who had co-operated enthusiastically with Junipera Serra, returned to Lower California, and Lieutenant Fages was appointed Commandant. The observance of routine was more to the soldier than the salvation of souls, and soon relations between the civil and religious superiors became so strained that the Padre appealed to the Mexican Junta. The Commandant was removed, money, missionaries, and supplies placed at Serra's disposal, and the way to progress was apparently smoothed. Rejoiced and grateful, he began work on the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, and everything seemed propitious, when suddenly came the news from San Diego that the hostile Indians back in the mountains had descended on the Mission, fired the buildings, and murdered Father Jayme, whose body was found in the dry bed of the neighboring creek. The marks of blows and bruises and eighteen arrow wounds told of the torture to which he had been subjected.

"God be thanked," exclaimed the zealous Serra when the terrible news was brought to him. "Now the soil is

watered! Now will the reduction of the Dieguinos be complete!" It was considered advisable to abandon the work on the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, so the bells were buried, and the padres left the scene that had promised to be so fruitful in the harvest of souls. In the following year the indomitable padre returned, disinterred the bells, and celebrated the dedicatory ceremonies.

The church was completed and dedicated in 1777. So massive and substantial was this noble structure that it would have lasted to the present day, in all probability, had not the earthquake of 1812 leveled it almost to the ground. Thirty-five worshippers, who were attending Mass, were buried alive. The rear end wall of the quadrangle and the stone pillars supporting the grand dome over the altar are still standing, and enough of the smaller domes, arching the side altars, remain to show what artistic beauty characterized the work.

All of the grey sandstone of which the great stone columns and pillars and massive masonry were constructed, had been taken, by the Indians, from neighboring mountain quarries. The adjoining buildings withstood the shock, and were used in later times as a chapel and parochial residence. This mission was the first which the "Landmarks Club" attempted to restore.

The erection of Santa Barbara and San Luis Rey completed the chain of seven missions in the south, and a rapid and steady increase of conversions rewarded the efforts of the missionaries. The mission doors were always open, and bountiful hospitality was extended to all travelers and wayfarers. Each one was made welcome to stay as long as he pleased, and on leaving was provided with a fresh horse and guide for his journey, if he needed such aid.

At sunrise the bells sounded for the Angelus, and the Indians assembled in the chapel for prayers, Mass, and a short instruction. Then came breakfast, after which they went to their work in field or work-shop. At eleven o'clock they had their dinner, and then rested through the heat of noon, returning to their labors at two. At sunset the Angelus bell was heard again—a welcome sound, calling them to prayer, after which they ate supper, and then engaged in recreation.

Bret Harte, in "The Angelus," depicts the tranquil scenes in that "farther past," when the twilight music of the mission bells lulled the spiritual fold, so guarded by the sons of St. Francis:

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
Nor blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last.

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

O solemn bells; whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old;
O tinkling bells; that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold,

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,
Break, falter, and are still;

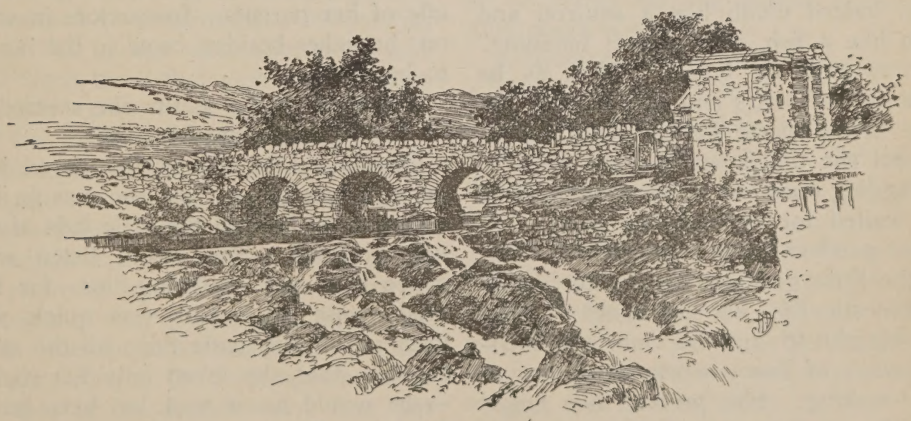
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

The famous Mission Dolores owes its existence to the discovery made by an exploring party that left the Mission of San Diego, July 14, 1769, to locate Monterey. Failing to recognize the place, they went farther north, and from the San Bruno Hills looked down on the stretch of water to which was given later on the name of the Bay of San Francisco. "Let St. Francis find that good port beyond Monterey and he shall have his mission," said the Viceroy—according to the legend—and in 1775 he sanctioned the foundation of the presidio and mission to be known as San Francisco de Assis. The mission was erected near the Laguna de los Dolores, and from this circumstance was commonly known as the Mission Dolores. The foundation ceremonies of the future city of San Francisco took place on "the day of the stigmata of our seraphic father, St. Francis," and on the 8th of October similar ceremonies were held at the mission. The following year Junipera Serra paid his first visit to the new mission, and said Mass on the titular saint's day. Standing near the Golden Gate he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God that now our father, St. Francis, with the holy processional cross of Missions has reached the last limit of the Californian continent. To go further he must have boats."

From this mission were founded the Missions of St. Clara, Santa Cruz, San Rafael, and San Francisco Solano.

The Mission Dolores has stood the test of time. During the shock of earthquake its walls remained intact. The Los Angeles Tidings tells how it escaped the flames, and again opened its doors to the faithful:

The famous Mission Dolores, situated on the corner of 16th and Dolores streets in San Francisco, had a miraculous escape from destruction. The building, the oldest in San Francisco, which has stood for a century and a half and was practically the beginning of the city, is intact, though the new church adjoining it was ruined. The fire slowly ate its way, Friday afternoon, towards the district, and the only hope of saving it was the destruction of the Convent of Notre Dame across the street, which had just been completed. The new gave way to the old. The convent was dynamited and the flames turned the other way. The sign on the board in front of the old church read on Saturday, after the disaster, "Masses the same as usual."



MAURICE, JR.

BY MARY WEST.

III.

FLOWER AND FOLIAGE.

The little arbitrary, wilful, yet loving child, rapidly developed into an attractive, graceful girl with gentle ways. True, the old self-will, the old impetuousness, were there—but she held these traits better in check and did not exhibit them in so startling a manner.

As far as book learning went, her early education had been neglected—yet she seemed to be well informed on all subjects and could always hold her own with the girls of her day. And how much more she knew about the secrets of Nature! Simply because she herself was a product of outdoor life.

Her father was still her earliest and latest thought. It was an affection that grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength. Such boon comrades were they, that long the mother feared her daughter would turn out to be that modern anomaly which her womanly heart abhorred—the "mannish girl."

Yet although Maurice, Jr. always shared her father's sports, though she could indeed climb like a squirrel and swim like a fish, the "eternal feminine" ever swayed her breast. Then as he grew full of years and surrendered the more active sports for the daily constitutional she timed her buoyant steps to his lagging ones—as in her childhood he had waited for her toddling pace.

The prudent mother essayed to initiate the little girl into the lighter duties of domestic life—set her stints of sewing—sought to lure her into the intricate ways of fancy work—tried her at bread-making. She pricked her finger with the needle, tattooed the work with gore, and carried it to her father for sympathy. And with her biscuits she and her daddy played ball.

When she was entering her teens, the relatives and friends of Papa and Mamma Ronayne held an indignation meeting and declared that she must be sent off somewhere to school. What! their own kin without a day's schooling?—only such as she had received at home—she would be an ignoramus, sure! It was an unheard of thing.

The will of Maurice, Sr. was overruled, and Maurice, Jr. was sent to a convent some miles from home.

Her daddy spent the greater part of that day making an awful racket with the billiard balls, and late that night, after an uneasy slumber, he was roused he thought, by a petulant little voice crying out in the tune of childhood, "My yants mine daddy!"

He flew to unlock and unbar the door, and opened his arms—to have a shivering, sobbing little creature fall into them, never to leave them again.

Soon after they compromised by making her a pupil of a public school whence she could return every day to the domicile of her parents. Instructors in various branches besides, came to the house, to her.

Yet with all her faults she seemed to be turning out passably well.

Passion's tale was early poured into her sympathetic ear, for she was an immense favorite with the little lads of the neighborhood. She would listen with grave eyes and twitching lips—for her Irish sense of humor was quick and keen. And she made them all the same answer—that she loved only her daddy—she would never wed, but keep house for him. To the occasional disgruntled adorer who begged that she would not

speak of his misplaced attachment, and hinted darkly that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, she replied sweetly and frankly that she was sorry, but she must tell her daddy as she told him everything.

Ah, but she was a cute, bright, demure thing, asserted the Boy, and then he wanted to know if I did not think that these demure girls, as a rule, knew the most about love-affairs? Not the pronounced coquette, he said—not the girl who allows her name to be associated with this one and that, but—

I told him that I knew nought of love affairs or demure girls and asked him to hasten with the recital.

At this period of her life, he continued, Maurice, Jr. was not beautiful according to the canons of beauty, but she had one of those witching faces that can lure the heart from your breast with a glance. Yet she never seemed inclined that way. When she was eighteen, far different was she from other girls. He would be an intrepid wooer who could speak of love then to Maurice. There was such a pensive air of reserve mingled with such dignity surrounding her like a veil.

Although the Irish in her nature usually seemed to predominate, yet possibly it was that strain—that admixture with the French blood that gave such piquancy—such *verve* to face and character. And her eyes—sighed the Boy.

Just here he paused in his narrative, to regale me with a disquisition on the subject of eyes, that was at once amusing and instructive, and of which I can give you only an outline. Talk about the dark orbs of the Spanish girl, the Italian or the French, he enthused, are not the blue-gray eyes of the Irish lass the loveliest eyes in the world? Are they not matchless in expressing love and mirth and pathos and passion? In fact every emotion? Have they not the glory of the heavens, and the beauty of the earth and the tang of the sea? In a word, all the charm of their own Emerald Isle?

Never mind if he did get a bit incoherent and forget that he was speaking after all, of an American girl. He was so deeply in earnest that he quite carried me away with him. And his own eyes at the time were so dark and sparkling, I ventured to remark timidly that I considered dark eyes very lovely and expressive. But wrapped in his thoughts, he did not heed me.

I began to spin a little romance of my own. Had he too been in love with Maurice?—poor fellow! and what noble things he said of Douglas—but I am running ahead of my story.

When she was eighteen life seemed to stretch before Maurice Ronayne, Jr. like a long holiday. There was no wish ungratified. Of course she was the dearest thing on earth to both parents. But although she was these days ever sweet and kind to her mother and conversed with her fluently in her own tongue, yet she never seemed to comprehend and get close to her in soul communion as she did to her father in the sweet Irish phrases. What phrase sweeter than *cushla ma chree?* (pulse of my heart) as he called her—or *manim asthee hu* (my soul's within you.)

A mother seemed to Maurice simply a necessary being to mend and make and render home comfortable such hours as you wished to spend there. But not a person to waste much time or reflection upon.

And strangely enough she did not call her "mother." Her baby tongue had easiest lisped the word "Cissy." Then one day when a little girl she had regarded her attentively, and turned with smiling eyes to her father.

"How dainty and pretty your little bride must have been, daddy. See, she has here and there a tress of gold!—and pretty color at times, and a rosebud

mouth. I am going to call her Mignon." And henceforth she did.

Cecile had choked down a rising sob and smiled. Sometimes her whole soul rose in rebellion. Yet was she not herself to blame she thought for teaching those baby lips her father's name the earliest?—little dreaming that she would be left so utterly in the cold. She would so love to be called "mother."

The little mother was slowly learning —with how many a pang, and at what cost—those deepest, highest lessons of the spiritual life—ministry and self-effacement.

And like Hester Prynne, day after day her loving thoughts for her child were taking material shape. While her two truants were abroad, during her many lonely hours, she was fashioning for the little daughter the most beautiful garments—embroidering upon them the pure and exquisite flowers of her heart.

She had never conquered her passion for music. Forbidden its indulgence—forced back upon her soul—it lay pent up there—waiting to be expressed some day in Paradise.

Somebody had given the lonely woman a little canary, and when her big and her little Maurice were away at concert or opera (for the little maid had succeeded in making her willing slave, her attendant at such pleasures) she listened to his cheerful strains and followed in spirit her two truants.

She had formed, too, a happy knack of interpreting his songs. Ah, now he was trilling an air from Tannhauser—or Faust—or Martha or Carmen—as her heart whispered—her teeming fancy pictured. Sometimes it was some simple ballad that Maurice, Jr. seemed to favor. Her daughter had not inherited her own great talent, but she sang ballads prettily and bright airs to please her father. Moore's Irish melodies they both loved the best.

Indeed Maurice, Jr. was proud to be the daughter of an Irishman. Her father had told her that she was descended from old Philip Ronayne of the County Cork, for whom an island has been named. He was famed for having one eye blue and the other gray, and that is how she came to have blue-gray eyes, declared Ronayne, Sr.

I do not know that I have told you that her French relatives had never been satisfied with the name Maurice, In fact they tried to Frenchify it by accenting the last syllable, thus Mau*rice* —and some of them called her Mauriciá —but never before her father.

So the happy years fled noiselessly away, and the maiden was in her late twenties, before any of the cares or responsibilities of life touched her.

She awoke one morning to the fact that her father was growing old. The long daily walks had to be curtailed. He had one or two short spells of illness that alarmed his daughter. It was during one of these that husband and wife had a long conference together with closed doors. He had never openly illused her as has been said, and since the advent of Maurice, Jr. he had considerably softened toward her. Yet there was ever a lack of sympathy and consideration—an inability to appreciate the beautiful soul of this woman.

One day *Père* Regnier who had known Cecile nearly all her life, spoke to the husband concerning her,—since then Maurice Ronayne who had the true Irish reverence for the priest of God, had listened with more deference to her words.

When he had safely weathered the attacks of illness and was himself again, one evening he gently pulled his daughter to him and playfully tweaked her ears.

"Maurice—little Irish lass—I—that is —your mother—I would say both of us —ahem!—have you ever, *cushla ma*

chree, seriously thought of—a lad? Some have favored you."

"Have I ever—seriously—thought of a lad?" The blue-gray eyes began to gather brooding shadows. "Daddy, what *do* you mean?"

He gathered her more closely that she could not see his face, and softly stroked her hair. His voice had a muffled tone.

"You see, lassie—the arm you lean on these days is shaky—and my steps often falter—your mother, too, is far from strong, and the fact is—you need a protector. Couldn't you choose, dear?"

She withdrew herself to fling angry little words between gasps at him.

"Daddy! how dare you!—when you know—that—in all the world—I love but you! Have we not planned—to keep bachelor's hall alone together—one of these days?"

(The little mother bent lower over her work.)

And then the storm burst!—It was one of the old tempestuous scenes of her childhood—the outcry—the violent sobs—the strangling hug. Maurice, Jr. forgot that she had become a woman.

Maurice, Sr., his man's vanity gratified, soothed the disturbed little soul with loving words and promises. Yes, yes, she should always stay with him and be his own dear little maid. Never, never again would he broach such a project!

A blessed candle burned late that night—burned low—expired. Alone in the darkness the little mother wrestled.

"Oh, God!—thou knowest—that loyal, loving, passionate little heart! What is to become of her?—With many a blow hast thou tempered and fashioned my proud, rebellious spirit—unto Thy ways. But Maurice—is different—she will not bend, dear Lord—it would be heartbreak."

She lifted her clasped hands more fervently. "Love could lead her, I am sure—the love of some good man—could lead her on to thy Divine Love. But oh, to be mismated—would bring out the worst of her nature! Let me suffer, my dearest Saviour, as much and as long as Thou wilt—but spare to each other—and bring at last to Thee—my big and my little Maurice."

She always spoke thus familiarly to her Lord, as she would in the ear of a friend. The prayer of such a heart could not be denied.

It was not long—not very long after this, when one evening Maurice, Jr. came home from an entertainment in a state of subdued excitement.

She walked about restlessly for some minutes, her arms behind her back. She cleared her throat several times as if about to speak. Suddenly it came.

"Daddy!—Mignon!—you will both be surprised I know—and pleased, I hope—but to-night I—perhaps he—I mean of course we both chose each other!"

Maurice, Sr. roused himself with difficulty from a nap. "Eh, Lassie?"

"You see I was thinking not of myself at all—but of you two who are really not so young as you used to be and need a strong arm to lean upon. Well, he has offered it."

There was dead silence. The mother thrust her needle through her work and folded it neatly. Then she spoke tremulously.

"You are—breathless, child. Somebody came home with you—you mean?—and—partners for the evening?"

"Partners for life." Maurice went a bit hysterical and sat down. "That is—not at present—a long way in the future I hope—but—oh, can't you understand?"

"You have not told his name." Her father spoke dryly.

"Did I not? How like me!—yet what's in a name? It's the man after all. His name is Douglas MacMorlan."

Both parents spoke simultaneously. "My dear Maurice!" and Cecile continued with more animation than she had shown for years. "My dear little girl! Who would have dreamed it!—and—not a stranger. How did it come to pass?"

Maurice would always be a "little girl" to her parents. Indeed there was about her always, a child charm and grace that was not suggestive of arrested development but of that sweet season of "The world's young prime," of which the poet sings.

So declared to me, her admirer, the Boy.

"How did it come to pass?" she replied to her mother's question, "Oh, in a moment of madness, I suppose—and we shall both regret it mayhap, when we are sober."

"Of all people in the world," the mother spoke musingly, "I thought that Douglas never would look at a woman."

"Possibly 'twas I that did the looking, Mignon—that is, we both did, at the same time. And we each thought that the other would never care for anybody. Besides, I've sometimes fancied that if—if you should happen to meet your—other half, it would be well to help him out a bit—especially if he is modest and not so well endowed with this world's goods as yourself. To let him pass would be to derange the plans of God—would it not?"

The little inquisitor waited for a reply, but none came. The parents exchanged a glance over her head, part amused, part startled. She went on:

"And since you must know all and will not spare me, let me say that when he offered his arm I said in jest that wouldn't it be fine to have so steady an arm on which to lean for life. He replied in jest, wouldn't I keep it? But before we finished, we were in dead earnest."

"The clinching argument," Maurice stared hard at the fire; "I know hosts of girls that wanted him."

"Ah!" Cecile gave a half inarticulate little cry. That was the secret then—the desire for conquest—for power, as once in childhood's days she had sighed for the "monkey man"—she had fought for the kittens.

"Are you—fond of him, Maurice?" It was the vaguest little whisper in the air.

"How absurd, Mignon! You know I love only dear old daddy—and of course, you. I explained it all to Douglas. I asked him if some day in the far distant future, he would be willing to play second fiddle—for daddy must always wield the baton. He replied laughing that he would be willing to play anything that would win me."

Soon after, the three prepared to retire for the night. Somewhere in the small hours of the morning, Maurice, Jr., was awakened by an awful racket in the billiard hall. She listened for some moments and then crept softly upstairs. Her father had not been to bed at all, she opined, as she approached him.

"Ah, little Irish lass—I'm uneasy in my mind. The lad now, Douglas—is he Irish or American?"

"He is Scotch, daddy—but it was a mere accident of birth, you know. America is his adopted land—he came here when a child and, oh, how he loves her! He says he should like to die with the Stars and Stripes about him."

"Accidents of birth, my lass, at times do a deal of damage. It is a great disappointment to me. I was in hopes you would wed an Irishman or a pure-blooded American."

"But Americans, my dad, are such composite beings. The real Simon pure is hard to find. Would'st have me wed an Indian? Yet indeed I would to

please thee — tomahawk — warpaint — blanket and all."

"But French—Scotch-Irish," muttered her father, "it's a gruesome combination. You see, my lass—you turned out all right—a charming draught—but add another element to the mixture and who could handle it?—'twould drive a man quite wild!"

"Don't get me mixed up with drinks, so early in the morning, daddy," laughed Maurice, Jr., "and the best drink now is a cup of coffee."

Later they descended to the breakfast room, with peaceful hearts and faces.

Maurice, Jr. seemed to go round those days, with a vague little smile on her face, as one in a dream. Life did not appear a reality. Of course society was greatly surprised. The daughter of Maurice Ronayne was known to would-be wooers as the "Impossible She." Her *fiance*, Douglas MacMorlan, had likewise been dubbed the "Difficult He," so indifferent did he seem to the wiles of womanhood.

But here I broke in on the narrative. "Oh, tell me of the 'wooing o't,' between these two. Did Maurice tell the whole?"

The Boy shook his head. It was a charming thing, he said, a little idyl. But should we not draw the veil? For lovers always fancy themselves alone again in Eden. It is

"We two in all the world."

And so I had to let the groom's-second cousin's-first husband's-Boy (I must be sure occasionally of my authority) proceed to tell that although the wooing was accomplished yet the winning of the little wife seemed as far away as ever. Maurice, Jr. was as shy apparently as any untamed woodland thing—as evasive and elusive. And one never felt sure of her. If she attracted, one moment, she repelled, the next.

She did not, on the face of it, lead Douglas a very tranquil life, even after he thought he had won her. I know that once when they were returning from some entertainment, in a way at once courteous and manly and protecting, he essayed to pilot her through a crowd. She regarded him with a severe little frown and told him that "the Church did not approve!"

Douglas retorted laughing, that being born into the bosom of the Church, he thought he knew its customs, but would she not furnish him with a list of its rules and regulations? Possibly then, they might get on better, he said. And never—oh, never again did he offend in that particular direction.

But forever after, did she know it, he regarded her with a smile in the depths of his unfathomable eyes.

And here I again interrupted. Had Douglas unfathomable eyes?—and what color? Was he a sizable man? and—oh, please describe him.

The Boy shook his head. He preferred to leave it to my imagination, he said. But this much he would say—that the eyes of Douglas were trustworthy; everyone that knew him declared that. And his "exterior semblance did not belie his soul's immensity." He was as noble as he looked.

So we "drew the veil" again and went on.

A few more years passed and Douglas made one or two attempts to fix the wedding day. But Maurice, Jr. always demurred. Courtship was such a lovely thing, she said. No cares—no responsibilities. Couldn't it go on forever? Why interrupt the even tenor of their ways?

It was after one of these efforts of Douglas to claim his own, that Maurice going upstairs late one night observed her mother standing musing before the fireplace in a most dejected attitude.

She threw her arm about her with an unwonted caress.

"Little Mignon—you look tired and pensive. Of what thinkest thou?"

Cecile put aside the clinging arm—not coldly, but as if somehow she were not mistress of herself. She gazed at her daughter with eyes that were heavy with unshed tears.

Maurice never forgot her mother's looks that night. She seemed somehow a pure spirit without a body—so fragile was the face and form over which the firelight played. The face particularly—there was something unearthly about it—a luminous glow—"Like a light shining through a lamp of alabaster," thought Maurice. While the white hair made a halo about the youthful head.

"Maurice, child" (as has been said, Maurice was always a child to her parents,) the mother spoke as if trying to steady her voice, "what first attracted you—to Douglas—caused you to win him?—to draw him from—others?"

The little daughter clasped her hands behind her head and laughed with the abandon of a child.

"Because, Mignon, he is so big and cool and indifferent! Somehow do you know, I think I've had too much devotion all my life. Douglas now would let me walk through—through—well, an occasional mud puddle, unassisted—leave me to flounder alone through a snow storm or—"

The astonished Maurice suddenly found her wrists caught in a painful grasp. Was this the placid, uncomplaining little mother? This being who looked so tall—with flashing, stormy eyes and labored breathing!

"Maurice!—child of your father—say not so!—oh, say not so. Speak not thus lightly of a Sacrament of God. Matrimony is not a dream—nor romance—but a stern reality. Beautiful enough I know, if it has love to support it—but the love must be strong and on both sides."

She tightened her grasp on the hands of her daughter.

"Sympathy should lighten its burdens and forbearance sweeten them. And its end should be—no worldly motive but the thought of God and Heaven beyond. Otherwise — otherwise disappointment and heartbreak and—what my own life has been!"

"Maurice, little daughter, I would rather see you in your grave than married to a man who is 'cool and indifferent' as you say."

Maurice frightened and mystified wrenched herself free. Her mother did not seem to notice. Indeed her spirit was far away, busy with the years agone.

The daughter, after a long surprised stare stole away—indignant tears in her eyes—for her dignity had been hurt.

This scene between these two was never again alluded to by either. Indeed I do not think that Cecile was aware what had passed. She had been startled out of herself. But Maurice had been shown a strange, new glimpse of the deeps of her mother's soul. And she remembered her words. Oh, how she remembered them!

The mother knew that she had never understood her daughter. It was not that she had not taken pains to study and mould her—but somehow everything had been taken out of her gentle hands. Then the nature of Maurice was one of change and variety and continual surprise.

Cecile stood amazed one evening, before a new revelation of her child. Under the apparent lightness was there a serious, thoughtful nature?—deep calling unto deep as in her own heart?

The little mother heard the father and daughter conversing, and crept in noiselessly as was her wont, for a restful moment before the evening lamp was lit.

"So you think, lass, that Douglas is an indifferent chap, after all," her husband

was saying with a laugh. It appeared that Maurice's statement anent the coolness, indifference, etc., of her mate-to-be, had gone abroad. She herself had repeated it with much unction to one or more girl friends.

The little daughter, strangely moved, it seemed, laid a small hand on her father's broad palm.

"Indeed, daddy, I do not. Indifferent about trifles he may be—as befits a large nature. You see, daddy, what holds me most in preacher or orator or musician, or in those who would touch the soul, is something held in reserve—some power—whether of strength or tenderness. All this is in Douglas, I am sure—a great soul held in check for emergencies."

"Besides, daddy," Maurice withdrew, a bit shy, "he told me this dear thing—that he had loved just two persons all his life—his mother and me. So glorious a thing it is, to be devoted to your God, your country, your mother and your sweetheart!"

Cecile crept away surprised and overwhelmed. So Maurice could appreciate a man's being devoted to his mother!

About this time a school friend of Maurice was also about to wed—and the former was as eager as the latter reluctant for the approach of the bridal morn.

"I wish I could feel as you do," observed Maurice, thoughtfully, one day, "but I'm afraid I never shall."

"Just steep your soul in Mrs. Browning's Sonnets From The Portuguese," was the advice of the friend, "they are simply inspiring."

So Maurice, Jr. began to read those far famed amorous sonnets. They had a strange effect upon her—or the little tease pretended so. She began to make eyes and wild love at her father. (Never at Douglas, poor fellow! yet always when he was present.)

She would, for instance, throw her arms around the neck of the patient Maurice, Sr. and repeat with loving accents,

> Guess now who holds thee?——
> "Death," I said. But then
> The silver answer rang, "Not
> Death but Love."

Or she would clasp his hand in the most cordial way—a moment later to push him from her and cry,

> "Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
> Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
> Alone upon the threshold of my door
> Of individual life, I shall command
> The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
> Serenely in the sunshine as before,
> Without the sense of that which I forbore,—
> Thy touch upon the palm."

Again, without an instant's notice, she would pull down her abundant tresses, make believe snip off one, and declare

> "I never gave a lock of hair away
> To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
> Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
> I ring out to the full brown length and say,
> "Take it."

Once when her father came home late, having been detained by a storm, she flew to him in an excess of ardor, dragged part of his great coat about her, and assured him,

> "Thou can'st prevail against my fears and
> fling
> Thy purple round me, till my heart shall
> grow
> To close against thine heart henceforth to
> know
> How it shook when alone. Why—"

The old man here interrupted testily and declared that "if she did not burn them blanketed Dutch things, he would."

By which pleasing allusion he meant to designate the "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

In the meanwhile Douglas bided his time with amused eyes.

"I love to look at you, Douglas," once she confided to him, "and to hear you talk, but I wish I could be a bit more fond of you. Perhaps it will come after I am married to you."

"And the wedding, Maurice, shall be—"

But at last—at last Maurice, Jr. was prevailed upon to set the wedding day.

(To be continued.)

AN IRISH PICTURE.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

"O, brave, brave Irish girls
Well may we call ye brave!
Sure the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave."
— *Kickham.*

The dusk-time is gone, and the beauty and stillness of the summer night have settled down over the Irish hills, and glens, and bogs. The only sound to be heard is the whirr of a bat's wings cutting through the air at intervals, like the swish of a descending sword, or the monotonous droning of a corncrake in the meadow close to the river. There is scarce a breeze to stir the green, drooping leaves; the birds are all asleep; and everywhere there is rest, and holy calm.

Hark! What sound is this which suddenly yet gently breaks in upon the dreamy stillness of the night? hist! there it is again! Why, it is the sound of music, and of merry laughter, and it comes through the open door-way of yonder little cottage sitting cosily up there upon the slope of the hill. There is light in the kitchen, and in the tiny room opening off it as well, and the volume of sound which the laughter makes indicates that the house contains a goodly number of people.

Come, let us peep in — they are too busily engaged in their merry-making to notice us, and we will find out the cause of so much fun. What does it mean? Ah! I know it all now — it is an "American Wake." That is what they term the "send-off" given to those about to emigrate to the New World; and, my sorrow! they are many. It is a young girl who is going now — there she is yonder, a comely, dark-haired *cailin,* and that is her mother weeping silently in a corner by the hearth. The gray-headed man who sits on the other side of the fireplace is "the man o' the house himself" who is sending out his first emigrant (perhaps he cannot help it) to fight, and mayhap to fall, in the never-ending life-battle that is daily being waged in the great cities of the West.

That fine-looking, broad-shouldered, dark-eyed young fellow whose gaze is resting now on the girl's face is her sweetheart, who is too poor to offer her a home, and who must, in the morning, part with one whom he has loved since childhood, and see her no more until such time as he can ask her to come home, or go to her across the seas. All the other boys and girls are playmates, and schoolmates, and friends of both — "neighbors' childhre" — who have come together this last night to keep away with dance and song, and laughter, even for a few short hours, the shadows of sorrow and loss that are about to fall upon that little home, and the hearts of father and mother.

They have been dancing already as the flushed faces and sparkling eyes of the girls clearly show, and they will soon recommence, for the fiddler is tuning his strings in preparation. Suddenly he lays fiddle and bow across his knees, folds his hands on top of them and says, looking at nobody in particular,

"Sing a song."

No one making answer, he looks searchingly into the face of each in turn until his eyes rest on the drawn countenance of the emigrant girl's lover.

"Come, Tom," he says, cheerily, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "you that could charm the thrush herself out in the meadow with your singin', an' liltin', an' whistlin' when the scythe'd be swingin' in your hands — give us a taste of your voice now if I may put it that way. Start off, boy, we'll be as silent as mice, an' even the brown bird herself won't put in a cross note here an' there, for she's asleep long ago."

"Ah, do, Tom" — "Don't refuse," — "Sure we know you can sing," come in a chorus from all the others.

Tom remonstrates at first, then remains silent for a little while. At last, he turns his gaze towards the bonny face of his love, and to a sweet old Munster air called "The Brink of the White Rocks," sings a tender little song:

"A stór mo chroidhe when you're far away
From the home that you'll soon be leaving,
'Tis many a time thro' the night and day
That your heart will be sadly grieving.
The strangers' land may be bright and fair,
And rich in its treasures golden;
But you'll pine I know for the long ago,
And the love that was never olden.

A stór mo chroidhe, in the strangers' land
There is plenty of wealth—and wailing.
Where gems adorn the great and grand
There are faces with hunger paling.
When the road is toilsome and hard to tread,
When the glare of their cities blinds you,
O turn, a stor, to the eastern shore,
And the ones that you leave behind you.

A stór mo chroidhe, when the evening mist
O'er mountain and sea is falling,
Then turn away from the throng, and list
And maybe you'll hear me calling
For the sound of a voice that I'll sorely miss
For somebody's quick returning.
A rúin, a rúin, O come back soon
To the love that is always burning.

There is dead silence for a moment when the song is ended, while a blush creeps into the young girl's face. Then, unconsciously, the fiddler draws the bow across the strings and the spell is broken. A round of applause follows instantly and in a minute the floor is occupied for a dance. They jest and laugh, but the influence of the song remains, for a sense of loneliness is with them all, and shortly afterwards the "Wake" is brought to an end, and the visitors prepare to leave.

"God be with you, Una, and give you a safe voyage."

"Good-by, Una; don't forget to come back to us."

"God bless you and send you safe."

And so with much hand-shaking, and not a few tears, they pass out of the house, some feeling that they will never see their friend again — in this world at least.

. . . . . .

The glory of the summer morning is over all the Irish land. Blackbird and thrush are vieing with each other in doing homage to it, and now and then a mower's song, borne from a distant meadow, mingles with their piping. The air is rich with the delicious perfume of hawthorn and woodbine. All is joy, and peace, and gladness. All? Ah, no! Standing here at the little wooden gate leading to the cottage that we saw last night, are a man and a maid. They are blind to the beauty of the morning and their faces speak rather of woe than of gladness.

"O, Una, if I could only ask you to stay at home; but—how can I? It makes me nearly mad sometimes, to see the well-filled haggards of people that rob the poor and — "

"Hush, hush, Tom; it can't be helped. God wills it so. Only have patience and trust in Him, and all will be right some day. When I come back — "

"Una, Una, hurry up, or you'll be late for the thrain," comes in the shrill voice of a boy — her brother — from the open door of the cottage.

"Now, Tom, I must go at last. Good-by, good-by," she says in a voice that falters.

"God be with you," is all he can say.

One look into her eyes, one long embrace, then he lets her go, and turns away, walking swiftly, not daring to look back, his right hand shading his eyes. And out upon the white road she goes, on the first stage of her journey towards the Mecca of Ireland's girlhood: mayhap to perish in the strife, mayhap to return again "to the love that is always burning."

A COLONY OF REDEMPTORIST NUNS.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

When one has driven from the ruins of classic Pompeii to the quaint town of Nocera de Pagani, images have been impressed upon the mind, which linger 'mid the scenes of other and colder climes, and revive with all the vividness of reality in silent moments, when the busy hum of life has given the active twentieth century brain a brief respite. The dusty road, the galloping horses, whipped by an over-zealous driver, the town, and villages and wayside churches, an occasional, but most refreshing glimpse of the beautiful bay: all these things are the details of a picture that never fails to arouse a longing to revisit the scenes it has so faithfully represented. And then, Pagani, at last! Disappointing, perhaps, at first sight, it lies basking in the warm sunlight of Southern Italy, quiet, lazy, squalid, like other towns of those regions, upon which nature has so lavishly bestowed her gifts, but, upon which, through man's inactivity, a blight seems to have fallen. And, yet, for a student of modern hagiology, and an admirer of Christian heroism, there are few towns south of Naples so replete with memories. There, within the church, before which your driver reins his horses, sleeps calmly the body of one of Italy's greatest saints, of a Doctor of the Church, of St. Alfonso de Liguori. From the tomb, the attention passes to the spot which was the scene of his last days on earth, the chapel where he offered up for the last time the Holy Sacrifice, and the modest cell where he gave his blessed spirit back to its Creator. Then, as one descends to the courtyard, and stands beneath the arbor, the climbing vines of which were planted, if memory fails not, by Alfonso's own hands, there come floating to the imagination sweet visions of bygone days, and the faces of a Gerard Majella, a Domenico Blasucci, a Gennaro Sarnelli, and many more, all companions of St. Alfonso, that have left their memory at Pagani, look down upon you from the dead past.

Place yourself in the old town of Pagani in the year 1762. Don Alfonso de Liguori has been appointed Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths. It is towards the end of June. Four religious women have just arrived at Pagani. Their journey began at Scala; it will end in the

episcopal city of St. Alfonso. Their habit is most remarkable. A red robe, a blue scapular, with a mantle of the same color, a black veil above a white one, a rosary at the side, and a crucifix on the breast: such is the religious costume which is now seen at Pagani for the first time. The order to which these women belong, is, as such, only a little more than thirty years old. They justly regard Alfonso de Liguori as their second, and principal founder. It is at his bidding that they are on their way to St. Agatha of the Goths, to establish a community.

It was the 29th of June when the four Sisters of the Order of the Most Holy Redeemer, or Redemptoristines, made their solemn entrance into St. Agatha of the Goths. Nothing was spared to render the occasion a memorable one. Three salvos of artillery bade them welcome, when at three in the afternoon they entered the city, and, beneath triumphal arches, made their way to the old church of St. Mary of Constantinople, attached to the building which was to be their home. Several ladies and gentlemen, with two Redemptorist Fathers, accompanied them. At the Cathedral they were met by the holy bishop, who, at the head of his chapter and the clergy of the city, proceeded with them to the place of their abode.

More than one hundred and forty-three years have gone by since then. All the actors in that beautiful scene have long since passed away, and other generations have come and gone. Alfonso sleeps calmly in the church at Pagani, Mother Mary Raphael, and the Sisters Felicia, Celestine and Joseph, repose in their tombs, but the Convent of the Redemptoristines at St. Agatha of the Goths still exists. It exists; that is all. Alas, what changes! The kingdom of Naples has been merged into the larger kingdom of Italy, and the new rule of irreligion has brought desolation to many a monastic home. That of St. Agatha has not escaped the fury of the political and religious revolution which the latter half of the nineteenth century beheld sweeping over Italy. Its lot to-day is one of dire poverty, yet the few religious within its hallowed walls may console themselves with the thought that the spirit of their holy founder still lives, and that the Convent of St. Agatha has been the Monte Casino of their order. Thence it spread beyond the Alps, to Austria, Belgium, Holland, Ireland, and France. It was, however, a long time, before it would cross the seas. About the year 1885, a Redemptorist Father in this country conceived the desire of beholding the Sisters of St. Alphonsus in the United States, but it was not the will of Divine Providence that this wish should be executed then. The moment had not yet arrived. It has not yet come. Not the United States, but Canada, has had the honor of being the first to welcome the Redemptoristines to the New World.

Another summer day, and he who had, nearly a century and a half ago, welcomed his daughters to St. Agatha of the Goths, looked down from his celestial abode, and beheld a steamship entering the beautiful bay, not so beautiful as that of his own Naples, perhaps, but of greater import, the beautiful bay of New York. It bore one of his own sons, the Reverend Father Meeuwissen, Provincial of the Redemptorists of Holland, and a small company of his daughters. No salvos of artillery, no flourish of trumpets, heralded their advent to America, nor were triumphal arches erected as they proceeded on their way to Canada. The banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence offered them a home, and in the shadow of the Basilica of St. Anne de Beaupre, they found their first resting-place in the Western Hemisphere. Not long after other Sisters followed, conducted by the

Rev. J. Jansen, C.SS.R., of the Redemptorist house of studies at Wittem in Holland.

And now, perhaps, the reader may wish to know more concerning the Redemptoristines. There existed in the year 1719, a small community of pious women in the town of Scala in Southern Italy. By the influence of a zealous missionary, Father Falcoia, afterward Bishop of Castellamare, this community was consolidated, and it began to flourish, adopting the rule of the Order of the Visitation. I will not speak here of the visions and preternatural gifts of Sister Mary Celeste Crostarosa, as neither Mgr. Falcoia, nor St. Alphonsus, allowed himself to be guided by them, preferring the surer road of faith. Yet, there can be no doubt that, indirectly at least, the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer owes its origin, in part, to the influence of this remarkable woman, and that to her must be ascribed the complete transformation which the little female community of Scala underwent.

It was in 1730, that St. Alphonsus first made their acquaintance. Called by Mgr. Falcoia, to preach to them the spiritual exercises, he recognized the spirit of God in the community. The rule, originally drawn up by Sister Mary Celeste, according to her inspirations and revelations, was revised by Mgr. Falcoia and St. Alphonsus, and, on May 31, 1731, it was adopted, together with the new habit, by the community. Thus began the order of the Redemptoristines which was approved by the Holy See in 1750.

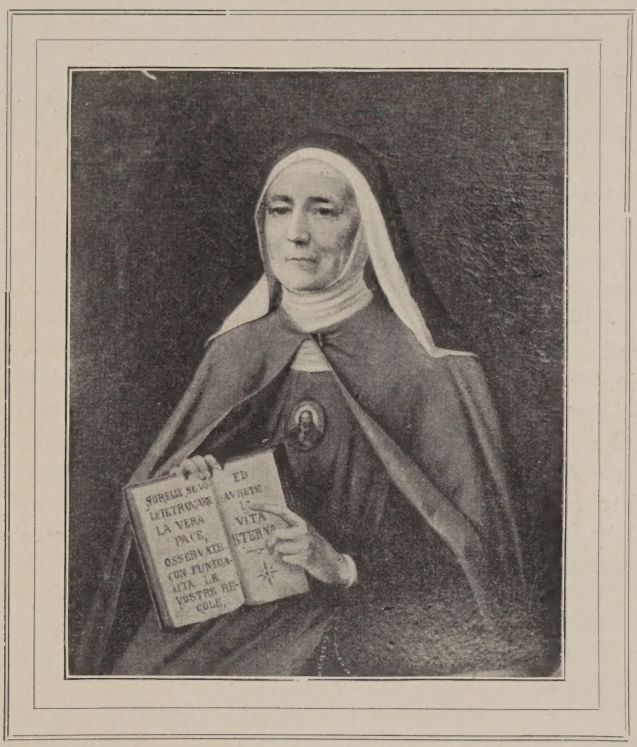
This order is cloistered, and entirely contemplative. Not so austere as the Discalced Carmelites, Poor Clares, or some others, that edify the Church by the severity of their rules, the Redemptoristines are characterized by their constant striving to imitate the virtues of our Holy Redeemer. This is the spirit to which their rule and constitutions tend. Their daily practices aid them in this pious endeavor. These resemble, to a great extent, those followed by Redemptorist novices, but with a few additions of greater severity. Three meditations every day, three hours of special silence in the afternoon, the choral recitation of the Divine Office, a weekly fast on every Friday of the year: such are among the most important observances of this order, upon which the seal of the three vows of religion, and that of perpetual cloister, is set. One of the principal devotions of the order is that to the Infant Jesus, to whose honor the twenty-fifth day of every month is especially set aside. The religious regard it as a sacred duty to offer up constant prayers for the welfare of the Church, and for the conversion of sinners.

This order has produced several persons eminent for their holiness. Sister Mary Celeste Crostarosa died in the odor of sanctity in a convent of Foggia, and the process for her beatification has been begun. Mother Mary Raphael, the first superior of the house of St. Agatha of the Goths, preceded St. Alphonsus to the tomb, after nearly sixty years spent in religion. To these may be added, as examples of virtue, Mother Mary Seraphine, Mother Mary Felicia, Mother Mary Magdalene, and Mother Mary Angela, all contemporaries of St. Alphonsus.

Across the Alps, too, the Redemptoristines have not been wanting in brilliant examples of virtue. In the early part of the nineteenth century, there lived in the Austrian dominions two remarkable men. One of these is now Blessed Clement Hofbauer, the Philip Neri of Vienna. Joining the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in the Pontifical States, while the Holy Founder of that Congregation still lived at Nocera de Pagani, Father Hofbauer be-

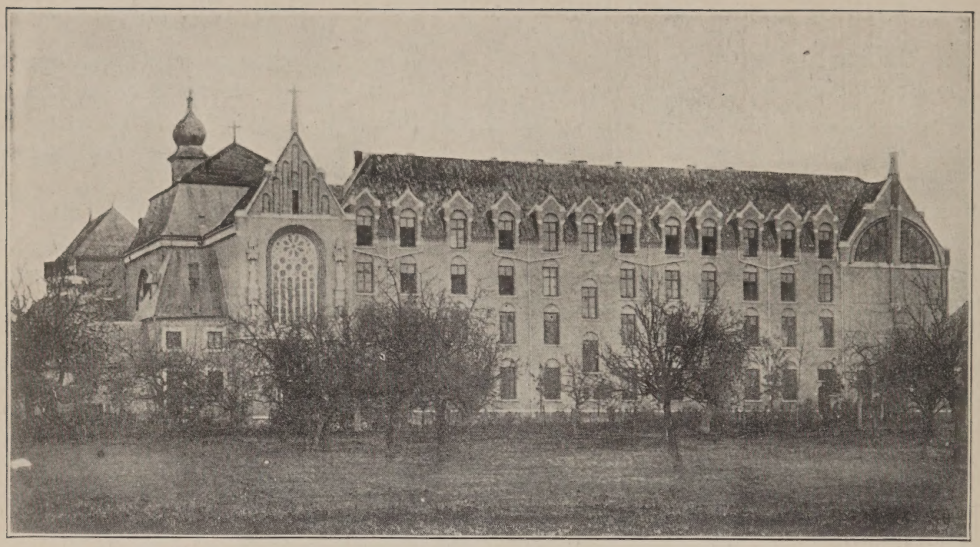
came the instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to transplant the youthful Congregation across the Alps. The other was Father Passerat, a disciple of the former, who took up the burden of governing the Transalpine Congregation, when his master had laid it down, together with his life. It was the good fortune of the writer of this article to have been acquainted with a venerable man, the illustrious Father Frederick von Held, C.SS.R., an Austrian nobleman, who, in his younger days, had belonged to that highly favored company of young men in Vienna for whom the Blessed Clement had been a spiritual father. It comes back to me now, like a fair dream of long ago, that calm autumn or summer evening, when seated beside him who once had listened to the words of a saint I heard him in that beautiful garden of the Redemptorists in Roermond recall to his memory and communicate to me the things he had seen and heard of Blessed Clement Hofbauer. He seemed the one remaining link uniting us with those days.

Well, in those days, not long after the departure of Blessed Clement from this world, there had arisen in Vienna a small community of ladies, under the auspices of the Redemptorists, who devoted themselves to the care of convert-



MOTHER MARY RAPHAEL, C. SS. R.

ed women, doing a work somewhat similar to that performed by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Among them was Antonia, Countess of Welsersheimb, who being left a widow, and having spent her remaining years in the world in educating her children, had, finally, given herself entirely to the service of God. These good Sisters had begun with the active life, with Martha, but the height of their aspirations was to lead the contemplative



THE CONVENT AT WITTEM.

life with Mary. The political condition of the times was not propitious. Father Passerat had for years in vain endeavored to obtain the permission of the government to introduce the Redemptoristines into Austria. Sister Antonia finally succeeded in interesting the Emperor Francis I, and he promised his assistance. On the strength of this, Sister Antonia, with her superior, Sister Eugenie, were sent to Italy to study the institute of the Redemptoristines in St. Alphonsus' own episcopal city, St. Agatha of the Goths. With the permission of Pius VIII, they at once entered the novitiate. Being obliged to leave before they could receive the habit, owing to certain political events in Italy, they proceeded to Rome, where they were clothed with the livery of the daughters of St. Alphonsus by Cardinal Odescalchi, Antonia taking the name of Sister Mary Ann Joseph of the Resurrection, and Eugenie that of Mary Alphonsa of the Will of God. In the meantime, their sisters in Vienna had been clothed with the same habit, and the community was regularly organized. Thus it happened that, in 1831, nearly a hundred years after the foundation of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the Redemptoristines crossed the Alps. The Countess of Welsersheimb was followed into religion by one of her daughters, Sister Mary Victoria of Jesus. Both these holy women became illustrious by the sanctity of their lives. A beautiful account of their virtues has been given us by their biographer, Rev. A. M. Hugues, C.SS.R. The mother died in 1841, and her daughter lived until 1873.

In the southern part of Holland, in the province of Limburg, not far from the Redemptorist convent of Wittem, lies, softly nestling in a secluded valley, the Redemptoristines' house of Marienthal, or Mary's valley. Since the days when I was wont to kneel in that quiet chapel, as the sweet voices of the cloistered spouses of Christ would float to the outer world, like the voices of unseen spirits from afar, through many lands and climes I have wandered, but amid the varied scenes that memory loves to recall there are few so pleasant as the recollections of the country around Marienthal. There, far from the busy world, with an undulating landscape all around, here a scrap of forest, there the spire of a village church, half hidden by the hills, the

rural population goes its daily round of duties, little disturbed by the feverish pulsations of humanity's great heart. It was in this secluded spot that two holy souls, the story of whose lives has been told us, of the one by a Sister of her order, of the other by Rev. H. Van Krugten, C.SS.R., lived the life of contemplation and prayer, and died the death of the saints. The former, Sister Mary Seraphica of the Five Wounds, a child of Wittem, departed this life in 1864. The latter, daughter of a noble Bavarian house, Bertha Baroness Von Axter, had been lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen. In religion, she was simply Sister Mary Rosalia. Her beloved friend and pupil, Stephanie of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, ascended the throne of Portugal, about the same time that Bertha entered the convent at Wittem. Thus, their ways parted, but their hearts were not divided, for a touching letter from the queen to her former governess has been preserved, filled with the tenderest affection. They had parted, the one to become the spouse of an earthly monarch, Pedro V of Portugal, and the other, of the King of kings. Sister Rosalia's life in religion was brief. She entered the convent in 1858, and in 1863 she went to her heavenly Bridegroom, leaving behind her the sweet memory of her virtues.

It is from this convent of Marienthal that the colony has gone forth, which, last summer, brought the spirit of the Daughters of St. Alphonsus to the New World. On the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, in the shadow of the venerable Basilica of St. Anne, the new community has found its first resting-place in America, prepared to continue here the noble work of prayer and sacrifice, so well begun in Scala, under the auspices of the great Alfonso de Liguori.

It is with the greatest pleasure, and with the most consoling memories, that, at the request of a former confrere of dear old Wittem, I have committed these lines to paper, in the hope that they will be of some slight service to the daughters of St. Alphonsus, and the Sisters of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

GROTTO OF ST. OTTILIE.

A WHEEL PILGRIMAGE TO SHRINES IN THE BLACK FOREST.

BY L. O'CONNELL.

For one month we had been wheeling through German valleys and farm-lands. We were happy, but tired;—very tired. So we got into a third-class railway carriage, and, as the guards shouted "Freiburg! Freiburg!" the detachment of the Prince Karl Hussars, who had been our comrades for an hour, hustled each other to make way for "die Damen Amerikanische" to alight at the flower-decked station where the usual fountain was tossing the usual diamond drops into the dusk.

I have never known why Annabella, an American girl of considerable experience in travel, ran forward to the luggage van, attended by a gigantic, uniformed "dientsman," and insisted upon helping to unload our two bicycles and other personal effects. I did not think the German railway officials seemed pleased, but none of them actively interfered with her, and, in course of a few moments, the dientsman had tied our belongings into his porter's knot,—just the sort of knot used in the time of Sinbad the Sailor. He led one bicycle, the other Annabella and I trundled straight into a terrestrial paradise,—a small German tavern.

Oh, the joy of finding a genial German inn-keeper who spoke a dialect he supposed to be purest Yankee! The satisfyingness of a large, airy room with two white beds! And a balcony set with a table and easy chairs, and a rosy-cheeked chambermaid smiling "Guten nacht," as she deposited the hot water in a quaint pewter jug. And, next morning, the breakfast in the white and gold dining-room, and later the one o'clock dinner, so hot and so well-cooked and abundant; and supper, cooked to your order at any hour from sunset to ten p. m., whenever you choose to return from wanderings awheel or afoot!

And all this for one dollar a day for each American woman!

Freiburg, which we made our point of departure for pilgrimages to Catholic shrines in the Black Forest, ranks as the second city in the German Empire, the chief city of Catholic Germany. Since the eleventh century the Dukes of

Zähringen have ruled over this "Pearl of Breisgau" in its setting of the great Plain of the Rhine. It was in the ninth century that S. Bernard preached the Second Crusade in the Oratorium,—then chapel of the town cemetery,—now grown into the glorious Münster of Freiburg, the grandest cathedral of South Germany. "Grown," literally, for generation after generation of architects, sculptors, and painters have seized the inspiration of the first inception, so that today not one anachronism mars the stately pile.

Set cross-wise to the square of the town-place, the Münster of Freiburg is the centre of civic as well as religious life. The people for miles around are baptized, confirmed, married, buried, in and from the big stone edifice. Before the great door, statues of the Blessed Virgin, and S.S. Lambert and Alexander, patrons of Freiburg, stand on three tall columns. A magnificent gothic arch forms the vestibule. Above the arch, life-size figures, carved from wood, and glorious with paint and gilding, represent the mediæval ideas of the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment, whilst the walls of this ante-chamber to the most holy place are lined with figures of the Five Wise and the Five Foolish Virgins.

A PEASANT GIRL OF THE BLACK FOREST.

Within the Münster, the skill of generations of decorators has made of choir, nave, transept and aisle one great jewel. High above the congregation, clinging to the wall like a huge golden butterfly, the old organ sends forth weak, flute-like tones to support the intoning of the priests, and from the transept galleries men and women singers, a full string orchestra, and a mighty organ of modern construction, give back in resonant response, the noble music of the Mass.

Treasures of Gobelin tapestry hang on the walls of the ten chapels. Life-size figures in solid silver gleam in the shadows. Marble effigies of king and noble glow in the wonderful heliotropes and blues and crimsons of the thirteenth century stained glass windows,—those colors of which the secret has been lost. On one side of the choir-screen lies embedded in the wall, an image of The Crucified, in the breast an open wound, in which the Blessed Sacrament reposes from Good Friday until Easter-Even. In an alcove of the wall opposite is a group of separate figures carved from wood to represent the Last Supper in the Upper Room. Every face is clouded with mystery and anguish, every form shows the exhaustion of prolonged nervous strain. Even Judas, with his money bag, shares in the gaunt haggardness of his fellow disciples. As one stands in the quiet gloom, gazing entranced, the faces seem to quiver, the weary eyelids droop more and more, the

suspense and despair of the postures grow increasingly cruel, the grave majesty of the Central Figure fills the place, and one longs for the Roman soldiery to burst into that Upper Room and quickly put an end to the more than human misery of the Apostles.

But at ten o'clock on Sunday mornings the Münster is glorious with lights and flowers and music and crowds of men, women and children. The nobility dash up to the door in coroneted carriages. Officers and soldiers with glitter of uniforms and click and rattle of spurred heels march down the aisles. Burgers in high black satin stocks, and fraus in black silk dresses, pace soberly to their seats. Peasants from the farms make soft clatter with their wooden shoes, and reverently bow their picturesquely decked heads.

When Mass begins, not a seat can be found, for worshippers kneel so thickly upon the tiled floor that scarlet-and-gold-clad vergers must continually walk through the throng, tapping shoulders with long gilt staffs, to keep open a pathway. At least one-half of the congregation is made up of men, young men, for Young Germany is as regular in his religious as in his military service.

A JUNE WEDDING. BRIDE AND GROOM.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi there is carried through the streets of Freiburg from early morning till late afternoon, the most precious treasure of Catholic Germany: the Body of Christ, —a life-size figure made of solid gold, reclining on crimson velvet within a casket of rock-crystal. All the long June day the storks on the roofs look down on the quaint old buildings hung with the banners of the Dukes of Zähringen (now Baden), and listen to the chants and the prayers and the pealing of bells and the booming of cannon. Flowers are strewn over the path of the Most Reverend Archbishop, as, followed by a great company of clergy and religious, and inhabitants of the Duchy, he walks under a white and gold canopy, whose cut crystal cords and tassels glitter like diamonds in the sunshine, and clasps to his breast the monstrance with the Blessed Sacrament,—a blaze of glory as the beams of light fall on its many-colored jewels.

The Archbishop pauses before one of the many shrines that have been erected in the streets. He kneels upon the step of the altar; rises slowly, turns, and elevates the Host. The multitude fall to their knees.

"In nomine Patris,—" murmurs the Archbishop.

There comes one single boom from all the cannon of well-arsenaled Freiburg, a great clash of bells from every cross-crowned steeple; then one note from the huge bronze bell of the Münster.

"In nomine Filii—"

Again a brief burst of cannon, short, sharp peal of bells. Every creature of the prostrate thousands strikes his breast.

"In nomine Spiritus Sancti—"

A roar of prolonged, triumphant joy from guns and steeples, and a murmur of content from the risen throngs. Then the Archbishop kneels in secret prayer, and there is, under the summer sunshine, a silence so deep that one hears the insects whir-r-r-r and the birds twitter.

Then, sweet and soft rises the nuns' hymn:—

"Adoro te devote,
Miserere Domine!
Adoro te devote,
Gloria tibi Domine!"

And the procession and the guns and the bells and the chanted litanies unite in homage once more.

But we pilgrims climb winding paths to visit the Shrine of the Holy Crucifix, beneath the Linden on the Schönberg that rises behind the city, for it is at sunset that the light falls on the Sacred Head and restores life to the soul that worships there in faith. A grey rock, draped with thick green foliage, is background for the colossal crucifix. At evening, dark clouds often hang on the horizon above the distant Rhine. Below these clouds will peer balls of crimson fire; the dark mass slowly rolls up, as does a curtain, and, revealed between earth and sky, hangs a huge orb of red-

ST. WENDELIN'S SHRINE.

dish gold, from which a weird glow radiates upon the Sacred Figure, illuminating the crucifix, patching the gray-green wall, darkening the shadows of the Forest beyond the shrine. Soft music comes up to us from the town, as the sun-ball sinks slowly, slowly,—and then silence falls with the dusk. A middle-aged man and woman emerge from the green depths and kneel before the crucifix. Another figure, a white-haired woman, clothed in black crepe, walks toward the shrine, reading a letter; now and again she buries her face in her hands; then, advancing, sinks to her knees and rests her grief before the image of the Great Consoler.

FARM HOUSES IN THE BLACK FOREST.

To visit the Shrine of Ste. Ottilie and the Loretto-berg, we took train to Neustadt, a shabby saw-mill village, and then, mounting our wheels, followed a narrow path in order to penetrate to the depths of the forest. Very soon that narrow path seemed to me to dwindle to a mere thread. I glanced down—we must insensibly have climbed high above the Valley of the Dreisau! I steadied my wheel, stared resolutely upwards, tried to believe there was no swimming in my head; reflected on the perfect grading which made hill-climbing on the Kaiser's roads a luxury; the path stretched upward and onward; my stomach felt miserable, my legs wobbled; I got off the wheel, sat down on the ground and closed my eyes. Annabella tried to cheer me, and kindly offered to lead me by the hand. I sharply called her attention to the fact that to try to walk side by side on that precipitous ledge meant certain injury, if not actual death. I grovelled at the roots of the trees, and frantically strove to cling to the little shrubs.

Annabella assured me that we were not high up. She can stand fearless on the tops of monuments; I had therefore no confidence in her judgment of height, and told her so. Then I crawled to a tree, put my head against the trunk, and wept bitterly, reviling in my heart the dense stupidity of my companion, who did not have sense enough to comprehend that the only way out of this terrible dilemma was for her to run back to Neustadt, and fetch men with a fire-ladder to take me down. In the back of my mind was malicious satisfaction, even amid my despair, in the certainty that when, somehow, relief did come, every

one would instantly exclaim to Annabella:—

"But why *didn't* you get the fire-ladders?"

After a long time, Annabella succeeded in inducing me to get up, keeping my eyes closed, and to permit her to lead me on into a broad road of the Forest. Once assured in that haven, I looked back at the scene of my tragic woe, to realize that at no moment had I been more than ten feet above the level bed of the railroad by which we had arrived at Neustadt! Pure "mountain panic,"—as unreasoning and as agonizing as sea-sickness!

We followed the Forest road into green depths, wandering through vast colonnades of knobbed and moss-draped trunks; feeling as pigmies amid Nature's easy magnificence. Far, far above, crowns of foliage quivered and rustled over the rich carpet of velvet moss, picked out with infinite variety of olive, emerald, brown and golden ferns and fine grasses, glinting in the glittering sun-rays. Over our broad, smooth pathway trod other wayfarers; students off for a long tramp, green baize packs slung on their shoulders; cyclists, leading their transportation, for to ride on a footpath in the Forest brings a smart fine; elderly couples, a-saunter with newspaper and knitting, from one green parlor to another. The paternal Kaiser has arranged nooks in the Forest with boarded, octagonal floors, rustic tables, elbow-chairs and settees for family parties. And with "Guten-tag" the Guests of the Trees passed along. And so we kept on into the very heart of the Forest's stillness,—a rustling stillness,—as the wind wooed the pines, and the brown squirrels scraped along the branches, and the wood-peckers tapped at the bark. And at the end of three hours we emerged upon the Loretto-berg.

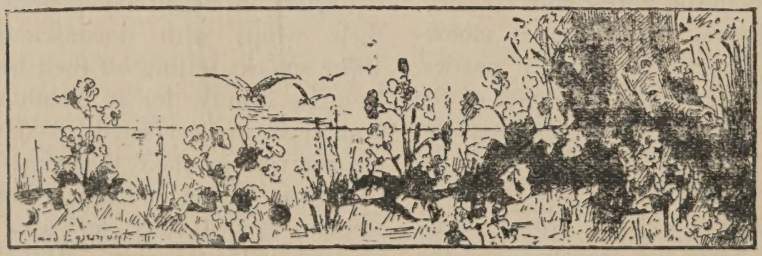
A splendid mulberry tree guards a chapel, within which gleams an exquisite marble bust of the Saviour, crowned that day with pale pink roses. Within the shrine is seen the Sacred Grotto of Loretto, faithfully reproduced; and there is a lovely image in wax of the holy Bernardine, wearing the dress of a shepherdess, and, in sublime ecstasy receiving a visit from the Blessed Virgin, who is suspended in mid-air. Snow-white lambs, and brown and black goats browse beside a tiny brook, which ripples through the grotto. And everywhere prevails perfect peace.

The road to Ste. Ottilie's Shrine lies through meadows and farms and tiny villages. We pedal lazily past quaint farmhouses built with deep-eaved roofs to shed the winter snows, and having the stable upstairs, directly over the apartments of the family. But all these houses are closed; for, although it is not long past sunrise, the men have foddered the cattle and carried in the fuel; the women have cooked the frugal breakfast and prepared the cold noontide meal (at this haying-time, day hours are too precious to be squandered in cooking or prolonged eating), and, pitchfork and rake in hand, grandfathers, grandmothers, hale fathers and mothers, youths and maidens, children and babies, dogs, cats, and even pet chickens, are in procession toward the meadows.

Carters, on heavy hay-wagons, balance their whips with unconscious grace, white smocks setting off their blonde and brunette beauty, for in South Germany both types are perfected. Women chatter merrily in their theatrical costume of velvet jacket, puffed white muslin sleeves, striped skirt, and gay kerchief knotted under the chin. And thus they leave their village in the earthly care of the landlord of the inn, and the divine protection of the "Calvary" on the tiny

"green;" for each morning fresh flowers are heaped around the feet of the Crucified, and each evening the sunset glow falls on wreaths of flowers of the fields placed above the crown of thorns. And in this fashion we accomplish the pleasant pilgrimage to the Shrine of Ste. Ottilie, which we find on a hill, below which stretches a green slope. The legend of Ste. Ottilie touches every German heart. She was a blind princess. Her parents urged her marriage to a wicked baron—an infidel. Whilst the wedding ceremony was actually in progress, Ste. Ottilie, crying aloud to heaven for help in her sore need, ran out of the church, followed by the whole assemblage. She rushed into the Forest, and a rock opened and received her into a grotto. Her parents were converted by this miracle, the baron was sent to Hell. Ste. Ottilie became the abbess of a famous order founded by her royal parents in expiation of their wicked match-making. All the details of the legend are represented in the grotto below the chapel of Ste. Ottilie, by a marvellous collection of carved figures costumed in armor, velvet, lace, tinsel, etc. The saint appears in a miniature chapel arrayed for her bridal. Again she is shown fleeing into the Forest; furry oxen, woolly sheep, and picturesque peasants all making way for her to pass. Then she is seen in the rocky cave, which has almost closed upon her. Meantime, her parents have retired to their castle, and can be observed stretching their heads out of the turret windows to watch all that may transpire, whilst the disappointed bridegroom and his armed retainers are galloping up the perpendicular mountain-side full chase after the bride, and the officiating priest, left alone in the chapel, seems outraged by the whole course of events. Quite down in the front of the representation, devils are using pitchforks on white figures in grave-clothes, and flames engulf the wicked baron. A flight of stone steps leads into a crypt said to be the very grotto that sheltered the saint. Here green moss and ferns and bubbling waters relieve the crude realism of the carven legend.

On the green slope below the shrine are ranged stone pillars roughly sculptured with the Stations of the Cross. Beside each Station are two stately trees, as if on guard; two birches, two firs, two pines, etc., all waving or rustling in the soft June air that floats upward from the Valley of the Dreisau.



THE FOREMAN AT BRAND'S.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Caxon, owner, stepped from the dingy little room at the end of the long black building, dubbed office, and walked briskly to the door of the foundry division. He had come down from the city that morning, and was going back by the afternoon train. He took out his watch.

"Longmore," he called, "Mr. Longmore."

A strongly-built young man emerged from the grimy interior. Caxon looked at him curiously. Six months before this fellow had come to him for work, fresh from college, with kid gloves, and skin white and well cared for; and he had given him work more through the promise of his well-knit figure than his recommendations, which stated that he had made a special study of iron and its smelting. Three months as workman, however, and he had been advanced to the position of foreman of the twenty or thirty men required to operate the small furnace and foundry. Caxon was intensely practical, with no use for theory; and the boy, in spite of his schoolhouse beginning, soon proved that he was practical also. Caxon's grim face relaxed a little as he looked at him. He was fond of having his measures verified, and Longmore had done this. There was nothing about the boy now which hinted of college or cared-for skin. His shirt was open at the neck, and his sleeves rolled back to the elbows, and arms and neck and face were black from contact with iron ore in its first crude evolutions. Longmore, from the first, had not taken advantage of his position as foreman, and had worked as hard as the most steadfast of the men. Caxon liked this, and even in his satisfaction at the practical metamorphosis of the boy, his face clouded a little at the necessity of dispensing with his services so soon.

"You will have this lot out by four o'clock, Longmore, I think you said?" he interrogated.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you may draw the fires then and have the men begin clearing up. This lot you may send to the Ball Machine Co., as you did the last. Perhaps they can use it in some of their inferior work. I shall not be down again."

In spite of its mask of iron black, Longmore's face expressed incredulous surprise.

"Why, you don't mean that you intend to close the furnace, sir?" he asked.

"I mean just that," calmly. "I have been experimenting for two years, and losing money right along. The ore is too poor in quality for profitable working. You will find pay envelopes in my desk for the men, up to next Saturday. Do not let them have the money before then, for some are shiftless enough to slip away. You will need them that long to get things into condition to leave. Fortunately there is not much surplus of any kind on hand. I have been looking forward to this, and preparing for it as well as I could. How much coal have we?"

"Forty or fifty tons, perhaps."

"Well, you can very likely sell that to one of the factories in the town. The ore at the mouth of the mine you need not bother with, as it would be worthless. Clean the furnaces and tools, and leave everything looking as well as you can. I shall want to send some prospective purchasers or lessees down to look the plant over, and I shall want it to look as though business men have been running it. When all is done, come to my

office in the city and I will settle with you. And I may add," more affably, "that I am sincerely sorry to part with you, Longmore. You are young yet, but some day you will be a good manager of this kind of work. If there were an opening in my Lone Mountain Furnace, or in the one at home, I would be glad to take you in, but they are fully supplied with superintendents and foremen who have been with me for years. Of course," thoughtfully, "if you should care to commence again as an ordinary workman, we might—"

"I do not wish to leave here, sir," broke in Longmore, impetuously. "If—if you will excuse me, I think you are making a big mistake in closing the furnace. The ore isn't so pure as at your other places, of course; but it is good ore, and under the new processes I am introducing will pay a handsome profit. I am sure of it," eagerly. "Why, sir, only last month you said the loss had decreased more than half."

"Yes, things have improved since you took charge," conceded Caxon; "but you have not been able to eliminate the loss." He took a letter from his pocket, which he unfolded and passed to Longmore. "That was sent to my office by the Ball Machine Co.," he said, "and was what brought me down here to-day. I am sincerely sorry it is so, but I have definitely decided that Brand's Furnace can only be operated at a loss."

Longmore glanced at the letter, which read:

"T. H. Caxon,

Dear Sir:—We shall have to make a heavy reduction in price allowed for your Brand's Furnace output, if indeed we are able to use it at all. Though better than previous shipment, it is still very poor, and much inferior to what we are getting elsewhere, or even from your other furnaces. Hitherto we have been able to use it in limited quantity in certain kinds of work; but new processes are being introduced into many furnaces, which improve the quality of the output, and of course we must use the best procurable in order to meet competition. We are sorry to write you this; but as friends we would advise the closing of Brand's Furnace, and that you use your capital where the returns would be more assured."

"The Ball Machine Co. people are mistaken about the quality of our ore," Longmore said firmly, as he passed back the letter. "We have a published record here of the output of other furnaces, and twelve—yes, six—months ago the average quality was no better than that of Brand's. The letter intimates this when it mentions new processes being introduced. These processes have improved the output of other furnaces, just as I am using them to improve Brand's. But you must remember that I have had charge only three months, and that I had all the real practical work to demonstrate from my theoretical knowledge. In six months we can have Brand's Furnace yielding as good quality as the average. Your Lone Mountain and the ore in the city are superior; but you understand they are exceptions and represent a vast amount of capital. They cannot be classed with the average. And there is another thing," earnestly, "Brand's Furnace is right on the main line of a through railroad, and the mouth of the mine, with an inexhaustible supply, is but a few rods from the furnace. That in itself is of inestimable value. You are giving up a valuable property, sir. If you will let me have six months—even three months—I feel sure I can prove to you that I am right."

Caxon shook his head, though kindly.

"I can understand your enthusiasm, Longmore," he answered. "I was that way at your age. But iron is a plain, hard, practical business. And this is

your first command, so to speak." He looked at his watch once more. "Twenty minutes to train time, Longmore. Suppose we walk back to the office and wait until we hear the whistle. You had better put the money in the safe and keep it there until time to pay it out. And, oh yes; should there be any expenses I have not thought of, you can pay them out of the money received for the coal. I shall intrust everything to you."

"But why sell the coal?" suggested Longmore, as they walked slowly toward the office. "Whoever buys or leases the furnace will pay more for it than you can get outside."

Caxon looked at him with an odd smile.

"Frankly," he answered, "I do not expect to find any customers or lessees. That was mostly talk. Of course I shall try to sell or lease, and doubtless there will be a good many here to look the place over; so for my own peace of mind I shall want it in good condition. However, before making a deal, prospective customers will inquire into my reasons for leaving, and into the quality of the output, and then will take their money elsewhere. I have considered the matter thoroughly, and realize that I am virtually abandoning the furnace."

"Then why do it?" quickly. "The property is valuable, and will deteriorate rapidly."

"I know. But that will be less expensive than running it as I have been doing. I would be glad to lease for a nominal sum, just to have somebody here. But of course no one would care to operate the furnace at a loss."

"If I could—" began Longmore. Then he stopped abruptly. He was going to say if he could raise the money. But he could not; so what was the use of thinking about that. He added instead, "If I could have charge there would be no loss after the first few months."

Caxon's eyes twinkled. He liked the young man's belief in himself, and his determination, and he knew very well what the broken sentence had started out to say. They were in the office now, and Caxon seated himself in the only chair it contained, motioning Longmore to a box.

"You would take the plant yourself if you had the money," he said thoughtfully. "Well, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I would advise against it, for I'm positive that money put in here would be lost; and yet, I'm not so sure in your case. Some of the greatest successes I have known were built upon failure—no, I will not say that, rather upon lack of initial success. Loss of money gave experience and caution, and a more dogged determination to succeed. But of course this would only hold true with strong natures. How much would you require?" abruptly—"I mean to carry the furnace on to what you believe would be expense-making? Could you raise the amount?"

"No, sir, in reply to the last question, which also answers the first. I am still in debt for part of my college expenses, and have no monied friends to apply to for financial assistance. If I had the money I would not hesitate to put in into Brand's Furnace, for I believe it would be the quickest way to pay the college debt and give me a substantial start. As it is, I can only hope that some one will buy or lease here and allow me to help prove it to be a profitable investment."

"H'm! yes!" Caxon's fingers began to tap meditatively upon the desk, presently coming down together with a quick, decisive click.

"Ever hear how I commenced, Longmore?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"U'm, I suppose not. I've never got into a biography yet. Well, I started out pretty early, without any college or much

other education. At seventeen I was cocksure of a thing, as you are of Brand's Furnace now, and an old uncle let me have a thousand dollars—on my face, he said, not on the thing, for he was doubtful of that though he felt sure of me. I lost every cent and my time, but it made me grit my teeth and strike out again, and in two years I had paid my uncle. Now I haven't any more faith in Brand's Furnace, and I believe any money put into it will be lost; but if you like I will let you have a thousand dollars on your face—or rather on the way you buckle down to work—and you can pay me back when you're able."

Longmore was on his feet, his eyes wide and looking grotesque in their rims of iron black.

"You don't mean this, Mr. Caxon," he gasped. "Why, you hardly know me, and I have no reference."

"I've seen you work," coolly, "and that's better. Do you want the money?"

"Of course, if you're willing. And—"

"There's the train whistle," interrupted Caxon, rising from his chair and starting toward the door. "You may draw on me for the money as you need it, up to a thousand. No more. I will send you a check for the wages due you. And of course I wish you luck—which means losing the money as rapidly as possible so you may become established in something permanent and substantial. Good-bye."

Longmore had followed him to the door, eager to say more; but Caxon did not give him an opportunity, and now, as the owner's hand waved a good-bye he was half-way down the foundry division and hurrying toward the little platform where the train was already stopping. Longmore watched him board the train, then went back into the office, his eyes bright.

He did not tell the men of the change until the furnace had been emptied and the bars of crude pig iron shipped to the Ball Machine Co. That ended his duties as employe; for of course with himself as lessee, there would be no need, at least for the present, of cleaning up the plant for inspection. Henceforth he was to be his own master; and the thought, together with the responsibility of the new debt, made his face more grave and determined than usual.

First, he made a careful estimate of the coal, charging it against the promised loan of a thousand dollars, and of the amount of ore at the mouth of the mine, estimating that at the cost of bringing out, then making a list of such other things as he could use and which belonged to the plant. Then he wrote to Caxon, offering him one-half of the profits *after* he had brought the furnace to a paying basis, in the meantime incurring all expenses of running work and improvements himself. From what Caxon had said he knew this offer would be accepted. That done, he called the men and made them acquainted with the change.

"Mr. Caxon had arranged for you to leave Saturday night," he said, "and to stop work altogether. However, I am going to run the furnace myself a while, experimentally, but will close the foundry. I shall require but ten men, and they must be willing to work hard and accept long hours. We will begin at daylight, instead of at seven, as we have been doing, and will have one hour for the noon meal and rest and then work until dark. I will pay you one dollar and seventy-five cents instead of the one thirty-five you have been receiving. It will be hard work, of course, but I will ask no one to work any harder than I do myself. And I will add that I do not want any except trustworthy men who will do as well by me when I am absent as when I am with them. Those who feel they can meet

these conditions and are willing to work for me may step forward."

There were twenty-eight men in the group before him. Four of them stepped forward promptly. Most of the others looked doubtful. Two or three laughed openly and slouched away. Longmore watched them critically. He had been here long enough to know these people were naturally shiftless, and only inclined to work when necessity forced them. Their favorite way was to work one or two days each week for enough to eat, and then loaf the rest of the time.

"Well?" said Longmore.

"It's pretty long hours," complained one of the men. "If ye'll let us have an' hour for breakfast an' supper, an' an hour'n ' a half for dinner now. From daylight to dark is long enough for restin' spells."

"Yes, you're right. It's pretty hard work—too hard for you," said Longmore decidedly. "Are there any others who don't think it too hard, who feel they are able to do as much work as I can myself? Later, if things go as I hope, there will be a few good positions for somebody."

Several of the more energetic-looking men were talking among themselves. Longmore's eyes swept over them and over the rest of the group, singling out a face here and there that he thought looked promising. And from his previous knowledge of the men, he felt that he knew which were the more capable or willing workers, though even of these he did not wish any whose faces showed dissatisfaction. Presently he went among them, with a few earnest, persuasive words here and there, and in the end he had ten men who promised to work as he desired.

Monday morning he and two of the men descended into the furnace to make some changes, remaining there until near the middle of the afternoon. When they came out, Longmore went to the mine to see how the work of getting out the ore was progressing. He wished to make a special selection of ore for the next day's charge of the furnace, and hoped that it would carry some of his theories toward the practical results he was striving for. His ambition was not only to use the new processes being introduced into some of the more progressive mines, but to combine with them certain ideas advanced by experts, not yet adopted, but which he believed to be eminently practicable.

As he approached the mouth of the mine, he listened for the sounds of work, but could only hear the regular strokes of a single pick. Then, as he turned a spur, he saw the reason. Three of the men were lying on the ground in front of the opening, apparently asleep; two were tossing pebbles at each other, and the rest were lying about in various attitudes of listless ease. Nor did they seem in the least disturbed at his approach.

"Got the furnace job done?" asked a stalwart young fellow as he rose, yawning, to a sitting posture.

"Yes. Why are you not at work?"

"Got tired an' thought we'd rest a spell. 'Sides, one of the men 'lowed there wa'n't much show for our gettin' paid, an' that ye had only what ye'd earned as boss. So we 'lowed we'd keep on restin' till ye got round, an' find out. I s'pose it's all right, though," lazily, "an' if ye say 't is we'll start in ag'in after we lie a spell."

"Yes," quietly, "that part is all right. You can have your money any time you want it. Who is that working in the mine?"

"Billy Brooks," contemptuously. "He don't know enough to rest when he's tired. That man'll wear out an' drop down dead 'fore he knows, an' nobody'll be to blame 'cept himself—an' mebbe the man

who drives him on to such work," looking at Longmore sideways. "Ye see, the feller's a crank, an' don't know any more'n to do jest like he's told, an'—"

But Longmore had passed on to the mouth of the mine.

Ten minutes later he came back. The men were stretching themselves preparatory to resuming work.

"Now you can come to the office and get your pay, men," he said briskly. "There will be less than half a day coming to you, for Brooks says you rested two hours or more this forenoon, and that you have been here about two hours now. I shall pay you for just the time you work."

"Oh, we don't want any pay yet if it's all right," answered the young man sullenly. "But it's been three-quarters of a day. Folks have got to rest, en' if Billy Brooks don't look out he'll—"

"Stop right there," requested Longmore, with a sudden ring in his voice. "Mr. Brooks will be your foreman after this, in my absence, and will keep an exact account of the time you work."

"Foreman!" angrily. "Billy Brooks! Why, he don't know any more about minin' than I do—not so much. I'd make a better foreman than he any day."

"Perhaps. But Mr. Brooks seems to have been the only man faithful to my interests so far, and he will be my foreman with an advance in wages. Now you may come and get your money and leave my employ, or you can go to work, just as you choose. But remember, every hour you idle away like this will be taken from your pay, and you will obey Mr. Brooks. If you do not care to work, I shall send away and get men."

He went on toward the office, without looking again toward them. The men hesitated a moment, then three of them followed him. The rest returned to the mine.

After that there was little trouble with them as long as they were not left by themselves. Evidently they had thought to over-awe the young foreman in his untried position as employer; but he had proved too firm.

The next few days he passed for the most part at the mouth of the furnace, helping and overlooking the ore as it was poured in. But in spite of his care and watchfulness, the result was not satisfactory, and the newly-made pig iron was carried round and cast back into the furnace, to be once more melted. Again and again was this done, and though the results were often improvements on the preceding ones, they were not what he hoped and was working for. The markets were demanding a better and yet a better quality, which the more progressive furnaces were supplying; and for him to send an inferior grade would be to hurt and perhaps destroy altogether his chance for future sales.

So he worked and experimented, refraining from hiring new men as the more shiftless of the old ones dropped away, until at the end of three months his working force had dwindled to four men and himself, and his money to less than a hundred dollars. During the last weeks but little time had been given to sleep. Through the day he worked with the men, silent, watchful, untiring, and most of the nights were given to study and the devising of new experiments. Something was lacking, some little point which he had missed and which the other furnaces he knew of did not need. Perhaps it was in the ore, perhaps in the furnace, perhaps in some application of the new process which he had overlooked; he did not know. Only, he had missed it. And yet the secret was hovering at his very finger tips; he was sure of that.

The four men remaining to him were the pick of the neighborhood, in whom he was every day growing to repose more

confidence. They were all hard-working, and tried to meet his wishes, and in a way they were beginning to understand that he was passing through a crisis of his life. One evening, after an unusually hard day, as Longmore almost staggered toward his office, Brooks followed him, laying a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"Look here, Mr. Longmore," he said anxiously, "you jest leave that office alone to-night an' go into your room to bed. You're runnin' yourself out. An' —an'," hesitating a little, "if you don't mind, me an' the men have been talkin' about you some lately. We've been workin' pretty stiddy an' ain't a bit hard up now, so if it'll be any—any easier you might let our pay lie over for a month or two. We don't mind, an'—"

Longmore swung round and grasped his hand.

"Thank you for this, Brooks," he exclaimed huskily, his eyes moist, "you don't know how I appreciate it just now. Tell the men so. But I shall not take advantage of your kindness. It *has* been something of a strain with me lately, I don't mind admitting that. But another day or two will decide the matter, one way or the other. I was up all last night, working and thinking, and am going to make one last trial, a bolder one. I sent my last fifty dollars away this morning, and the things will be here on the train to-morrow morning. The next day will decide whether we keep on or close. Now good-night. Be on hand at daybreak. I shall work in the office to-night, but after this will sleep."

The next morning he was on the little platform when the train came, and took his package straight to the office. Soon after he went to the mouth of the furnace where the men were throwing in ore, the package under his arm. All day he worked there with them, feverishly; but the next day when he went below to watch the result, when the molten iron was released, he was calm.

But as he watched, a strange light began to glow in his eyes. As soon as the bars were sufficiently cool he took several of them to the station platform, addressing them to Mr. Caxon. Then he went to the office and wrote a long letter.

Two days later the letter was answered by Caxon in person. His face seemed unusually excited as he swung to the platform, even before the train stopped.

"Are those bars fair samples?" were his first words, as he grasped Longmore's hand.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well, well! I'd never have believed it—never in this world. They're equal to my Lone Mountain Furnace, in every way. But I can't accept your proposition, Longmore, to take over the plant with you again as foreman. No, no. We'll let it go as it is now. I'll take half profits, but I'll furnish the capital against your services. And we'll increase the capacity, and the working force to a hundred and fifty men—the same as my Lone Mountain plant. You'll want a superintendent now, Longmore, and foremen for the different departments. You'd better hire them at once."

"They're already at hand, sir, four men on whom I can depend, and who will make our interests their own."

"Good! That's the kind we want. Now let's go to the office and consider plans for the increase. Why," explosively, "it's the queerest thing I ever heard of. I'd never have believed it—never in this world."

IN THE PAPAL WARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY J. LOFTUS.

Part II.

THE GARIBALDIAN INVASION OF ROMAN TERRITORY.

Six years rolled quickly by. Without the help of his spiritual children throughout the world the Vicar of Christ would, as his enemies hoped, be reduced to the condition of mendicancy. As Cardinal Cullen, late Archbishop of Dublin, put it—"All that was left him of the patrimony of St. Peter was a very small, barren, and marshy territory, quite inadequate to supply the wants and support the population of a great city like Rome." Yet the seizure of this remnant of the property of the Church was soon determined upon by her foes.

Under the leadership of Garibaldi all that was lawless and turbulent in Italy had taken its stand, with the fixed purpose of the destruction of the Papacy.

It will be of interest here to know something of the life of this wicked man whose strong character had obtained for him almost universal influence in Italy. Born at Nice in 1807, he first followed the calling of a sailor. From an early age he was characterized by a spirit of discontent, which soon led him into the ranks of Mazzini's "Young Italy" party. Having been condemned to death for his share in a movement to seize Genoa, he escaped to South America, and offered his assistance to the province of Rio Grande—then in rebellion against the Emperor of Brazil. Here he became conspicuous as a guerilla warrior, and was shortly afterwards taken prisoner, but escaped in the company of a beautiful Creole. After varied experiences, during which he eked out a livelihood as a drover, shipbroker, and schoolmaster, he next offered his sword to the Montivideans who were then at war with Rosas, ruler of Buenos Ayres. In this struggle he gained distinction as an unscrupulous man, and a dashing leader, both by land and water.

Finding he had made the New World too hot to hold him any longer, in 1847 he sailed to Italy, and offered to enter the military service of Pope Pius IX. Meeting with a courteous refusal, he next turned to Charles Albert of Sardinia, with whom he was equally unsuccessful. Two years after this we find Garibaldi taking part with the revolutionists, who in 1849 drove the Pope from Rome. However, when the French restored the Pontiff to his dominions Garibaldi had to fly, and after many daring exploits, and various attempts at mischief in other parts of the Peninsula, he finally fell into the hands of the King of Sardinia, and was by him requested to leave Italy.

Staten Island, New York, became the next scene of his eventful life. Here he worked as a candlemaker and captain of merchantmen successively, and seemed on the way to prosperity until the old roving ideas again took possession of him. After four years here,—years to which he always looked back as being the happiest in his long, varied career—he again returned to Italy, where he settled down as a farmer in the island of Caprera, whence he was summoned by Cavour, in 1859, to take part in the struggle for Italian liberty.

After years of fighting, wandering, intriguing, Garibaldi found himself, in

1867, in command of an army of "Red Shirts,"* in face of Pius the Ninth's army. During all those years the dominant idea which guided his steps was the overthrow of the temporal power of the Holy See.

The latter part of his life was spent in the island of Caprera, which British gold—through gratitude and admiration for his brave deeds, not forgetting those which had been performed in the struggle against the "Scarlet Woman on her Seven Hills"—had purchased for him. From this island Garibaldi in his old age sent forth the wildest manifestos and exhortations imaginable, most of them sounding like the ravings of a madman.

In 1880, in his seventy-third year, Garibaldi had his marriage with his second wife "annulled," and was quickly united to a peasant woman who had originally come to the island as nurse to his grandchildren.

We need scarcely add that the religious convictions of Giuseppe Garibaldi had never been very definite. In the latter years of his life he seemed to profess elementary pantheism: "God did not make man," he wrote, "but man made God!" He looked upon death merely as a transmutation of matter, often adding it would be better for many to never have been born on account of trials which all must go through.

Such was Giuseppe Garibaldi, the hero of Italy, whose magnetic personality and bold, rugged spirit succeeded in binding to him men of his own type who shouted of freedom, equality, and fraternity, without having an idea of what the words meant.

Space does not allow us to go further into the strange career of this idol of lower Italian life. But we will cite the following incident to convey some idea of Garibaldi's character and mental habits. It is one of those touches of nature which Shakespeare is so fond of, and which frequently give us a clearer insight into a man's inmost soul than an autobiography could do. It occurred in the Senate House in Turin. Each of the parties was in full force, for it was reported that General Garibaldi would, that evening, impeach Cavour and his Government. Their vacillation in not marching upon Rome, their cession of Nice, his own birthplace, to the French, had long irritated Garibaldi. Long notes conveying facts and figures calculated to bring conviction with them, and condemn the ministry in the eyes of the country, had been carefully prepared by him. The General sat in his usual place, dressed, like all his followers, in red shirt and cap. The galleries were thronged by Garibaldians, and eager expectation was written on every face. At length Garibaldi's opportunity came, and he rose to speak. Scarcely, however, had a half dozen words passed his lips than his memory failed him. His phrases became incoherent and meaningless. He cast his eyes, assisted by a pair of huge spectacles, on the notes which he held in his hand, but was powerless to proceed. It was indeed a pitiable spectacle to see the great, rough soldier, boiling over with vindictiveness to which he could not give vent, spluttering out a few wild words intelligible to none, and fumbling with his papers in a helpless manner.

The Garibaldian party was in a state of panic. Some of them tried to prompt their leader and decipher his notes, but in vain. All seemed lost for the moment in their chief's failure. Things, however, soon assumed a new form. After a few minutes of death-like stillness and indecision, Garibaldi pulled himself together.

*The followers of Garibaldi usually wore loose red shirts and little caps of the same color. At a Garibaldian's funeral in Rome to-day the red cap replaces the crucifix on the hearse.

Throwing his notes and his spectacles on the table before him, with a gesture of disdain, the popular hero faced the ministerial benches, and, with face purple with anger, burst forth into a torrent of abuse. The speech which he had so carefully elaborated was thrown to the winds. Loud and long were his invectives, now surging like the ocean, again dropping into a low key, the better to convey the angry thoughts that filled the speaker's uncultured soul. Cavour sat white and speechless among his colleagues, until roused by somebody who had arisen after Garibaldi to make some apology for the soldier's words. Then he arose and in a low, cold voice observed that he would treat the greater part of General Garibaldi's speech as not having been uttered. Such was the mentality of Giuseppe Garibaldi.

We have said 1867 found Garibaldi confronting the Pontifical troops, at the head of 15,000 men, each as bold and desperate as himself. It was a moment in which the dream of his life-time seemed on the point of realization. In this hour all his wanderings, sufferings, and imprisonment, all his fatigues in traveling from city to city through Italy, haranguing the people to rise against the "Sacerdotal Vampire," were forgotten. Now the hour had come which should see the spoliation of the remaining territory of the Church and, if possible, the overthrow of all religion.

Everything seemed favorable to the adventurer's project. The Papal force did not exceed 13,000 men and even this number was but ill-prepared to receive him. He could count on unlimited aid from Piedmont, although its King and Government cajoled the world into giving credence to their opposition to his plans. He had been arrested by the Piedmont authorities in obedience to an order from Paris, and imprisoned in the fortress of Alexandria only to be set at liberty a few days afterwards. Four days later the Minister of the Interior telegraphed to Ancona: "The Minister knows that General Garibaldi is making preparations for an invasion of the Pope's territory. At all costs keep him in sight, *and in the meantime place 6000 lire at his disposal.* The same shall be immediately paid to you." This was the manner in which the Government of Piedmont, after solemnly promising to recognize the complete independence of Rome, after despoiling it of nearly all its land, kept its engagements. Garibaldi had now a free hand and well he availed himself of his opportunity. *"Roma o Morte!"*—"Rome or Death!" was his battle cry—a cry that sounded loudest where desecrated churches and pillaged convents showed the mark of Garibaldi's iron hand.

After several severe skirmishes, during which the success of each side had varied, the two armies broke up into garrisons, on the one hand—to hold the papal towns; and attacking parties on the other—to assail them. Garibaldi wishing to make a bold dash upon Rome gave his men the word; but, to his misfortune, stopped at Monte Rotondo, a small town on his way, to crush the garrison which held it. Six thousand Garibaldians surrounded the walls, and called upon three thousand Papal volunteers to deliver it up. A shout of defiance greeted their ears, and soon the attack was begun. But what a defense was made! Perhaps never has such fearless intrepidity been displayed. For two days the battle went on, the volunteers retiring at length to the ancient citadel which crowned the town, to continue their struggle. Shot and shell battered the old building, and men died conjuring their comrades never to yield, yet the unequal combat raged. At last the Gari-

baldians had recourse to a weapon which could not be subdued. They conceived the idea of burning out the little band and thus win "the battle." "The Papal troops," says Ricciotti Garibaldi, in his official report of the campaign, "defended the edifice from room to room, until they were confined to the third floor; then seeing the smoke of the fire, which had been lighted to burn them out, curling up, they surrendered and the struggle came to an end."

Before yielding, however, the Pontifical soldiers spiked their cannon, smashed their carbines, and had sent five hundred of the flower of Garibaldi's army to their last account. Their defence had given the Papal officers time to mass a large portion of their men and intercept Garibaldi's march upon the Eternal City. The very next day the Papal troops, to the number of five thousand men commanded by General Kanzler,—who was escorted by the brother of the King of Naples,—marched from Rome and confronted Garibaldi at Mentana, a town some ten miles from the Aurelian Walls. Here the desperate army of the arch-enemy of the Church stood, now three times as numerous as the Papal force, from late reinforcements. Entrenched on high ground, protected by steep ravines in front, and the town of Mentana at the rear, Garibaldi might well deem his position impregnable and the opposing army a sure prize. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages Kanzler did not flinch, but promptly offered Garibaldi battle. We leave the opposing forces confronting one another at Mentana to review the state of Rome during these few days.

Armed bands of conspirators had some weeks previously concealed themselves within the Eternal City, plotting for the destruction of the Papacy and preparing for their chief's triumphal entrance. The bomb and dagger of Mazzini's assassins were spreading terror among the peaceful inhabitants. Groups of Garibaldians became so audacious at last as to parade the streets of the city crying, "Death to the priests!" Frequent collisions between the Papal Zouaves and the Revolutionists were of nightly occurrence, but the latter had their sorties so cunningly planned as to be usually able to escape military vigilance.

A few days before Mentana, a small number of these desperadoes got possession of a disused well, adjacent to the barracks of the Zouaves. After working night and day they succeeded in burrowing in under the building occupied by the men, and with fiendish ingenuity placed a mine there. Providence, however, frustrated their dastardly project. Ten minutes before the conspirators ignited the explosives, an entire company had left the place, under order to disperse Garibaldians who menaced the gate of St. Paul, so that no more than a score of men lost their lives in the explosion.

THE BATTLE OF MENTANA.

At a little after mid-day on the third of November the battle commenced amid defiant shouts of "Viva, Pio IX!" on the one side and "Viva l'Italia!" on the other. The struggle was a long and bloody one; right and weakness wrestled with evil and power.

"The thunder of artillery, the explosion of bombs, the clashing of swords, the moans and sighs of the wounded, and the shrieks of the dying, gave a sublime horror to the scene. Terrible it must have been to the enemies of God, who were then on the brink of eternity, with blood unjustly spilt upon their hands, and the consciousness of guilt upon their souls. It was not so with those who were fighting for virtue and religion, for God and His Church. They could not but be moved by the aspect of death; but they knew that if they fell there was hope for them beyond the grave, and happiness in another world. Hence, strengthened by a good con-

science they discharged their duties nobly; they overcame every obstacle, and they spread terror and destruction through the ranks of the wicked hordes opposed to them."*

Well might the great Irish Cardinal say the Papal soldiers struck terror into the base hearts of their antagonists. With no thought of fear they repeatedly charged, always headed by the French and Irishmen. The chivalrous conduct of these two nations rendered their comrades regardless of any danger and made them clamor for the more hazardous posts. The latter were indeed few, for trouble at home had prevented many from satisfying the desire of their hearts; but those few kept up the ancient traditions of Irish warfare. "The young Irishmen at Mentana fought bravely," says Cardinal Cullen, "they exposed themselves to every risk; they showed themselves worthy of their country. . . . Some of them have since been promoted for their courage and good conduct. God spared them to serve the Holy See on other occasions."

At last the scene of carnage was over. The Garibaldians by one desperate final charge were driven from the field; the town and citadel of Mentana were taken, over four thousand men,—in killed, wounded, and prisoners,—were lost to the arch-enemy of the Catholic Church; and the Pontifical troops stood triumphant on the field, after a hard-won victory.

The victory at Mentana not only crippled the power of the Garibaldian organization, but stripped its infidel leader of his false plumage. When the struggle was coming to an end, General Garibaldi deserted his men and fled into a church for safety. Shortly afterwards this "Hero of two worlds," this demigod of lower Italian life, this leader, to whose memory every city of "United Italy" has a monument erected, after whom scarcely a town or hamlet is without its Via Garibaldi or Piazza Garibaldi, was discovered crouching—above all places on earth—in a confessional. Then leaving the rough men who well nigh worshipped him exposed to the terrible fire of the French, he fled to Italian soil, and like James II after the battle of the Boyne, was the first to tell the news of his own defeat.

On their return to Rome, bringing with them 1,600 prisoners, the Papal troops were given almost a Roman triumph by the delighted people. The Romans, nearly frantic with joy, hailed them as the deliverers of their ruler and their city: Rome had been too often occupied by foreign hordes not to foresee what she might expect from a Garibaldian occupation.

The majority of the prisoners were imprisoned in the Fort of St. Angelo beside the Tiber. For over a thousand years this huge building has not, night or day, been without armed men. Originally the mausoleum of Emperor Hadrian, it was afterwards despoiled of much of its beauty and converted into a fortress from which whatever pope or baron, who then happened to hold it, ruled as master of Rome. In the turbulent old days when violence was rampant, and might meant right, pope, prince and baron alternately occupied its deepest dungeons.* Here the Garibaldian pris-

*Discourse by Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin.

*The Castle of St. Angelo, built 130 A.D., by Emperor Hadrian, held the ashes of the Emperors Hadrian; Anconius Pius, A.D. 161; Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 180; Commodus, A.D. 191; Septimius Severus, enclosed in an urn of gold, A.D. 212. Caracalla, A.D. 217, was the last emperor buried here. "The Castle is now but the mighty core of this magnificent sepulchre" of the emperors. Its history during the Middle Ages is the history of Rome, for the Goths, Huns, etc., made it their headquarters during their stay in the city. Pope Gregory gave it its present name.

-oners were lodged pending the Pope's decision as to their disposal. But what was the determination of the outraged Pontiff? One cold November morning the Papal coach stopped outside the portals of Castele St. Angelo, and the Father of Christendom alighted. Pius IX gave orders to be quickly conducted to the prisoners, and was at once shown into the huge apartment in which they were confined.

The sight of the Holy Father astounded the Garibaldians, but his fatherly smile soon reassured them. "You see before you," he said gently, "the man whom your General calls the 'Vampire of Italy.' It is against me you have taken up arms. And who am I?—A poor old man." Then the Pontiff, whom they had fought to tear from his throne, walked among the men, with tenderness and compassion beaming from his benign countenance. After interrogating them on their needs and offering consolation in their troubles he promised them clothes, money, and a free passage to their respective cities. The poor fellows could no longer restrain their emotions. Falling on their knees before their common Father, they besought his forgiveness for the past. With loud cries of gratitude and devotion those rough men crowded about him whom they had hitherto hated with a fierce unreasoning hate, and with tears of genuine repentance, kissed his hands and garments.

The Pontiff was deeply affected. Before withdrawing he told the prisoners to kneel, and then, in broken accents, he solemnly blessed them and their families. "There is only one thing I ask of you," he concluded, "it is that, as Catholics, you will often think of me in a short but fervent prayer to God." The vast hall once more resounded with acclamations and the Vicar of Christ was gone.

Joy for the Pope's victory was unbounded. From all quarters of the globe messages of congratulation, love, and loyalty reached the Holy Father. Catholic France, which had supplied two thousand picked soldiers to render such enthusiasm possible, led the way in this outburst of affection:—"We declare," cried the Government of the eldest daughter of the Church, "that Italy will never take possession of Rome. Never will France allow that outrage on her honor and Catholicity!" Alas! how soon were those vehement protestations of fidelity to be falsified! The danger just passed was but the prelude to a greater one, in which the Emperor of France was to play no unimportant part.

Garibaldi, however, was defeated, and the Italian Government foiled. The loyalty of the Romans to their Pope-King had been so sufficiently manifested to the world as to leave Piedmont no pretext for intervening, "to protect the Sovereign Pontiff," as the Government of that country had hypocritically put it. They would have marched directly upon the Eternal City and proclaimed her the capital of "United Italy" did not fear of France prevent them. They decided to patiently watch the development of events, and await a pretext upon which Rome might be safely invaded.

Every stone in Rome has drunk blood; every piece of ground has its own tragedy and tale. But the tragedy which the Eternal City was to see committed within her walls in the near future would overshadow the darkest of many dark crimes.

CATHOLIC PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

In spite of the ban put upon them by the ancient Puritan prejudice, united with French superstition, the dramatic fraternity, which embraces actors, playwrights, managers and stage-directors, have a deep and abiding respect for the Catholic Church and for religion in general. They are simple folk, like all craftsmen who live apart from the world. They see only the picturesque and the beautiful in the Church and in religion, are not given to close study of modern books, have little concern for other interests, and are therefore easier to please than most people. It is an immense pleasure to contrast the simple and vigorous faith of a man like Frank Keenan, leading man in *The Girl of the Golden West,* with the sneering spirit of the late Lord Acton for example; the latter had all the opportunities for the development of a sublime faith, and the former belongs to the despised and supposedly immoral stage; yet Frank Keenan diffuses among all his acquaintance love and respect for the Church, is a real missionary of Christ, while the humble Catholics who read Lord Acton suffer tremendous temptations against the faith. This contrast was made more emphatic for me the other day after listening one hour to Keenan and the next to an insufferable creature, who reminded me that the Catholic body was made up of the poor chiefly, that the Catholic colleges graduated a crude set of impossible men, that history had a good case against the Church, and that the clergy lacked the culture required of good leaders. It was needless to remind him that the world's majority is of the poor, and that from their soil spring the powers that keep society going; useless to tell him that he knew nothing whatever about the Catholic colleges; or, that history is being rewritten; or, that the American clergy are the superiors of any American class in the knowledge of logic, philosophy and theology, and the most influential leaders of the time. He had been brought up in the shadow of the Church, close to the Sacraments, and this was the result of the fondest care that could be bestowed on a human being. Frank Keenan had endured thirty years of stage-life, which is supposed by the virtuous to be highly demoralizing, yet confessed the faith more firmly than at the beginning of his career. The other burned with the carping spirit of Lord Acton.

Perhaps thoughts of this kind turned my attention more acutely to the Catholic plays and players whose quality entertained the playgoers of New York during the past month. The number of both surprised me. The mere mention of their names and works would suffice to complete this article. Frederick Paulding headed the list with his farce of *Cousin Louisa.* It was a failure at Daly's, for the simple reason that an actor cannot write a play, any more than a poet can make good bread.

As an example of how an actor writes a play it served very well. Paulding took for his theme the story of the woman who had been empowered by her husband to divide three millions of dollars among his immediate relatives after

his death; in order to do this judiciously she visited them in another character than her own; and thus discovered their natural temper and acquired dispositions. While the theme is old it is always interesting, and can be made effective by the expert dramatist. Paulding put his

ences yawned brutally at nine. The play was withdrawn promptly. Frederick Paulding has attained a high position on the stage both for his personal character and his dramatic accomplishments; the highest place seems to be beyond him, partly because times have changed,

"THE SOCIAL WHIRL"

Charles Helton. Ada Lewis. Mabel Fenton.

Cousin Louisa in the very center of the stage as soon as the play began, and never permitted her to leave it; he worked up to the main situation with no regard whatever to the psychology of the characters; all was trick and artifice, palpable and unashamed; and the audi-

and the men who know not Joseph are on the throne; but he has that persuasive temperament and fine ambition which are bound to place him on the summit if he remains faithful to his own ideals amid adverse but transient circumstances.

"ARMS AND THE MAN." ACT II. "WON'T YOU STAY?"

Aubrey Boucicault. Chrystal Herne Arnold Daly. Dodson Mitchell. Isabelle Urquhart.

William Kelly, the irrepressible and vivacious, supported by Dorothy Donnelly, opened up at the Harlem Theatre with a stock company. For some months this young gentleman appeared at the Yorkville Theatre to crowded houses, where he performed the feat now demanded of the stock companies of playing one play twice a day, rehearsing a second every morning, and learning a third at his meals and recreation. Talking of the strenuous life, what is it to this? The most obvious dramas were required by the Yorkville audiences; in the Harlem Theatre the patronage permits presentation of the chromatic drama, and consequently Mr. Kelly and Miss Donnelly are acting in such plays as *The Masqueraders* and *Sowing the Wind,* where the finer shades of feeling and the more delicate forms of sentiment, along with qualities not so nice, get some expression. He is a plump, manly, resolute young man with a vaulting ambition for the best that the stage can give him; he looks Romeo better than he plays it, which is always the case and need not be mourned over. By the time he is able to play the part he will not look it. He plays *Prince Karl* nearly as well as Mansfield. His case is that of Bottom the weaver: all parts look alike to him. Miss Donnelly is one of the clever girls of the stage, a student to her finger-tips, capable of interpreting Shaw and Ibsen, and made for much better things. The common report speaks highly of their sound faith and irreproachable lives.

Ada Lewis played a leading part in *The Social Whirl* under the management of the now famous Shuberts. Their fame came to them through their refusal to share with the theatrical syndicate the

"ARMS AND THE MAN." ACT II. IN THE GARDEN.
Chrystal Herne. Bijou Fernandez. Aubrey Boucicault.

profits of their own labors; just as if the railroads refused Rockefeller his pet rebates; and they have secured sufficient support from the financiers to make their refusal good. In *The Social Whirl* the frenzied finance introduced to us by that public benefactor, Thomas Lawson, is exposed to pleasant ridicule. Our comic opera having given way to musical comedy the latter has taken to satirizing the follies and crimes of high and low society. It is indeed our only medium of satire, since the press was bought up body and bones by Morgan and Standard Oil. The play deserves a paper to itself, but it is mentioned here only in connection with Ada Lewis, a charming woman, capable actress, and practical Catholic. Some twelve years ago she attracted the attention of the public by her acting of the tough girl in Harrigan's play of *Reilly and the Four Hundred.* The sketch showed originality and pathos, and made her name a familiar word among the playgoers. She is now in the front rank of the popular players, and with her innate refinement and prudent manners will probably rise to more important things. Finally, Mr. Arnold Daly returned to town with George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and The Man,* and at the same time recaptured his old place in the affections of the New York public. It may be remembered that Daly won the distinction of making Shaw a favorite with audiences, after all the managers had carefully and emphatically turned the Irish dramatist down; also that he nearly ruined himself and the Irishman by insisting on the people accepting a rather indelicate play known as *Mrs. Warren's Profession.* Since the police banished that odorous drama, Arnold has been on the road,

long enough for us to forget his indiscretion, and to remember his immense service to the drama.

That service consisted in demonstrating the dramatic value of Shaw's plays, which were written, not precisely against the conventions and prejudices of the stage, but in such a fashion as to appear so to the managers. Arnold Daly proved himself a better manager than those in office by getting the plays presented. He is a young man to whom the fairies gave distinction as the gift of the birth-hour, just as they did to Richard Mansfield. His acting appears to be the most natural thing in the world. His voice is light, his English has the flavor of the best Dublin society, to which he never belonged, his manner suggests perfect and delightful ease, along with an amusing conceit, perhaps feigned, yet likely to be real. Evidently he is a personality. His work in the comedy of *Arms and The Man* is the surest bit of artistic acting on the American stage at this moment. One doubts if Mansfield could improve on it. Shaw has been most fortunate in his interpreter. The comedy itself is like nothing else that one has seen. Its wit has often been surpassed, its diction equalled, its incidents excelled; but the idea which informs it, directs it, enlivens it, lifts it out of the ordinary and rouses an audience to serene enjoyment of the unusual. The first act has an utterly conventional form surrounding a very common stage incident. Raina is about to go to bed after discussing with her mother a recent battle between the Bulgarians and the Servians, in which her betrothed lover won distinction in a splendid cavalry charge. She drops off to sleep delighted with her hero, and is awakened by the sudden entrance of a soldier flying for his life from the pursuing Bulgarians. He stifles her cries with the sight of a pistol and bids her light a candle; a practical and brutal soldier he shows himself; the candle reveals a young man in a dirty and torn uniform; and he explains that he is a Swiss fighting on the side of the beaten Servians. Raina takes a lofty and melodramatic view of the situation, and orders him out of the room by the way he came; but when he obeys her command, requesting her to keep back from the balcony door when he opens it, because the sight of him in the clear moonlight will surely bring a volley from the enemy, she relents, forces him to remain, and hides him in a corner when an officer hurries in to search for concealed Servians. They have a chat afterwards and she places her own room at the service of the exhausted man.

This incident is most ancient in the history of man and in the making of dramas. The art of Shaw, good art it must be called to do so much with so little, raises the incident out of the commonplace by the simplest of means. Raina has the romantic idea of the life of the soldier and the art of war, and loves to express her views and her feelings in romantic language; Captain Bluntschli is an ardent realist of the German or Swiss type, the worst in the world. The clash of these two temperaments gives the new atmosphere to the ancient incident. She raves over glory, and he describes it as Sherman described war. When she orders him to leave the chamber, he goes promptly because death in the open is the same as death in the lady's chamber, with the advantage of saving her the trouble of wiping up the blood. When she stands him in the corner covered by a curtain, and lies to the officer searching for him, he falls asleep in standing position. When she reproaches him as an adventurer come to aid her enemy the Servians, he reminds her that neither the Bulgarians

nor the Servians knew enough to fight until the Swiss, French and Austrians came along to train them to the modern art of war. When she describes the glorious charge of her betrothed, Major Sergius, he admits that he saw the operatic fool riding at the head of his squadron to certain death. What saved him and his troop from being ignominiously wiped out was the fact that an idiot had served his side with cartridges that would not fit their rifles and machine-guns. The Servians had to run before Major Sergius, and he himself was running yet, his only solace a few chocolate cream caramels. The Captain refused to look upon war as romantic, and longed only for sleep; he regarded Sergius as a good-looking fool, who preferred a silly charge at the head of his troops to a life of ease and prosperity; and he so irritated Raina that she came near giving him up to his enemies. Yet the truth within her acknowledged the charm of his literalness, in spite of its cynicism.

MRS. FISKE AS *DOLCE*.

The difference in the two temperaments is not only the keynote to the drama but the explanation of Shaw's success. Could anything be more simple? The play proceeds through two more acts in the same fashion. Major Ser-

gius returns in the company of his future father-in-law, and is welcomed by the romantic and enthusiastic Raina, who has almost forgotten the episode of Captain Bluntschli. The young officer is as shallow as the Captain described him. He accepts the warm and eloquent praises of Raina with pleasure; she hails him as her hero, her Mars, the glory of Bulgaria; and as soon as she leaves him he starts a flirtation with the servant because romantic love is too stately for his quality. Raina witnesses the flirtation from a convenient window, and recalls the Captain's estimate of her lofty hero. As the Swiss officer reappears on the scene that moment she forgets to call her hero to account for his fall from perfection. The drama proceeds to a finish with three sets of lovers airing their frailties rather than their virtues to the public; all the little hypocrisies of the average human being are remorselessly held up to ridicule, but the sound principle, that sincerity is worth while, is kept well in front, illustrated and exemplified by the behaviour and the success of the gallant Captain. Every member of Daly's company acted with spirit. He himself seemed to be the quietest member. He has the quality of artistic reserve. Undoubtedly he is destined to be one of the great actors of his time should the development of his powers continue; for it has been demonstrated over and over again that talent and genius reach perfection slowly under the spur of steady industry and high resolve.

Passing from the Catholic players to the Catholic plays, three were presented during the month. It may be stretching a point to call *Dolce,* as presented by Mrs. Fiske, a Catholic play. Written in one act, without any Catholic intention on the part of its non-Catholic author, and no religious motive, its only claim to be considered Catholic lies in the character of Dolce herself, who is an Italian countess and therefore a Catholic. It was not of much dramatic value, except to give Mrs. Fiske an opportunity to present a new type of character; a sweet, vivacious, tender creature, who had kept unsullied the memory of her youthful love amid the turmoil and temptations of a high social position. The author, John Luther Long, dragged in the ancient and lying tradition that the Italian is ever ready with the dagger, whether child or adult, rich or poor, pagan or Christian. Apart from this error the playlet was smooth, interesting and vital. The second play was an old English version of Joan of Arc with Amelia Bingham in the title-role. Every actress burns to play the part of the fair maid of Orleans, but no dramatist has so far written the right sort of a play. They all begin with the peasant home at Domremy, pass on to the royal court at Chinon, then to the glories of Orleans and Rheims, winding up with the trial scene and the stake in the market-place of Rouen; whereas the real story of Joan is to be found in her own heart and mind, which accomplished the external wonders and overcame the public shame visible to the common world. The present version filled the stage with lords and ladies, armored soldiers and clerks of the court, visions of angels and saints, but left the main theme intact and undeveloped.

The third play was entitled *The Little Father of the Wilderness,* written by Messrs. Osborne and Strong, and acted by Francis Wilson, on a theme so powerful and touching that we can only regret its limitation to a one-act play. The authors stumbled unconsciously on an incident in the life of the famous missionary to the Iroquois Indians, Father Isaac Jogues, and gave their own version of it. Austin Strong was astonished when I described to him Father Jogues'

SCENE FROM "THE LITTLE FATHER OF THE WILDERNESS."

FRANCIS WILSON AS "LITTLE FATHER OF THE WILDERNESS."

reception by Anne of Austria and her brilliant court, of which he had never heard. In the play the good priest has been summoned to the presence of the King from his obscure parish in the north, only to find that the King has forgotten why he sent for him. In the midst of humiliations from the court habitués the ushers announce the arrival of the great Count Frontenac of Canada with a retinue of soldiers, guides and Indians. He is received in great state by Louis XV. and his officers, upon whom the hardy and simple Frontenac frowns with the contempt and impatience of the frontier warrior. In the midst of the audience the Indians discover the presence of their adored missionary; the fact is made known to the entire retinue; forgetful of the etiquette of the court soldiers, guides and savages surround the little priest, and overwhelm him with compliments and caresses. The astonished King looks to Count Frontenac for an explanation, which the warrior gives with grim satisfaction as the lightning of his eyes strikes the court creatures about him. This is the man, says he in substance, who has given an empire to France, the little father of the great wilderness, the subduer of the savage, the consoler of the colonists, the supporter and encourager of the frontier soldiers. His speech stirs the memory of the young King, who recalls that he has wagered with a noble that Niagara Falls was four miles high, and had sent for the missionary to settle the wager. To make amends for this flippancy he appoints the priest Archbishop of Toulouse, and the curtain falls upon the pleased Frontenac, the amused King, and the delighted retinue.

These are the prominent persons and plays of the spring season in New York, which show the grip of the Catholic idea upon the dramatic world. It would be quite possible, with the army of Catholics connected with the stage in all capacities, to effect a revolution, mild and sure, in the general conditions; but so long as the genteel fiction of the stage ban is kept up by Catholic sentiment the opportunity must remain in cold storage.

MOST REV. DIOMEDE FALCONIO, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

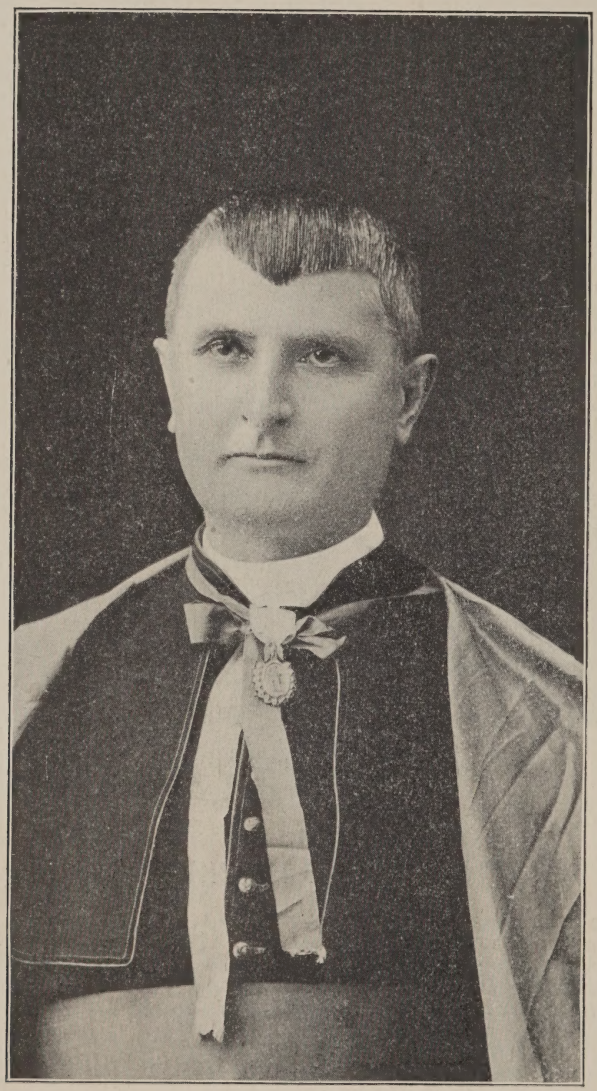
When issuing a statement of the Peter's Pence collection, Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, improved the opportunity to correct some impressions as to the amount contributed by the United States.

"I think it proper," said His Excellency, "to profit also by this occasion in order to correct some false statements which have appeared from time to time in the press, regarding the Peter's Pence collection in the United States. It has been reported that large sums have been deposited by the Holy See in some American banks, and that the Peter's Pence collection in the United States has reached the sum of $500,000 yearly. The report circulated regarding the supposed investments has already been flatly denied by the *Osservatore Romano*, the semi-official organ of the Holy See, and, as to the amount of the Peter's Pence collection, I beg to submit the following statement:

"From the year 1894 to the year 1905, eleven years, the total amount received at this Delegation for Peter's Pence, including the annual collections and other donations intended for the Holy See, has been $828,-708.66, which is an average of $75,337.15 per year. Adding to this amount such collections as may have been sent directly to Rome or presented personally to the Holy Father by some of the Bishops during said period of time, the total yearly receipts would, at the most, reach the sum of $100,000."

The Most Rev. Monsignor Seton, lecturing at the Irish College, Rome, on the Irish in America, told the following story—an incident in the life of his grandmother:

"One beautiful moonlight night in the year 1796, Mrs. Seton, his grandmother, saw from the window of her residence on the seacoast a crowd of people disembarking from a sailing vessel which had just arrived. They made up 237 men, women and children, all Irish, who, as it afterward transpired, had sailed four and a half months previously from Drogheda. No sooner had they touched land than they all formed a circle about a venerable-looking old man, whose white hair fell down his back, and falling upon their knees on the sand, they thanked God long and earnestly for their deliverance. Then, drawing strings of beads from their pockets, they prayed first in a tongue she had never heard before, afterward in the English language. The sight of that poor band never left Mrs. Seton's mind, and she shortly afterward became a Catholic."



MOST REV. ROBERT SETON, D.D

James D. Phelan, in whose hands is the management of the great relief fund, was born in San Francisco forty-six years ago. His father came from Ireland when six years old, and in due time became the proprietor of one of the largest mercantile houses in the city. When he wound up his mercantile affairs he entered on finance, establishing the First National Bank of San Francisco, of which he was the first president. The legacy of character he left to his family was not less large than his ample estate, and the ture complimented him with their nomination for United States Senator a few years ago. He is one of the leading capitalists of the United States, and has numerous commercial and mining interests. He is President of the Mutual Savings Bank, and the finest business block in San Francisco, situated on Market street, bore his name. It withstood the shock of earthquake, but the fire reduced it to ruins.

Mr. Phelan has been for years a generous supporter of the Irish cause and has stood by

HON. JAMES D. PHELAN.

career of his son has proved the worth of such heredity.

In 1882 James D. Phelan graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, from St. Ignatius College, and took up the study of law in the University of California. On the completion of his law studies he traveled in Europe for eighteen months.

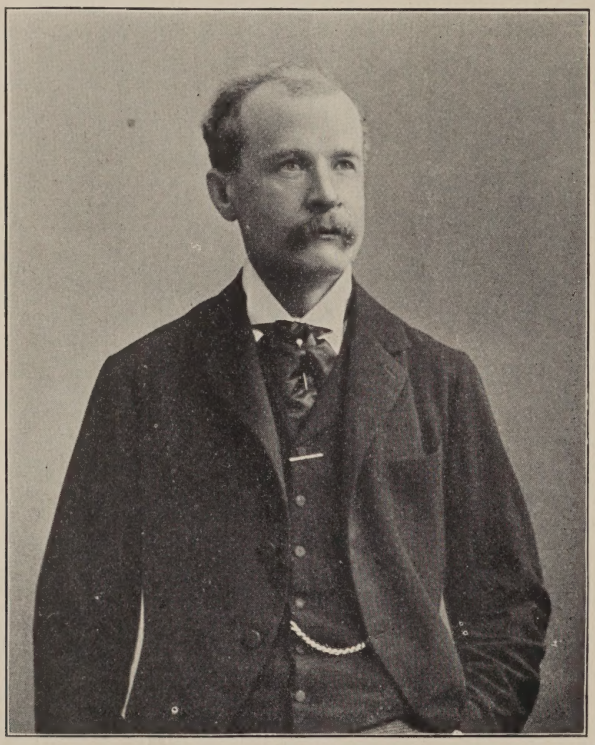
He was selected Mayor of the city in 1896 and served until 1902. His regime was marked by zeal and ability in the public service. The Democrats of the State Legislaboth Parnell and Redmond. His father aided in receiving Terence Bellew McManus, John Mitchell and Thomas Francis Meagher when those patriots escaped from the British penal settlements in Australia and sought liberty and new careers in America. No city has been more generous in aid of Ireland than San Francisco. Mr. Phelan has served in many capacities—among others as president of the Bohemian Club, and of the San Francisco Art Association. He certainly put new life into art on the Coast, and artists

are among his best friends. The great picture by Arthur Matthews, representing the discovery of the bay of San Francisco, was produced under the stimulus of the prize he offered. He also contributed towards the Chair of Argumentation, in the University of California.

Under his executive direction the important movements that are to lift the stricken city up from the depths and rebuild her shattered fortunes have already been begun. Although his personal and business losses must reach millions, it is reported that he has devoted the sum of $1,000,000, out of his private fortune, to employ the afflicted laboring people of his native city.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, formerly Minister of Justice of the Dominion of Canada, is spoken of as the probable successor of Sir Henry Taschereau, who resigned office as Chief Justice of Canada.

The career of this distinguished Canadian is full of examples of the successes to be won by ability, pluck, and perseverance. Mr. Fitzpatrick was born of Irish parents, in the City of Quebec, in 1853. He first came into prominence at the time of the rebellion in the North-West, when he made an impassioned plea for Louis Riel. He has been called upon frequently to discuss matters of importance in various parts of the country, where clear exposition of government principles and policy was needed.



HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

Judge Fitzpatrick does not confine his services to mere official or government issues, but is ever ready to help forward the cause of his co-religionists. He is a member of St. Patrick's congregation, a trustee of the parish, and always ready to help the zealous Redemptorist Fathers in their plans for the welfare of this distinctively Irish Catholic flock. Those of his own faith and race in the city will be particularly rejoiced if new honors are conferred on this truly representative Catholic.

THE SACRED HEART.*

BY AMADEUS, O.S.F.

Heart of our loving Saviour,
Humbly to Thee we bring
Longings of deep affection,
Heart of our Lord and King.

Thou art our Hope and Glory;
Thou art our Comfort sweet,
Grant, in the life eternal,
We in Thy Love may meet.

Light of our land of shadow
Blessings to us impart;
Shine on our lives forever,
Fire of the Sacred Heart!

CHORUS.

Hear we Thy words so tender:
"Come thou and rest in me;"
Heart of our Lord inflame us
Daily with love for Thee!
Heart of our Lord inflame us
Daily with love for Thee!

* Set to music by Rev. Fr. Athanasius.

EATING "PREDIGESTED FOODS."

A Harmful Practice Condemned by Most Physicians — They Soon Put the Stomach "Out of Business."

The habit of eating so-called "predigested" foods, indulged in by many persons with weak stomachs, is most injurious and is generally condemned by physicians.

It is almost as bad as the "pepsin habit." If persisted in it will put the stomach out of business entirely. Eating pre-digested food or pepsin tablets robs the stomach of the work that Nature intended it should do and hence weakens it. It will soon refuse to digest anything without the assistance of drugs.

Many of the cereal breakfast foods are "treated" with something and then advertised as "pre-digested foods." There is one wheat food, however, that is not "treated" with anything, and can be digested by the most delicate stomach without the assistance of drugs. It is shredded whole wheat biscuit, the purest and most nutritious cereal food made. It contains all the strength-giving elements of the whole wheat grain steam-cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds. These shreds readily take up the saliva and gastric juices enabling the stomach to do its work and thus strengthening it. It is delicious for breakfast with hot milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with strawberries, grated pineapple or other fresh fruits. Our new cook book is sent free. The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Saint Catharine de Ricci. By F. M. Capes. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

The life of Saint Catharine de Ricci opens a glimpse into a phase of religious observance with which we are not very familiar in our busy national and religious life. She belonged to a community of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, yet her community was enclosed behind a grille and led a strictly contemplative life. Its members had nothing to do with hospitals, orphanages, schools, or any kind of charitable institutions, doing no "active" work, except what was absolutely needful for their own support. . . . In fact had it not been that their constitutions were of a less severe nature as to fast and abstinence, the Sisters of her convent might almost as well have belonged to the Second Order as to the Third.

St. Catharine de Ricci deserves to be more widely known than she is at present, for her life contains a triple interest!—that of the pure mystic; that of the practical religious superior in her own community; and that of the essentially loving and tender woman, spreading beneficent influence around as far as the circumstances of her calling allowed. It is a life, consequently, which appeals to wide and different circles of religiously-minded women, and it is a consolation to have that life portrayed by so gifted a scholar as F. M. Capes. Father Bertrand Wilberforce has kindly added a brief sketch of the mystical life, a sketch full of research and of general helpfulness. It is greatly to be desired that the merit and beauty of the mystical life should be made known to our restless people, and that they should learn the lesson that the greatest power is acquired in prayer and in silent contemplation of things divine. It is in the true development of the inner life that we shall best promote the efficiency of our external activity. We bustling Americans have much to learn from the example of contemplative sanctity as given by St. Catharine de Ricci.

Short Talks to Young Toilers. By Rev. Fred. C. O'Neill. New York. Christian Press Assoc. Pub. Co. 1906.

May the guardian angels of the little ones scatter countless blessings along the pathway of apostolic Father O'Neill for writing these short talks to young toilers. The author certainly knows the evils which beset young life in our large cities, and he knows how to apply a suitable remedy. There is a ring of hopefulness in these talks which we value beyond words, for it indicates the heart of an earnest worker in a field that is sometimes neglected. How well he states his view of life in his preface: "There is something solidly good in every human heart, if we can only dig within, and set it in motion. This applies to those hardened by rough contact with the world, and with its vice. Perforce, there is something noble in every young boy and girl's heart, if we can but gently sing the song to wake those dormant qualities into life."

The Crux of Pastoral Medicine. By Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A.M. New York and Cincinnati. Pustet & Co. 1906.

This book deals with the problems of life, of craniotomy and of kindred topics. Calmly but clearly the author faces the perils of embryonic man and establishes the principles which should guide priest, physician and lawyer when called upon to give a decision in these vitally important questions. Medical students and physicians who seek to know the attitude of the Catholic Church with regard to the difficulties surrounding nascent life will find Father Klarmann's book a safe and comprehensive guide. The work contains an interesting appendix on "Heredity," and we note with pleasure the learned author's views upon this much-agitated subject: "Too much importance is attached by modern sociologists (outside of the Church) to the fact of inherited oneration. These students of social evils are totally at sea as to the principles that govern the moral conduct of man. They consider man a brute that has exchanged a lower intelligence for one only higher in degree or grade; the difference in the nature of the intellect of man and brute they neither acknowledge nor realize, because they do not study and compare, without prejudice, the nature of the *acts* of these intellects (as they call them). . . . (We know that man has) a soul essentially distinct from the soul of the brute, and endowed with such faculties as will enable it to make use of spiritual and supernatural means toward the attainment of its supernatural destiny.

"Now, such a spiritual agency is totally independent from its very creation and nature, of the influences of the flesh, which cannot dominate it, except by its consent and voluntary submission. Hence, hereditary oneration can affect the will of man only as a cloud can affect the vision. It may make it more difficult for a man to obey the dictates of right reason and conscience; but "the appetite must be beneath him."

The style employed by the learned author verges at times on the colloquial and commonplace.

A Year's Sermons. By Pulpit Preachers of Our Own Day. Third Series. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. 1906.

There is a freshness of treatment, a logical connection of ideas, and a wealth of expression in these sermons which make them singularly welcome in an age where there is a strong tendency in spiritual writers to neglect the graces of style and to avoid vigorous and striking terms of speech. Mr. Wagner is doing yeoman service in the cause of Christian truth by placing these exquisite presentations of Catholic teaching within the reach of all. The book could also be used most profitably by the laity for spiritual reading, especially when sickness or other valid causes stand in the way of attendance at the high Mass.

Lourdes: its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New Edition. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

That the hand of the Lord is not shortened and that the age of miracles has not passed are truths incontestably proven by the shrine of our Lady at Lourdes. The story of the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin at the Grotto, to the lowly peasant girl of Lourdes, and of the striking deeds wrought there by the special intervention of Almighty power cannot be too often told, especially when the narrator wields so deft a pen as Father Richard Clarke. It is well to have this exposition of one of the greatest marvels in modern times in its present beautiful form. Though good Father Clarke has passed away from the trials and troubles of life to the peace, as we hope, and to the fair visions of the kingdom celestial, yet devout clients of our Lady will utter many a fervent act of thanksgiving for this fervent and dignified tribute to her power. May we not cherish the hope that the Immaculate Queen of Lourdes will, by her powerful intercession, win from her Divine Son for unhappy France freedom from the present crushing thraldom.

An Abridgment of Christian Doctrines. Prescribed by Pope Pius X for all the dioceses of the province of Rome. Translated by the Right Rev. Thomas Sebastian Byrne, D.D. New York. Pustet & Co. 1906.

The high authority under which this Catechism is published renders all further commendation superfluous. Bishop Byrne has given us an excellent translation, and the publishers have supplied a convenient and handy setting.

The Ordinary of the Mass. By Rev. Arthur Devine, C.P. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Father Devine, whose practical writings upon doctrinal and ascetical matters have won him many friends among the Catholic clergy and laity, adds to his previous laurels by giving his co-religionists an historical, liturgical and exegetical explanation of the Ordinary of the Mass. It is a book which was much needed, owing to the general demand for a work treating this subject in a comprehensive, yet brief, form, and many of the faithful will find herein a solution of the questions which will occur to any reflecting person who ponders upon the various ceremonies of this transcendant act of Christian worship. Simple in style, broad in scope, and piously suggestive in treatment, the book should be a favorite in every truly Catholic family.

Christ, the Preacher. By the Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A collection of striking sermons in which the difficulties of modern social life are manfully grappled with and in which the Gospel teaching is applied to modern life in a way that is both unique, convincing and effective. No preacher can peruse these sermons without having new light thrown upon old questions, and new forms given to old thoughts. Cutting bravely away from dry discussions of useless topics, from the barren verbiage of thought-lacking discourses, from the misspent force aimed at non-existent conditions, Father Phelan, like a well-equipped knight-errant of the day, rushes courageously into the arena and attacks with well-directed and skilful blows the unfriendly battalions who are striving to batter down the very foundations of religion and of social security. Faith needs vigorous protectors in these calamitous days of religious indifference and of religious hostility!

Questions of the Day. By Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D., V.G. New York. Christian Press Assoc. Pub. Co. 1906.

The indefatigable Dr. MacDonald discusses in this volume the Biblical question, the Virgin Birth, the Assumption of Our Lady, and the immortality of the soul—topics which arouse the keenest interest among thinkers. His treatment is both deep and lucid, and no one can read these pages without growing in knowledge and in a scholarly vision of matters theological.

Questions of the Day. By Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., V.G. Vol. II. New York. Christian Press Association Pub. Co. 1906.

In this second volume Dr. MacDonald turns his attention to such questions as the Symbol in the New Testament, the "Discipline of the Secret, the Ethical Aspect of Bribery, and the much-read book of Prof. Drummond on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Educated Catholics will find it

to their advantage to have these books in their possession, not only for personal use, but also for lending to non-Catholic neighbors and friends. The ethical aspects of bribery is a subject which needs broad and detailed treatment in view of the blunted consciences of many citizens towards this growing evil in our national life. We find Dr. MacDonald conservative in view and lucid in expression; and although some of his views may fail to win general acceptance, yet all will derive profit from a careful study of his thoughtful explanations.

War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ. By David Low Dodge. Boston. Ginn & Co.

David Low Dodge was an ardent advocate of the cause of peace, and his pamphlets upon the subject were eagerly read in the early part of the nineteenth century. Since then the movement which he founded has gained strength in both hemispheres and there are few, indeed, now, who do not admit that "peace has greater victories than war." So vigorous, however, is the author in his denunciation of war that he seems to assert that it is in itself at all times an intrinsic wrong. This view is surely not tenable. Much as we may deplore the cruelties and destruction of war, yet, since nature has established no human authority superior to that of national governments, and since there is no higher human power to enforce the observance of the moral law by nations and to decide conflicting international claims, we must, perforce, admit that in certain cases when arbitration cannot be agreed upon by contesting nations, recourse may be had to war, to which, as a last resort, they have an undoubted right.

Whoa. New England Stories. By Charles Warren Guy. Boston. Eastern Pub. Co. 1906.

There is a pleasant vein of human sympathy and of generous encouragement in these stories which both old and young will appreciate. A critical friend would have suggested several changes both in the choice of words and in the general form of construction. We heartily agree with the genial author when he urges a quieter and less strenuous life for our citizens. The vast army of nervous wrecks in the country show the need and timeliness of his advice.

The Jones' Readers by Grades. By L. H. Jones, A.M. Boston. Ginn & Co.

The unusually fine illustrations and the general setting of the text in these Readers naturally attract the attention of educators. The aim of the author-editor also compels admiration, for his intention has been to secure a definite moral effect in addition to intellectual development. Some of the selections, however, will not enjoy the general approval of learned men. For example, in the seventh book there is an excerpt from the works of William Cunningham Graham, in which that writer states: "The evidences that the lower animals are thinkers, that they are endowed with intellectual faculties, are too many and too obvious to require argument." Now, these evidences are *not* obvious to the great majority of solid thinkers. Keen and marvellous as is the instinct of the brute creation, yet an analysis of its activity shows that it differs not only in degree but also in kind from human reason. They are not under any consideration to be placed in the same category and it is not fair to children to teach them as accepted scientific truths statements which have not the support of the learned world. Broad-minded men in looking over the list of authors will be inclined to ask why Catholic writers have been so rigorously banished from this collection. Surely, Prof. Jones is not ignorant of the power or of the beauty of Newman's writings and the vividness of Wiseman's exquisite descriptions.

The Feasts of Mother Church. By Mother M. Salome. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

The feasts of the Church are intended to throw the halo of spirituality around our heavy, material surroundings, to gild with celestial brightness the dark corners of earth. In the good old Catholic days, with what enthusiasm these different feasts were celebrated! How very near they brought heaven to the toil-worn pilgrims of earth! Mother Mary Salome desires to bring back the splendors and the consolations of the "days of eld," and as a help towards the realization of this laudible project, she tells us in exquisite language the history and object of several important feast-days in the year. The book will prove an effective aid to "practical and joyous religion," and we trust that parents will have these extremely helpful explanations frequently read in the family circle.

The Catholic Girl's Guide. Edited by Rev. Francis X. Lasance. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1906. $1.00.

To pastors this manual will supply suggestive reading for exhortations; directors of sodalities will find it helpful by means of its Conferences, and to Catholic girls it will furnish spiritual reading at home, serving also as a complete prayer book especially adapted to their needs. The Conferences appeared originally in German, the author being a Benedictine, of Einsiedeln, Switzerland.

The Three Ages of Progress. By Julius E. Devos. Second Edition. Milwaukee. The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1906.

This book is a series of tableaux of the principal ecclesiastical events which have occurred in the world since the coming of Christ, with philosophical reflections, from a Catholic standpoint, of their causes and their effects. The three ages are divided (a) A.D. 1—476. From Jupiter to Christ—(b) A.D. 476—1517. (c) From Barbarism to Civilization—A.D. 1517—1905. From Liberalism to Liberty. That the book could not have been written without extensive reading and serious study is evident. Some of the subjects are treated rather too briefly. Thus the important topic of the Spanish Inquisition receives only twenty-three lines, while we note several strange omissions. In the chapter on the actual results of foreign missions in Asia not a word is said about the splendid work of the Franciscans in China and throughout the East, while the magnificent labors of the Jesuits in the Zambesi region are entirely overlooked in the sketch of Africa. In spite of these shortcomings, the work presents the Church under these three different phases in a striking and impressive outline.

The Tradition of Scripture: its Origin, Authority and Interpretation. By Rev. William Barry, D.D. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

The official *imprimatur* prefixed to this volume is an assurance that we may follow with no hesitating step the distinguished author into the various fields of Biblical research which he investigates. Unlike many manuals upon the Holy Scriptures which seem to evade all the questions raised by modern scholars, this volume is fully abreast of the times, and upon every topic, even of the most recent date, we are given concise and definite guidance. With regard to the authorship of the Pentateuch, Dr. Barry says: "to state in a sentence the distinction which seems to have met with acceptance from many Catholic scholars—if we define authorship, as Orientals understand it, virtual rather than technical, not co-extensive with all the contents, applying to substance, more than to language, to a nucleus but not a whole incapable of accretions, Moses was the author of the Law that goes by his name. On the other hand, in our strict Western sense, there would be no obligation to hold that since he was its originator he must have written the entire Pentateuch; or that he compiled it from the sources which critics have discovered; much less, that our present recension is simply due to him." . . . Similar questions are discussed in a thorough, candid manner, neither minimizing nor exaggerating the problems brought forward by recent critics.

The chapters on Inspiration will be read with avidity by all who follow the trend of modern thought. "Revelation," exclaims Dr. Barry, "is one thing, the impulse to write a book of Scripture is something else, distinct and independent of it; the inspired writer need not be a prophet. For by Revelation, as our theologians determine it, is meant the divine gift of new ideas, which make known things hitherto dark, mysteries of Heaven or facts and truths of earth not before in the prophet's possession. But to be inspired for writing is to have one's knowledge so governed and one's powers so moved that the result shall be a document free from approved error, conveying that information (and neither more nor less) which the Holy Spirit willed to have put on record. He gives, therefore, light, guidance and control. The chief purpose is not to teach but to preserve revealed truth, of course in such a way that we can apprehend, so far as necessary, the circumstances, historical and ethical, under which the deposit of faith has been left to us. New matter belongs, in some sort, to the Essence of Revelation; it is not a condition without which inspiration ceases to exist."

From these quotations it will appear that Dr. Barry has made a valuable addition to the works we already possess upon the Holy Scriptures and matters connected with the sacred writings.

Dublin Review, April, 1906. Herder. St. Louis.

This second number of the Dublin Review under the editorship of Wilfrid Ward bears evidence of the ripe scholarship and of that true sense of progress which characterized the first number. A remarkably welcome article is that by Dr. William Barry on the "Holy Latin Tongue." We all know with what contempt non-Catholic writers are accustomed, as a rule, to speak of patristic and mediæval Latin. Dr. Barry shows conclusively that these prejudices are utterly unfounded and that mediæval Latin has a charm and dignity all its own.

How eloquently and truly he writes of St. Augustine:

"Macaulay held that St. Augustine in his *Confessions* writes like a field-preacher. It is Wesley in a Latin garb to him. But others, among whom J. A. Symonds calls for recognition, have judged very differently of the marvellous periods in which every problem of the time is handled with so subtle and suggestive an apprehension. For sheer weight of thought Augustine beggars the classic writers of Rome; they are children in comparison, as we might anticipate, for what had they not imported from the Greeks? But we should appraise a man's language by the demands made upon it; and the question is whether he who planned and executed the *De Trinitate* no less than

the *De Civitate Dei;* who was capable of dissecting to the finest fibre every subterfuge of the Pelagians; who put forth apologetic treatises such as *De Ordine, De Utilitate Credendi,* and so many more; who in a never-ending correspondence was always equal to the minds, young or old, that addressed him; and whose religious biography touched chords unheard till then in his native literature; whether, we say, one so various, tender, deep, ardent, unconstrained and individual, has known how to forge an instrument responsive to his needs. There cannot be a doubt in the judgment of those who are qualified by study of St. Augustine to return an answer. Considered in this light he stands alone among the Latins; he is a world in himself. No research can exhaust his abundance. Macaulay speaks as though this mighty genius had a single style; but he had as many as his themes required. He created not one manner, but all those which we light upon when we turn over his vast folios: the pleasant, severe, playful, vehement, argumentative, hortatory, devout. Yet he is everywhere the Augustine we know; his thoughts rise within, flow out of their own accord, pursue their inimitable course, and have no concealment. Sincerity, originality, and as a consequence naïveté—these are the warp and woof in a texture that exhibits the Christian spirit under almost every one of its possible aspects."

"Not A Judgment." By Grace Keon. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906. $1.25.

"Not A Judgment," published serially in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 1905-'06, is still so fresh in the minds of readers that there is little need to review the story as it appears in book form. Grace Keon has the art of making her characters so real that one could no more forget Mollie Farrell than a great-hearted girl in real life. The struggles of the child to rise above the wretched conditions of her surroundings, to make for herself a place of honor and respect, and to prove herself a blessing and "not a judgment," make a tale of absorbing human interest. Dr. Rollinson plays a noble part in this story of the poor, and his influence over Mollie is the force for good that moulds the passionate young life into an exemplar of American womanhood.

No better proof of the popularity of this novel could be offered than the steady request for it in book form, from DONAHOE'S subscribers. As a premium it will not only charm as a story, but will teach many a practical lesson to the graduate who may receive it.

Patron Saints for Boys. Pustet & Company. New York. 50 cents.

Patron Saints for Girls. Pustet & Company. New York. 50 cents.

Young people will find in these little books very interesting though necessarily brief accounts of the lives of the saints who have been selected as patrons. There are fourteen for boys and fourteen for girls. Among the former are St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Louis, St. Aloysius, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Patrick, St. Joseph and St. George. The girls will be pleased to have in handy form the familiar stories of St. Agnes, St. Angela, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Rose of Lima, St. Bridget, and the holy patroness of music, St. Cecilia.

Successful Teaching. Funk, Wagnalls Company. New York. $1.00, net.

The fifteen studies embraced in this volume are the result of selections made from a large number of essays submitted in an educational contest last year, and for which prizes were offered to those who submitted the best essay upon each subject. The subjects covered are: The Value of Psychology in Teaching; The Teaching of Phonetics; Nature Studies: The Various Methods of Teaching Nature; How Best to Gain and Keep Control of the Pupils; The Art of Story Telling, and Its Uses in the School-room; The Place of Biography in General Education; How to Teach Children to Think; The Advantages of Memory Work; The Value of Word-Study and How to Direct It; How to Develop the Conversational Powers of the Pupils; The Educational Influence and Value of Manual Training; How Best to Acquaint Pupils with What is Going On in the World; How Best to Teach Concentration; How Best to Develop Character in Children; Personality as a Factor in Teaching.

Each essay sets forth in clear language the view of the author, and how in theory and practise a certain phase of educational work, either of subject-matter, or the underlying principles upon which it is based, may be used by the teacher, or practised by the child to further his progress.

The Sacred Heart. Words by Sister Amadeus, O.S.F. Music by Fr. Athanasius, O.F.M. 1906. 10 cents.

This hymn is one of several that the reverend composer has set to music for the use of schools and choirs. The simplicity and beauty of the words, and the adaptability of the hymns for use on many occasions make them of special value to teachers and directors. Copies may be procured from Rev. Fr. Athanasius, O.F.M., 6513 Meadow St., Pittsburg, Pa.

The Trial of Jesus Christ Before Pilate. By Rev. Andrew Klarmann. New York and Cincinnati. Pustet & Co. 1906.

This sketch of the trial of our Lord, has been written with the aim of bringing home to Christians the majesty of the Son of God, by showing the judicial arrogance and pharisaical iniquity displayed by his perse-

cutors during the trial. The author treats the subject in a learned manner and in a spirit of genuine piety.

The Race for Copper Island. By Henry S. Spalding, S. J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

A story of enterprise, thrilling adventure, and of dauntless courage—with a golden thread of healthy morality running through the entire narrative. It will do a world of good to our restless, frisky, adventure-loving young Americans.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart. By Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

The pamphlet reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland from the Bombay Catholic Examiner is one of unusual interest. It is not everyone who grasps the real meaning of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and some of the promises have been vehemently attacked. Father Hull's little brochure states adequately and lucidly the doctrine, and answers dispassionately the objections that have been urged against various phases of this most fruitful devotion.

Training the Layman. By Ernest R. Hull, S. J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

This excellent brochure on the needs and the opportunities of the Catholic laity deserves, without exception, the heartiest support of all the faithful. A copy of it should be given to every layman, and the subjects herein treated could, with profit, be discussed at parish reunions and at sodality meetings.

Confession and its Benefits. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906. 25 cents.

The Holy Season of Lent. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906. 25 cents.

Though small enough to be carried in the vest pocket these books will give practical assistance, and much information to readers. The reverend author considers the power given to the Church to forgive sin, instructs the penitent on preparation for confession and communion, and suggests suitable devotions for such occasions.

The little manual on the holy season of Lent will prove useful in making the Way of the Cross, meditating on the crucifix, and performing other devotional exercises, at any time of the year.

Vocation Thoughts for Young Men.

A bright, illustrated booklet, prepared by the Christian Brothers for the benefit of young men desiring helpful suggestions on the subject of vocation. While the book is adapted to all seasons of the year, it is particularly suitable for such occasions as missions and retreats. Besides the subject of vocation, other topics of vital interest are briefly discussed. The closing chapters are devoted to the history of the Christian Brothers and the requirements for membership in the order.

While the work has been prepared for gratuitous distribution among young men, exclusively, complimentary copies will be sent upon application to Brother E. Alfred, Ammendale, Md.

A Bunch of Flowers. By Kathleen Don Leavy. Angel Guardian Press. Boston, Mass. 1905.

In a neat volume, daintily bound in blue and gold, Miss Don Leavy gives to the public a collection of poetic thoughts. "Heart Music," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Holy Name," "Our Rosary Queen" and many other uplifting themes have given inspiration to the author. "The Coronation Song" is illustrated by a fine portrait of Pius X, who sent his blessing to Miss Don Leavy as a mark of his appreciation of her tribute to the Immaculate Mother.

The book is dedicated to the Holy Father, in the following words:

"We reverently and gratefully dedicate this little volume, believing that 'A Bunch of Flowers'—tribute to the Immaculate Conception for its Golden Jubilee—from one of his children is far more precious to him than rarest gems from others."

Juvenile Round Table. Third Series. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905.

Though this book is set apart for the young people, and no doubt will be fully appreciated by them, its contents will also engage the attention of their elders. It is pleasing to note the activity of the Catholic publishers in getting out popular reading matter for the Catholic home, and it is to be hoped that generous patronage will reward their efforts.

Catholic Home Annual. Benziger Brothers. New York. 25 cents.

The calendar features for 1906 are generously supplemented by numerous illustrations and a fine table of literary contents, making the *Annual* a welcome visitor in home or office.

The Chiquitan Festival of Corpus Christi Day. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A charming story of the Old Mission, in South America, full of incident and of sprightly conversation.

Does it Matter Much What I Believe? By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A calm, logical presentation of the wrongfulness of religious indifferentism. A useful tract to be scattered broadcast among our careless, non-religious neighbors.

The Broadbent series, issued by the Broadbent Press, Philadelphia, includes "A Treasury of Love," "A Treasury of Consolation," "An Emerson Treasury," and "A Russell Lowell Treasury." Many pretty selections in verse and well-chosen philosophic reflections find place between the flower-embossed covers of these dainty little books.

The various Catholic Truth Societies continue their good work. From The Truth Society, Chicago, we received the following pamphlets: "Some Martyrs of Corea," by Cardinal Wiseman, "What About Hypnotism?" by a Priest, "Father De Smet;" "Educational Results of Parochial Schools," by Rev. Morgan D. Sheedy; "Warning Voices" (some Protestant views of education), and "The Real Presence," by Rev. T. E. Sherman, S. J.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society has published "Louise De La Valliere," by Rev. E. J. Kelly, D.D.; "The Blessed Virgin in English Poetry;" "The Immaculate Conception."

Other pamphlets received are: "The Loveliest of California Missions," issued by the Tidings Publishing Company, Los Angeles; "Why Do Catholics Have Parochial Schools?" Catholic Penny Booklet Series, Chicago; "The Printed Word," by Dr. Geo. McAleer.

A BRIEF SEPARATION.

In St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, Brasher Falls, N. Y., Mother Mary Stanislaus, who had been ill for some time, died recently; on the forty-sixth anniversary of her profession, and shortly after, Sister Mary Francis Oakley, who had been nursing her, also expired.

The passing away of those holy women with so brief an interval between the time of their separation and reunion was a beautiful instance of prayer granted. Sister Francis who was deeply attached to the beloved Mother had expressed a wish to die at the same time "if it were God's will," and seven minutes after Mother Stanislaus breathed her last the devoted Sister was called to her reward.

Mother Stanislaus was born on August 22, 1840, in Auburn, N. Y., and was the daughter of Daniel McGarr and Anastasia Lyons. She entered the Convent of Mercy, Rochester, in 1857, and was professed by Bishop Timon on April 14, 1860. Shortly after she was chosen mistress of novices, and later mother assistant. She was the first superior of the convent in Batavia. Mother Stanislaus opened several houses in the Diocese of Buffalo. Over thirty years ago she sent the first Sisters to the Diocese of Ogdensburg. They opened a school in Malone and a few years after were transferred to Hogansburg. The remaining twenty-three years of her life were given to the schools and works of mercy in the Diocese of Ogdensburg. She was a most talented woman.

About twenty years ago Sister Mary Francis followed Mother Mary Stanislaus to Brasher Falls.

The funeral of the two religious took place from St. Patrick's Church, with impressive ceremonies. A number of priests assisted in the services, and Bishop Gabriels delivered an appropriate sermon.

Grant them, O Lord! perpetual light,
Eternal rest with Thee.

QUESTION BOX.

In a previous number of our Magazine, a question was raised concerning the General Judgment. The answer given was the reason usually assigned by our able theologians and pulpit orators. A learned subscriber who wishes to see this subject discussed at length makes the following suggestions, which we print for the consideration of our readers:

"The Particular and General Judgments are really fundamental principles of Christianity, derived from the very nature of man and the justice of God. These fundamental principles should be deeply inculcated in Catholic minds.

"Man, that is the *human person*, is composed of a body and a soul so substantially united as to form one unit, the human person. When these two are separated from one another, the man, the human person which they constituted no longer exists—the man is dead. There remains a body which then undergoes disintegration, the penalty pronounced by God as the effect of sin. It returns into dust. The soul, being a simple substance, cannot disintegrate itself. It still lives as a human soul, and as such is judged at the Particular Judgment, that is its state—of goodness or badness—is decided.

"Therefore, after death there exists no human person and thus, at the Particular Judgment, it is only the state of a human soul that can be judged and decided. To judge the human person, that human person must be reconstructed, and thus, at the General Judgment the human person is judged. Therefore, in strict justice the necessity of the resurrection of the body.

"Therefore, strictly, theologically speaking, it is not right to say that "a *person's* fate has already been decided by the Particular Judgment at the moment of death," though the decision passed then over the *state of the soul*, will not be revoked when the *person* will be judged at the General Judgment, since the state of that soul will bring on the approval or condemnation of the person to whom it will belong.

"A sound understanding of the prerogatives of the human personality is most essential at the present day, when, on one side pseudo-scientists wish to put animals on equality with man, by trying to prove them intelligent, and therefore responsible for their intelligent acts, (which would be the same as to prove them persons), and on the other, refusing personality to God, by considering Him as a Force.

"We live now in a time worse than in the first centuries after Christ. The theological discussions and schisms were then about the personalities in God and in Jesus Christ. Men now, either directly or practically, deny their own personality, and refuse to give any personality to God himself."

This subject is one of deep interest, indeed, although the discussion thereof belongs, strictly speaking, to a theological magazine. However, without endorsing our correspondent's views, in any way whatever, we venture to call attention to them. It is well to note that the learned Lèpicier, Professor of Divinity, in the College of Propaganda, Rome, in his recent work on "The Unseen World," writes as follows, on the topic of human personality:

"Perhaps there is no notion that is more common among men, and yet more difficult to define, than that of individuality or personality. As a matter of fact these two words mean the same thing. When we speak of man, however, the word personality is more fitly employed than the word individuality, which latter word is used in connection with lower forms of life or even with inorganic beings.

"The common meaning conveyed by the word personality is that of a complete being which so subsists by itself, as to be distinct from all other beings. It is what we mean when we employ the pronouns, *I, Thou, He.* These words are used to designate the complete and distinct being of the particular individual to which they refer. Our personality, then, during the present life, comprehends not only the soul, but also the body, that is that *one being* which is neither soul nor body but a compound of both. This is the reason why actions of both body and soul are attributed not to the body only nor to the soul only, but to that *Ego*, which answers for both.

"Now if our personality comprehends both body and soul, how can it be said to subsist after death? The body exists no longer, at least as a human body united to the soul, and yet there remains a sort of personality, for even then the *Ego* combines to subsist, to think, to will and to answer to another's call. However, it cannot be denied that the personality is then somewhat changed. There is a kind of deficiency in the *Ego*. If the *Ego* be composed of body and soul, the absence of the body has in some way impaired its entirety; in other words man as man subsists no longer, because the soul which now alone subsists, is not man.

"This truth will be more evident from a recognition of the difference which exists between the human soul and the angelic substance. It is the nature of an angel to

be not only free from matter, but even from all substantial union with matter; while the human soul, though immaterial, has a necessary relation to flesh and blood, that is to say, to a determinate human body. Its very nature, its very essence, is, not indeed to be actually united to the body, since it can exist separated from it, but to be ordained to union with it. It is a substance unique in its kind, which cannot come into existence unless it be received into a body, and which has not the perfection of its nature when it is actually separated from it. Hence the *Ego* of the angel never undergoes any change, whereas, the *Ego* of man is, when death strikes its blow, somewhat modified.

"The natural relation of each soul to its own body is the precise cause of the difference of one soul from another; it gives, as it were, to each distinct soul, its characteristic mark, so that each soul can be said to bear upon itself, in some way, the impress of the body, although it be nobler than the body and the body dependent on the soul, not the soul on the body. This is the reason why, in the present state of life, we understand nothing except with the concurrence of phantasms or sensible images, although thought is widely different from and far surpasses phantasm or imagination, whereas, the angelic beings do not need sensitive images or the phantasms of the material things in their operations.

"This being the case, the human personality must be said to be somewhat maimed after death when the body is no more. Hence, however happy we may imagine a discarnate soul to be, yet as it has not the perfection of its nature, its happiness and contentment cannot be complete, since it retains a certain craving after its own body. This craving cannot be satisfied, except by the resurrection of the flesh.

"From all this, two conclusions naturally follow:—

"The first is that it is impossible to admit the existence, beyond our conscious human personality, of a second personality, contained in the first and inferior to it in degree, seeing that the very nature of our personality demands that, while it should in itself be indistinct, it, should, at the same time, be distinct from everything else. It is impossible that there should be two personalities or two selves in one man or in one individual, whatever this second personality may be said to be. My own personality then precludes, as is evident, the possibility of another *Ego*, distinct from the present one: of an *Ego* which would be the duplicate of my *Ego*, as though within my personality a second personality were included which had the power of unfolding itself from the personality of which I am conscious, in whatever manner this unfolding may be conceived.

"The second conclusion is that the personality which survives the body, although it be somewhat altered, that is to say, with regard to the body which by death is destroyed, is still substantially the same as during life. That same *Ego*, which now bears witness to the identity of my personality in life will be the very same *Ego* which will subsist after death. As the presence of another *Ego*, besides my conscious *Ego*, would imply the destruction of the latter, so, after death, another *Ego* could not succeed the present *Ego* without this present one being discontinued.

"It must then be laid down as a fundamental truth, both that there are not two personalities in one individual during life, and that after death that same conscious personality of the earth-life subsists identically the same, except for the absence of the body. There is in each man but one self, and this self endures for ever."

This extract certainly throws light upon the point raised by our distinguished subscriber, and opens the way to a solution of his difficulty.

When and by what authority was the day of rest transferred from the seventh day to the first day of the week?

The Apostles, according to the clear teaching of theologians, were authorized to transfer the day of rest from Saturday to Sunday. There was every reason for making the change, since the Old Law was but the shaddow of the New and since Sunday was the day chosen by Our Lord both for His resurrection and for the descent of the Holy Ghost, upon the Apostles. It is called in church language the day of the Lord (Dominica), because it is the day consecrated in an especial manner to His service. It is also fittingly called "Sunday," because Christ is the Sun of justice and of righteousness, and as the sun illumines every corner of the universe, so Christ sends forth the invisible rays of grace to enlighten spiritually every man born into the world.

We find special mention of solemn service on the first day of the week in the Acts of the Apostles (c. 20, v. 7): "And on the first day of the week, when we were assembled to break bread, Paul discoursed with them, being to depart on the morrow: and he continued his speech until midnight." This evidently proves that the Apostles at that early date had already made the change, and that the first day of the week was the one chosen for the solemn acts of worship and for the detailed explanation of the duties of a Christian life. Moreover, St. Paul, when he ordered the collections to be taken up in the churches of Corinth, assigned the first day of the week as the best occasion for such an

act of charity. "On the first day of the week, let every one of you put apart with himself, laying up what it shall well please him."

To this early testimony of apostolic custom we have in succeeding ages an uninterrupted series of witnesses. Thus in the Epistle of Barnabas which dates from about A.D. 100 we read: "We keep the *eighth* day with joyfulness, the day on which Jesus rose from the dead." And Justin, the illustrious defender of the early Christians, who flourished from A.D. 110 to A.D. 165 declares in his first apology: "On the day called Sunday all who live in cities or in the country gather together to one place" (for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist and for sermons) . . . And later on in the same apology he exclaims: "Sunday is the day on which we all hold our common meeting, because it is the first day on which God . . . made the world; and Jesus Christ our Saviour on the same day rose from the dead." Finally, the Council of Laodicea in the year 361 of our era ordained that the faithful should not follow the Judaic custom of resting on the seventh day, but that "they should attend to their ordinary duties on the Sabbath and rest, according to Christian tradition, on Sunday." These passages manifestly establish the apostolic origin of the first day of the week as the great day of general worship and of peaceful recollection.

By whom were the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary founded, and what is the color of their habit?

This useful religious Congregation was founded at Monroe, Mich., Nov. 28th, 1845, by the Rev. Louis Gilet, C.SS.R. The Sisters wear a blue habit and a black veil.

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